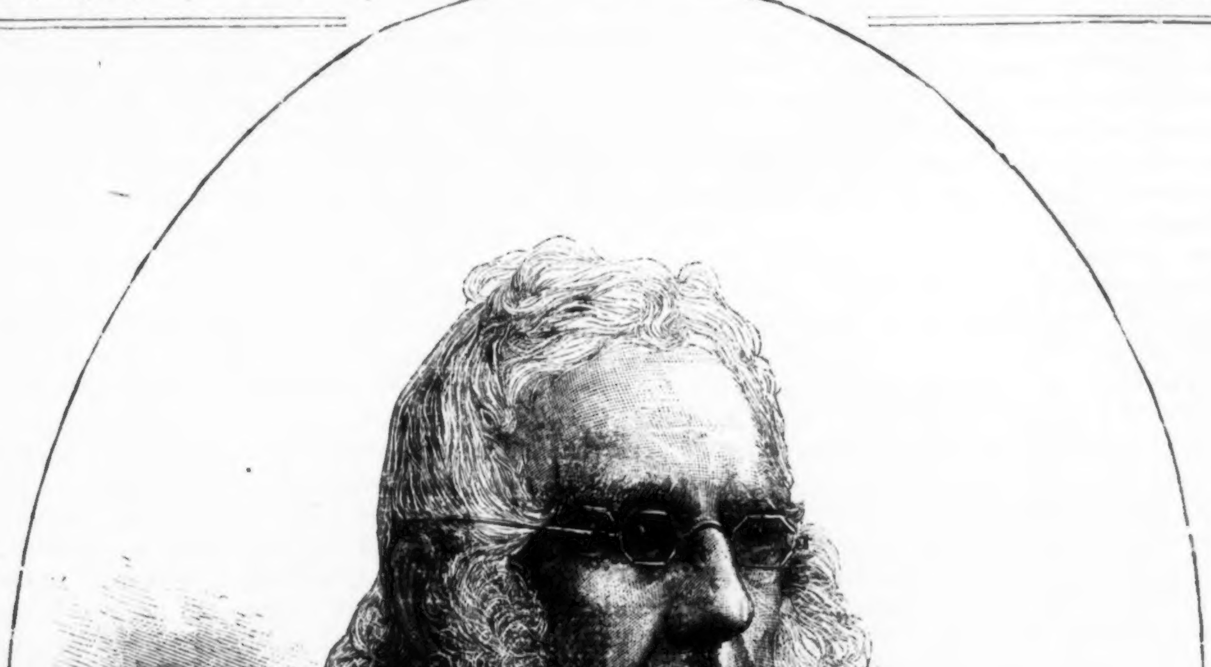
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

Vol. IV.—No. 6. December, 1877.



PETER COOPER, FOUNDER OF THE COOPER INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

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In previous numbers of the Popular Monthly we have detailed at some length the lives of Commodore Vanderbilt and Alexander T. Stewart. These were, in a sense, representative men—types of the class of money-gatherers, widely different from each other, to be sure, in temperament and characteristics, extending their labors into fields which in no wise coincided, either in purpose or results; yet achieving largely, in the popular mind, the reputation of money-making men, rather than any higher character; though this judgment in the case of Vanderbilt, whose grand operations and achievements are known to many, was certainly an injustice.

We come now to the consideration of the life of one whose difference of character and purpose from either of the two just mentioned is so broad as to render him almost their opposite; yet who also has popularly gone into repute as a millionaire and shrewd business man—a gatherer of wealth for wealth's sake.

There could scarcely be a greater error than is committed in fastening upon Peter Cooper these attributes. Far from having devoted himself to the accumulation of money, that which has come to him, and which has at all times been much less than has been popularly imagined, has rather drifted in his way through the chances and changes of trade and the opportunities of investment, than by earnest search therefor, or through the impetus of any leading desire or design in that direction.

As will be seen in glancing rapidly through the main events of his life, Mr. Cooper is in no respect to be included in the category of men of wealth alone. It will be conceded before we complete our sketch, that he should be remembered as one who has labored long and faithfully, that he might subserve the public good with the stores which he accumulated, rather than that these should be amassed for the enriching of his heirs and the enlargement of his reputation as a successful business man.

Peter Cooper was born in the City of New York, February 12th, 1791. His birthplace was a house which stood not far from Coenties Slip. He came from good old Revolutionary stock; his grandfather, on the mother's side, having been John Campbell, who was an alderman of the city and Deputy Quartermaster-general during the Revolutionary War, and who, it has been said, expended a large private fortune in the patriotic cause.

Mr. Cooper's father was a lieutenant in the patriot army, and after the war was over, came to New York and started a hat factory, in which he did a fairly successful business. He had, however, a large family, and partly because this was difficult to support, and partly from a regard for country life, he presently bought a place at Peekskill, where for some time he carried on the business of a country storekeeper.

The earliest recollection of young Cooper extends back to a time when his head was just above the height of a table, and when he did his share of the hat manufacturing business by pulling the hairs out of rabbit-skins. This initiatory part of the art was followed by the young apprentice until he was considered capable to enter into other departments; and he continued to improve until he was able to make every part of a hat. At Peekskill, a portion of his father's business consisted of the brewing of ale, and here Peter adapted himself to his new relations to the extent of delivering the kegs of ale to the different customers in town and country.

But the elder Cooper appears to have been somewhat migratory in his habits, and presently we hear of him purchasing a place at Catskill, and again commencing the hatter's trade, combining with it, in this instance, that of brick-making. As was natural, Peter was now utilized in carrying and handling the bricks as his share of the new line of business. Again the elder Cooper broke up his establishment, and took up his abode in Brooklyn, N. Y., remaining there only for a short period, however, and devoting himself to hat manufacturing, when he removed to Newburgh, where he purchased a piece of property and erected a brewery—in the construction of which young Cooper assisted by carting all the stone that was used in building it.

Of course, with all the arduous labor imposed upon the lad during these, which should have been the scholastic years of his life, young Cooper had little opportunity for education; and it is stated as a fact, that he only attended school during one year, and that only for half-day sessions. In his seventeenth year he began to look about him for something which should take him out of the rut in which he had learned so much and achieved so little. A chance brought him to the coachmaking establishment of a Mr. John Woodward, to whom he introduced himself, asking for a situation.

The result of the interview was his engagement as an apprentice, to remain in the business for four years, and to receive $25 a year for his services. His grandmother, who owned property, gave him the free use of an apartment in a rear building of hers on Broadway, and so the young mechanic entered upon his new trade with nothing but his native force of character and energy and earnestness as capital. These qualities were not sufficient, however, to keep him at his trade after the stipulated four years, at the end of which period he left his employer, having gained some slight savings, and, what was of more importance, a reputation for industry and integrity, which were of good service to him then, and were to remain chief among his personal characteristics through life.

The little savings which Mr. Cooper had gathered came chiefly from his work at home, in the room in his grandmother's house, where he developed his practical ingenuity and mechanical capacity, which now began to make themselves prominent, by carving parts used in coachmaking, and by other outside work. As he always devoted his spare time to some kind of labor, and avoided associating with other apprentices who spent their time in idleness and the cultivation of loose habits, he was not only gaining something in the way of pecuniary value, but also established habits which became the groundwork of his future character. This feeling was strongly impressed upon the mind of the young man, on account of the bankruptcy of a gentleman who had just purchased a carriage which Peter had nearly sent home. The escape so scared him, that the idea of debt became a positive bugbear to him.

Being now twenty-one years of age, and his apprenticeship at an end, his employer proposed to lend him capital enough to start a shop and set him up in business. This offer was, however, rejected by Mr. Cooper, who had, even at this early period of his life, a thorough distaste for running into debt.

It should be mentioned here, that perhaps the first evidence of his inventive capacity was presented by his constructing for Mr. Woodward a machine for morticing the hubs of carriage-wheels, which is said to have been the first of its kind used in this country, and which afterward became very profitable to its owner.

Leaving New York, Mr. Cooper now went to Hempstead, L. I., on a visit to his brother, and while here entered the employment of a man who manufactured machines for shearing cloth. Finding the business paid—at a dollar and a half a day, which was considered high wages at that time —he continued at Hempstead for three years, and at the end of that time bought the right to manufacture shearing machines for the State of New York, on his own account. In this business Mr. Cooper was very successful, and it is related as an interesting personal incident, that the first money which he obtained for any machine of his own manufacture was received from Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, the founder of Vassar Female College. This sale, which included a patent right for the county in which Mr. Vassar resided, furnished Mr. Cooper with about five hundred dollars, with which he hoped to make investments which should put him on a fair business foundation. Unfortunately, however, his father, who was then residing in Newburg, was in serious pecuniary distress, oppressed with debt, and the result was that Mr. Cooper devoted the entire sum of which he was possessed to the relief of his father; becoming also security for debts not yet matured, which he afterward discharged as they came due.

Mr. Cooper now returned to the manufacture of machines for shearing cloth, and in this he soon made an improvement, on account of which his business largely increased; the war of 1812 with England having broken off commerce with that country and brought these machines into demand. When the war ended the business fell off, and the young manufacturer gave it up.

Curiously enough, the principle employed and invented by Mr. Cooper in his machine for shearing cloth was the one now used in mowing and reaping machines, and the model of such a machine was made by Mr. Cooper at this time, and was used successfully in grass cutting long before any mowing machine had been invented or patented. In fact, it may be said right here that if Mr. Cooper had kept the control of all his early inventions, these alone would doubtless have made him as wealthy a man as he has been imagined to be by the general public.

Some time was now devoted by Mr. Cooper to the trade of cabinet-making, which did not, however, prove very successful; and having quite a sum of money saved out of his machine manufacture, he purchased a twenty years' lease of two houses and six lots of ground on the land where the Bible House now stands, opposite the Cooper Union. Here he put up four wooden dwelling-houses, in one of which he entered into the grocery business, in which he continued for three years.

His next movement was to purchase a glue factory with its stock and buildings on a lease of twenty-one years, the establishment standing on three acres of ground on what was then called the "Old Middle Road," between Thirty-first and Thirty-fourth streets, and here Mr. Cooper started the manufacture of glue, oil, whiting, prepared chalk and isinglass. For this factory he paid two thousand dollars, induced to make the investment by seeing what he believed to be a good opening, the best glue being then imported from England, and only an inferior article being manufactured in America.

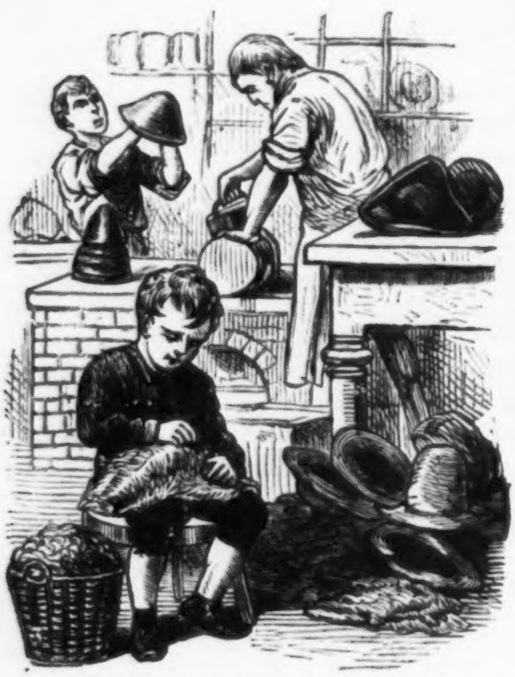
The money which he had made by his shearing machines and in the grocery business was sufficient to enable him to pay cash for his glue factory on the day of its purchase. He continued to follow this business on the same spot until his lease expired. At this time Mr. Cooper supported his aged parents and two maiden sisters, besides paying for the medical education of one of his brothers. The reason of the sale of the factory was the disgust of the proprietor at his own ill-success, which was the result of mismanagement. Mr. Cooper soon got the reputation of making the best glue in the market, for which he found a ready sale, which yielded him large returns and enabled him to embark in another important enterprise.

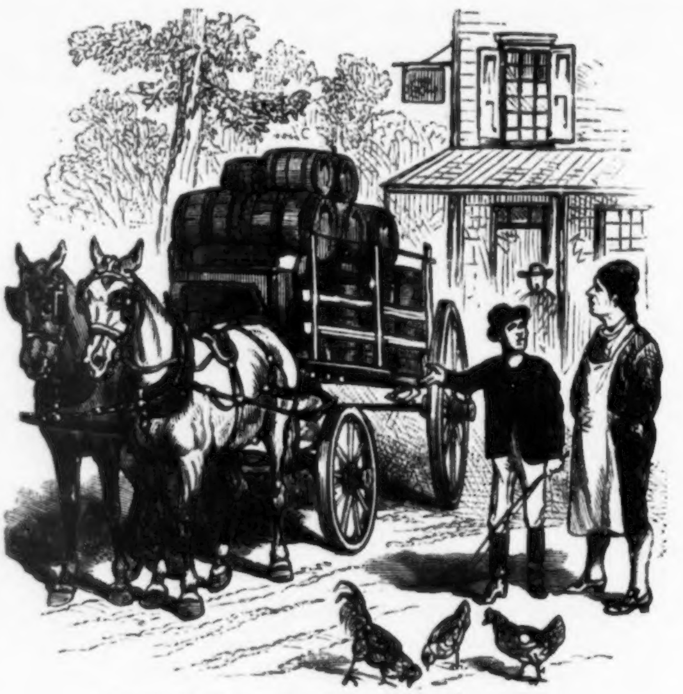
After his twenty-one years' lease expired, Mr. Cooper purchased ten acres of ground on Maspeth Avenue, Williamsburgh, to which place he removed his business, where it has been continued ever since. In all these years the subject of our sketch had been thriving, business had come to him—almost, as it would seem, as a matter of good-fortune—since Mr. Cooper was certainly speculative, and often a little erratic in his business movements and tendencies, which doubtless came to him by inheritance; not that he was not industrious and judicious in his management of the interests, large or small, which he undertook, but that he seems to have been successful in these through outside circumstances, and to an extent which is not often the case with those who start in life hampered as he was by a lack of education and with trade of all kinds certainly in a very precarious condition, owing to the war in which the country was then engaged. Taking everything into consideration, it is a little surprising that his business should have advanced with the rapidity which characterized it, and with the remarkable success which seemed to attend his every speculation. To such an extent was this the case, however, that in 1828 he was able to purchase three thousand acres of land within the limits of Baltimore at a cost of $105,000.

When he undertook this purchase, Mr. Cooper had two partners, but he was shortly obliged to buy them out, and eventually owned the entire property. There he erected extensive works for the manufacture of iron, known afterward as the "Canton Iron Works," and where he also set up a rolling-mill. The rolling-mill he afterward sold to Mr. Abbot, who is still its owner. An incident which occurred in the course of his iron manufacturing experience adds another illustration of the capacity of the man to get around difficulties.

Being obliged to manufacture charcoal, he constructed large circular kilns twenty-five feet in diameter by twelve feet high, hooped around with iron at the top. By means of these constructions Mr. Cooper was able to produce the desired result. But on one occasion an accident occurred which came near closing his manufacturing and constructing career, and did him considerable personal damage. While engaged in the manufacture of his charcoal, the coal with which it was charred took fire. Mr. Cooper went to the door of the kiln to make an examination of the situation, when he was received by an explosion of burning gas which fairly enveloped him in flames, as he was quite within the kiln. He was badly burned about the head and face before he succeeded in escaping narrowly with his life.

It was at about this time that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was building, and this gave Mr. Cooper another opportunity, of which his original turn of mind and general shrewdness were quick to take advantage. The peculiar nature of the road, and there being so many short turns upon it, seemed to render it impracticable to use locomotives, then just coming into vogue, and the directors and managers were at their wits' end, while the stock was rapidly depreciating and the stockholders discouraged. Mr. Cooper examined the road, and proposed to construct a small locomotive which he believed could be used advantageously upon it, notwithstanding the superabundance of short turns. He actually built an engine called the "Tom Thumb," which was tried on the road in August, 1830, and which successfully demonstrated the practicability of using locomotives on the road. Though this one was found too small to be of much service, one result was that a few months later the locomotive "Best Friend," which was the first one built in the United States for actual service, and was made at the West Point foundry, in New York, was put on the new road between Charleston and Hamburg,

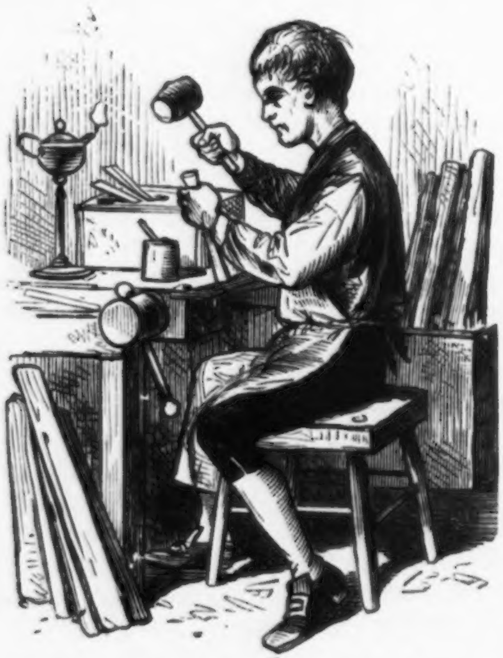

PETER COOPER, AS A BOY, AT HAT-MAKING.

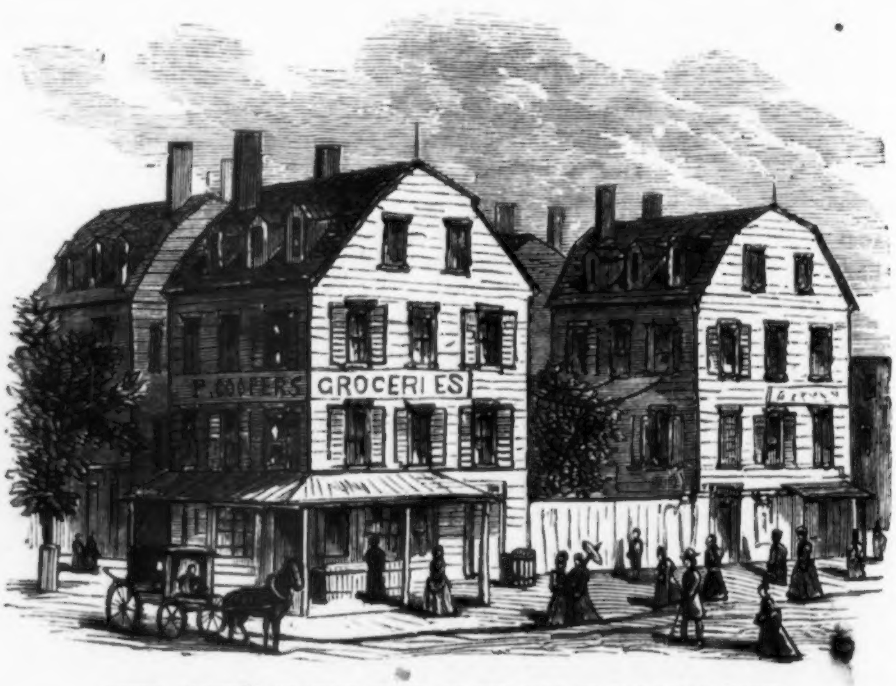

PETER COOPER DELIVERING ALE AT PEEKSKILL.

South Carolina, while a little later others were successfully in use on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

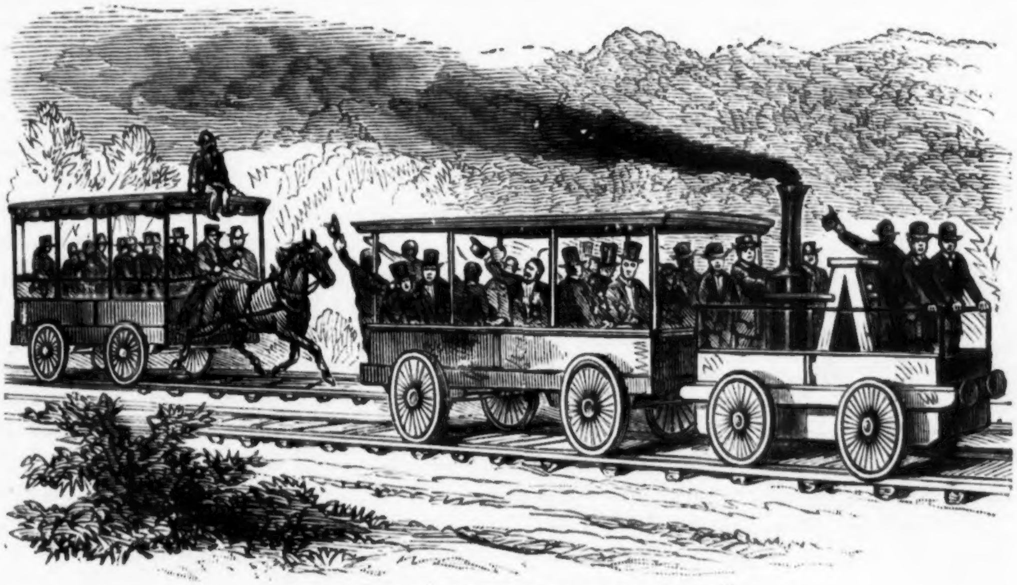
On the trial trip of "Tom Thumb" thirty-six men were taken into a car, and, with six men on the locomotive, which carried its own fuel and water, and on a grade rising eighteen feet in the mile, and turning by the short turns on the road, they succeeded in making thirteen miles of the distance in one hour and twelve minutes, returning from Ellicott's Mills in fifty-seven minutes. This locomotive was built to demonstrate that cars could be drawn round short curves, and succeeded in this object. It is believed that the introduction of Mr. Cooper's little engine saved the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from bankruptcy.

Mr. Cooper now determined to sell out his interest in the iron works, and as he got an offer of nearly what it cost him, from two Boston men, he sold to them, and they formed what is now known as the Canton Company. Mr. Cooper took a considerable portion of his pay in stock at forty-four dollars per share, the par value being one hundred dollars. Fortunately for him the stock commenced rising almost immediately, and continued to come up in the market until it reached two hundred and thirty dollars per share, when he sold out to great advantage, making a considerable sum by the operation. He then returned to his late business of manufacturing glue in New York, but after one or two years built the iron factory in Thirty-third street near Third Avenue. This he leased to a man who kept it for one or two years, but who failed, and Mr. Cooper had to take the property off his hands. He then turned it into a rolling mill for rolling iron and making wire. But the great iron works run by Mr. Cooper, were and are at Trenton, N. J., where they have been in operation nearly thirty years. Here he expended seventy-five thousand dollars for machinery for rolling beams. He also built three large blast furnaces at Phillipsburgh, Pa., and bought the Durham furnaces, twenty-five miles from Trenton, for which he paid two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. In order to be able to transport ore from his ore beds, at Andover, he built a railroad eight miles long, through a very rough country. This was entirely his own enterprise, he not only building the road, but putting on the locomotives and other rolling stock. In his glue factory, iron works, and mining operations, he employed over two thousand five hundred workmen. And here we may properly give Mr. Cooper's own language, having reference to an assertion which had been made that he had at some time or other failed in business. He says: "So far from ever having failed in business,


PETER COOPER CARVING CARRIAGE ORNAMENTS.

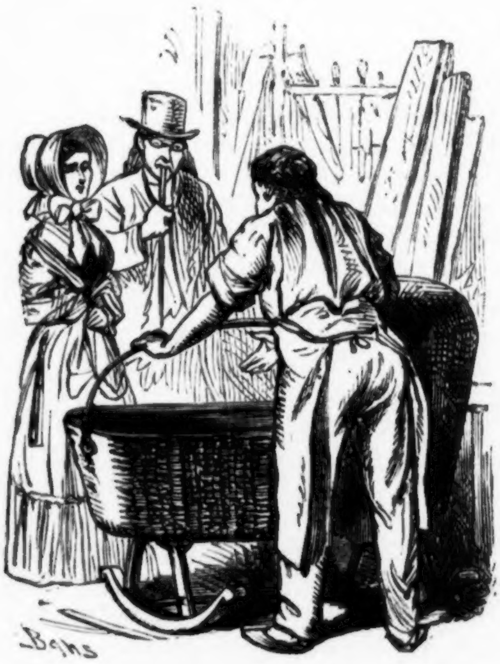


PETER COOPER'S GROCERY STORE, ON THE SITE OF THE BIBLE HOUSE.

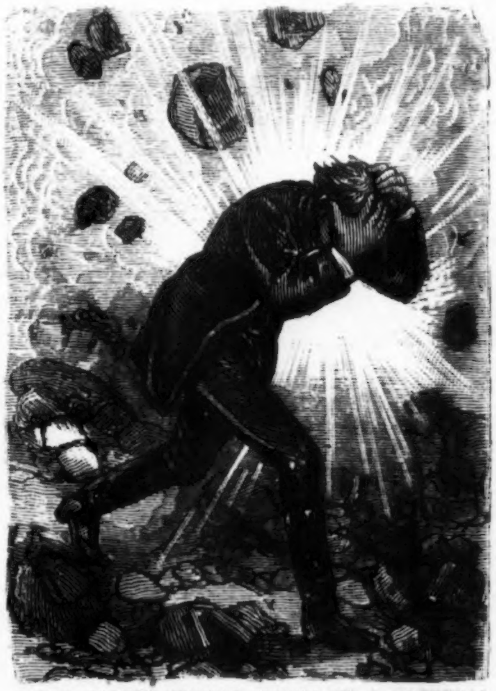


PETER COOPER'S LOCOMOTIVE, "TOM THUMB."

I don't remember the week or month when every man who ever worked for me, didn't get his pay when it was due. This is strictly true, through a business life of more than sixty years, in which I have had at times as many as twenty-five hundred people in my employ." Connected with the Trenton establishment was a large wire mill, and altogether Mr. Cooper was at this time one of the heaviest iron manufacturers in the country, with a revenue from this branch of the business proportionately large. His railroad used to bring down from the mines as much as forty thousand tons of iron-ore per year. After running the works for several years he formed them into a company, called the Trenton Iron Works, including the rolling mills and blast furnaces, eleven thousand acres of land known as the Ringwood property, a second rolling mill, and the wire factory. One half of these works he sold in forming the company, and this situation of affairs stood for a number of years, when a division was made, the Company taking one part of the property, the blast furnaces, while Mr. Cooper took the rolling mills and the Ringwood property. This property is still in the family. It was in one of Mr. Cooper's mills that the first iron beams were rolled, that are now so much used in iron fire-proof buildings. In planning the building of the Cooper Union, he desired to make it fire-proof as far as possible, and finding that no such iron beams could be obtained he determined to have them rolled in one of his mills.

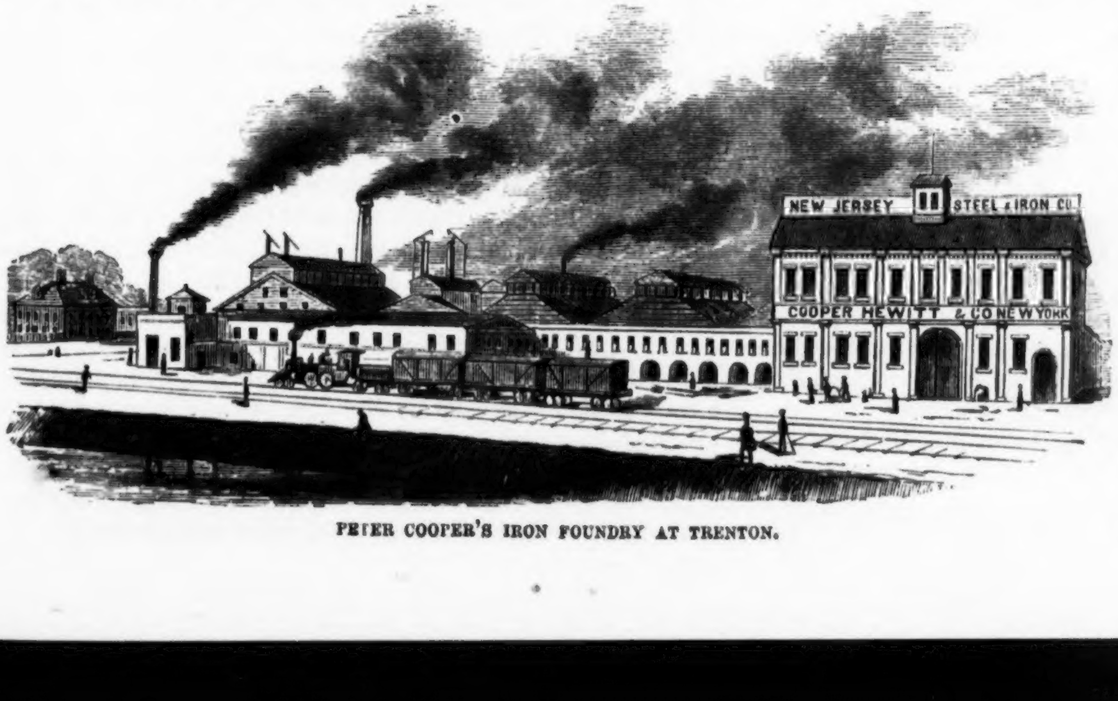


PETER COOPER INVENTING A MECHANICAL CRADLE.



PETER COOPER NEARLY KILLED BY A CHARCOAL EXPLOSION.

He found in the end, however, that the necessary experiments and suitable machinery had cost him the seventy-five thousand dollars to which we alluded above. Besides the locomotive which Mr. Cooper built for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, his inventive genius, which is quite one of his most remarkable characteristics, induced him to venture into a good many fields, where these elements could be utilized.


NEW JERSEY STEEL & IRON CO.
COOPER HEWITT & CO NEW YORK

PETER COOPER'S IRON FOUNDRY AT TRENTON.

As long ago as when he was an apprentice, he invented a process by which he employed condensed air as a propelling power, and one of his experiments in this motor was made where the Fulton Ferry now is. Robert Fulton expressed himself greatly pleased with the result.

Before water was put into the Erie Canal, Mr.

Cooper made some experiments on the East River to show how elevated water could be used as motive power to propel boats on the canal, and he succeeded in propelling a boat by this method two miles in eleven minutes. Governor DeWitt Clinton was present in the boat at the final experiment, and the only objection which the Governor had to find was that the boats were propelled too rapidly for the safety of the banks of the canal. This motive power was not adopted.

We have already referred to a model of a mowing machine which embraced the principle now used in that implement, and which was made by Mr. Cooper.

Among his very early inventions was a self-rocking cradle. Here it is proper to state that in 1814 Mr. Cooper married a Miss Bedell of Hempstead, L. I., an estimable lady, with whom he lived fifty-six years without a word being spoken or an act done by either, which gave the other pain. Mrs. Cooper died in December, 1869, on the fifty-sixth anniversary of their wedding day. They had six children, two sons and four daughters, of whom only a daughter and son are living.

After he was married, and the cradle became one of the necessities of his household appointments, they were too poor to keep a servant, and the result was that Mr. Cooper invented a self-rocking cradle, with a fan attachment designed to fan the infant and keep off the flies automatically. He took out a patent for this and sold it.

He also made a machine for grinding plate glass of any size to a perfect plane, and by one of his inventions demonstrated the loss of power by use of a crank in rotary motion.

As early as during the time of his apprenticeship, he invented a machine for making hubs of carriages, as we have already stated. Another one of his inventions was a cylindrical machine for puddling iron and reducing ore and pig metals to wrought iron—an invention which has since been brought out in England and made a fortune for the new discoverer.

Beside the accident to which we have referred, in connection with his charcoal manufacture, Mr. Cooper came near losing the sight of an eye while triyng to avail himself of the force contained in one of the most powerful gases known to chemistry. Altogether, Mr. Cooper's inventions have been many and important; but, like most inventors, he has turned them to very little personal account.

Mr. Cooper's connection with the great enterprise, the laying of the ocean cable, was, perhaps, one of the most important and interesting episodes in his life. More than twenty years ago he became the president of the North American Telegraph Company, when it controlled more than one half of all the telegraph lines then in the country, and also president of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company.

At this period, an attempt had been made to lay a line of telegraph across Newfoundland, on which some work had been done. Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Wilson G. Hunt and Peter Cooper completed this work, and laid a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, intending it as the beginning of a line to connect Europe with America by telegraph. In laying this Gulf cable, a loss of three or four hundred thousand dollars was sustained, through the carelessness of the captain of the ship which towed the vessel containing it across the Gulf. The cable could not be recovered. Another cable was ordered immediately, however, and was made ready in a year or two, when it was put down without difficulty.

The next point in the enterprise was to get capital to lay the ocean cable, and Mr. Cyrus W. Field crossed over to England to obtain subscriptions. Quite to the surprise of most people, Mr. Field succeeded in getting the amount required, and in contracting for the cable. This was the first one laid down, which was safely united in 1858, and over which some 400 messages were sent. It, however, soon began to fail. The messages grew weaker and weaker, and finally were silenced altogether, and a second cable was made. When this was half way across the ocean it was lost, and this, of course, put a serious damper on the whole question of ocean telegraphing. The matter continued, however, to be talked over by those most interested for two or three years. At last Mr. Field was sent out again to England, where he succeeded in getting the whole amount of subscriptions made up, being $6,000,000, after which the cable was made, put down and worked successfully. The one that was lost was next looked after, and was found and pulled up out of water two and a half miles deep, in mid ocean. When this was accomplished, the two ends of the cable were brought in connection, when two complete cables crossed the ocean and were safely landed.

The cause of the failure of the first cable was found, on taking it up, to have originated in the manufacture of the cable itself. In passing it into the vat provided for it, where it was intended to lie under water until put aboard the ship, the workmen neglected to keep the water at all times over the cable, and on one occasion, when the sun shone very hotly down into this vat where the cable was lying uncovered, its rays melted the gutta percha, so that the copper wire inside sank down against the outer covering. The first cable would have been a perfect success if it had not been for this error of carelessness.

Thus far we have considered the life of Mr. Cooper in its apprenticeship; in its assiduous devotion to business and competition with shrewd, industrious money-getters; and in its varied resources of invention and comprehensive adaptation to business purposes. We see him now as he emerges from toilsome years crowned with success and supplied with a fortune adequate not only to his interests but to such other demands as the main purpose or purposes of his life should require as these develop themselves. Before entering upon the examination of the comprehensive scope of intention which Mr. Cooper had formed, it will be well, perhaps, to devote a little space to the consideration of the origin of this intention and its progress in the evolutions of his thoughts.

It may well be supposed that, possessed of the remarkable traits of character which his business life had displayed, Mr. Cooper could not have but viewed with regret the fact that these traits had not been favored for their better development with the advantages which can only be supported by a course of education much more extended than was ever possible to him. As we have already observed, he received but little schooling, and that little but of a desultory and very primary character. Whatever education, therefore, he gained in the early years of his life was the result of private study, and that which came to him later grew out of his experiences and whatever happy chances might have been able to assist him in this regard.

It is a matter of fact that from his early youth Mr. Cooper sought above himself, as the final and higher reach of his ambition, the design to enable others, so far as might in him lie, to obtain that education which had been impossible to him with as great freedom as he himself had lacked. It is doubtful if this idea ever formulated itself into an absolute plan until during his later years; but certain it is that, formed or inchoate, the benevolent design of doing good to his fellows in this direction was at a very early date a fixed determination with him, and doubtless an incentive to much of his after labors. Finally he had reached so much of a clear idea of what he proposed to do that his purchase of lots and buildings on the land where the

Cooper Institute now stands was made with this ultimate intention. As early as 1853 he commenced to build the magnificent structure now known as the Cooper Union. At the end of five years the building was completed, presenting a plain but imposing structure, whose central location has made it known throughout the country.

This building stands 195 feet on Third Avenue, 146 feet on Eighth Street, 165 feet on Fourth Avenue, and 70 feet on Seventh Street, and is constructed of brown-stone. On the 20th of April, 1859, Mr. Cooper gave a deed of this property to the trustees named in the act of incorporation passed by the State Legislature. The extent and purposes of this gift cannot be better exhibited than by quoting the opening and closing sentences of Mr. Cooper's letter to the trustees, accompanying the trust: "It is to me a source of inexpressible pleasure," he says, "after so many years of continued effort, to place in your hands the title to all that piece and parcel of land, bounded on the west by Fourth Avenue, on the north by Astor Place, on the east by Third Avenue, and on the south by Seventh Street, with all the land, furniture, rents and income of every name and nature, to be for ever devoted to the advancement of science and art in their application to the varied and useful purposes of life."

The following is his closing sentence: "Please accept my heartfelt assurance of sincere desire that under your care thousands of the youth of our country may throng its halls, to learn those lessons of wisdom so much needed to guide the inexperience of youth, and enable them to meet the dangers to which they are at all times exposed."

In this simple statement we have the culmination of Mr. Cooper's intention in a grand and noble gift which he so charitably designed, to fulfill the purposes the lack of whose fulfillment in his own experience had produced such worth and abiding fruit.

The Cooper Institute building cost $634,000. To this donation Mr. Cooper added $10,000 in money, that it might be placed in running order. Other sums were contributed by him from time to time, including one of $20,000 to furnish the institution with a museum. Altogether, he expended upon it about three-quarters of a million of dollars. On May 30th, 1874, Mr. Cooper delivered an address to the graduates of the Cooper Union, on the occasion of the fifteenth annual Commencement, in which he stated that, with the corner-stone of the building there was buried a scroll inscribed with the following sentiment: "The great object which I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution, is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of Nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

He also stated in the same address that one of the prominent incidents which led to the conception of this institution in his mind occurred about the year 1828, when, through an acquaintance with a gentleman who had lately returned from France, he became informed concerning the nature and scope of the Polytechnic School of Paris; being deeply impressed with the fact that there hundreds of young men, from all parts of France, were living on a crust of bread and undergoing great hardships in order to get the benefit of the lectures and instructions of that institution. The knowledge of this fact worked in Mr. Cooper's mind to the result of a desire and intention, if he could ever acquire the means, to build such an institution as should open its doors at night to the full course of instruction calculated to enable mechanics to understand both the theory and the most skillful practice of their several trades.

The Cooper Institute consists of a series of free schools of instruction in practical art and science, a free reading-room and free courses of popular lectures, on subjects of science, art and social reform. About twenty professors and instructors are employed.

From the last annual report of the curator of the Cooper Union, we learn that the seventeenth academic year of this institution finds every department full to overflowing. More than 3,000 pupils have entered the various classes, while 450 applications have been put on file for want of room.

The Cooper Union has, for the last seventeen years, demonstrated on a large scale the great uses of practical schools of science and art, by transferring the lives of thousands of youths from the unproductive or servile employments to which they would have inevitably fallen, into the high plane of skilled artisans and original designers or teachers in workshops and schools of the country. As miners, engineers, architects; as foremen of machine shops; as teachers of engraving, painting and drawing, and even as professors in the higher departments of science, it can point to its pupils all over this country. All the instruction, lectures and accommodations of this institution are given absolutely free, except what material may be used up in the course of practice by the pupils. It is supported by the rent of the stores and offices occupying three stories of the building; from the rents of the larger and smaller halls for public meetings, and from an endowment of $150,000, chiefly designed for the support of the reading-room, and the increase of the library. The expenses of the various departments amounted last year to $50,769.

The evening schools of art and science are mostly attended by young men, though women are admitted and appear in some small proportion in the scientific departments. The course of instruction in the evening schools includes Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mechanics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry. In the art department, drawing and all its branches, including casts, and the life; also painting and modeling in clay. Students are given certificates of proficiency in every department of study in which they have stood a satisfactory examination. Those who pursue their studies in the Cooper Union for five years are entitled to a diploma certifying the branches of learning studied and the general standing of the pupil. The school of art for women includes drawing, painting, especially in its industrial applications; engraving, and a department of normal teaching. There are also a school of telegraphy, a class in phonography, and an oratory and debating class.

The reading-room of the Cooper Union has an average daily attendance for a great part of the season of more than two thousand persons, who employ their time in reading the newspapers and periodicals, of which there are two hundred and fifteen on file, foreign and domestic. The library contains about eighteen thousand volumes, mostly standard works on travel, history, and general literature, and works of authority on science and practical arts. The library and reading-room are open on Sundays, from October to May, commencing at 12 M. and closing at 9 P. M. The numbers in attendance on Sunday is greater in proportion than on week-days. It is gratifying to observe that the decorum and reserve are unexceptionable. The free lectures have been remarkably successful, the attendance in the great hall generally exceeding one hundred and fifty. The annual exhibitions of the work of the pupils in various departments of the arts taught in the institution attract a great deal of attention for the thoroughness of the work and the beauty and artistic finish in many of the pieces. At the Centennial, the Cooper Union was allotted a special space for its exhibition of drawings and paintings, and these were viewed with manifest interest by large numbers of persons from all parts of the country.

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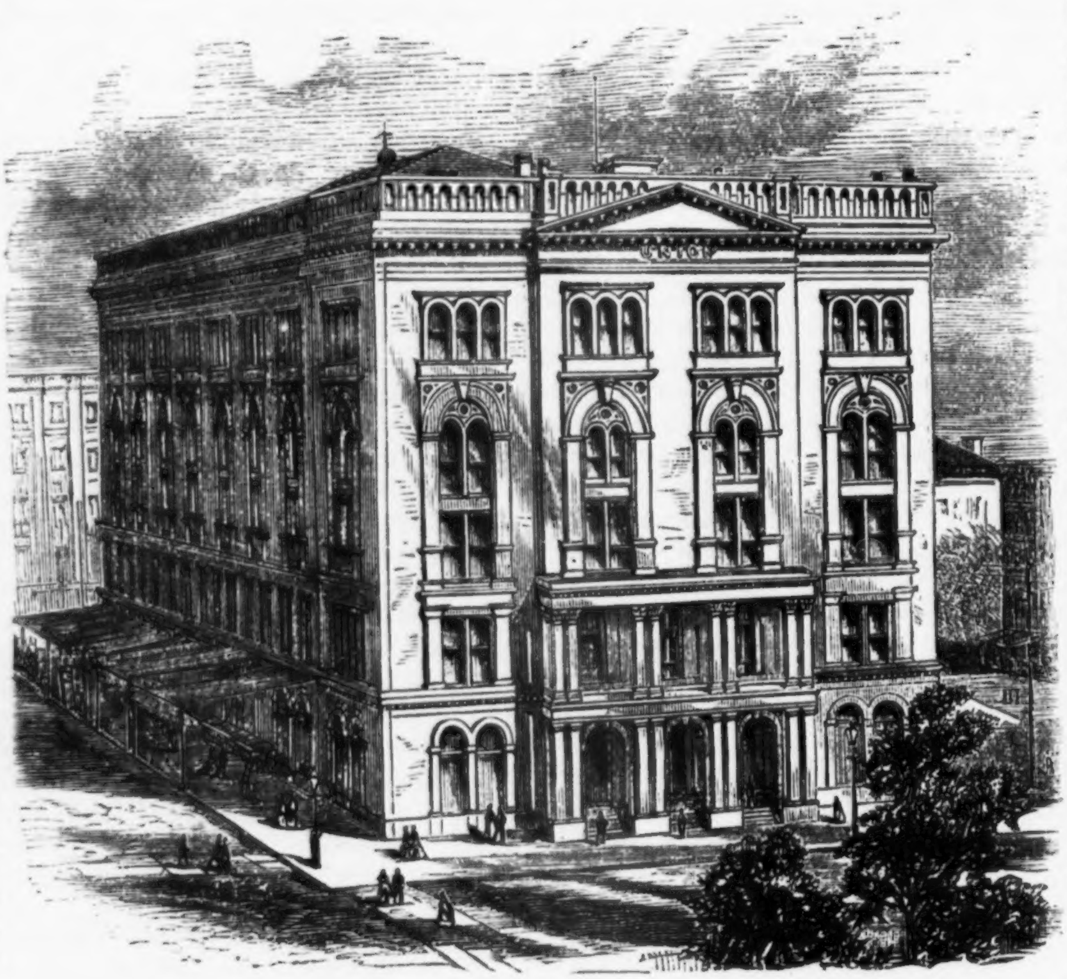
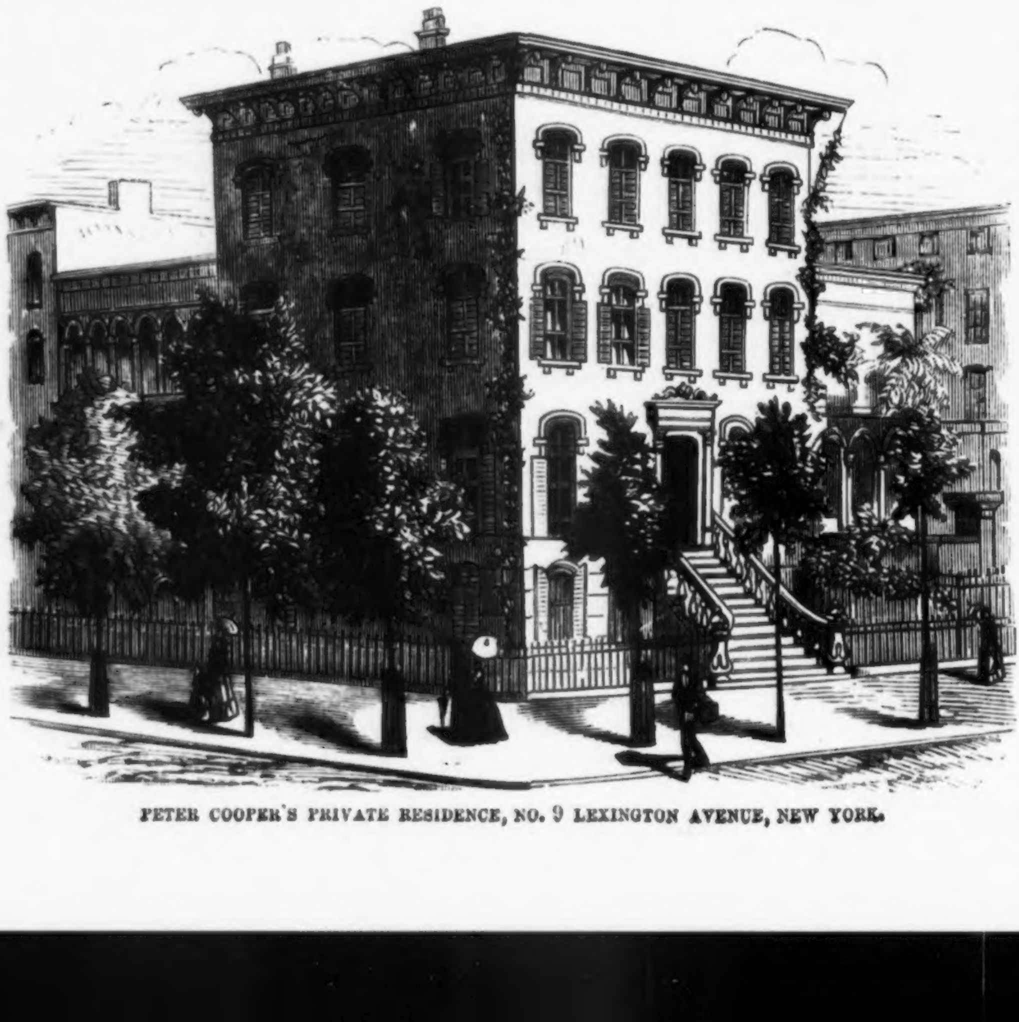


THE COOPER INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

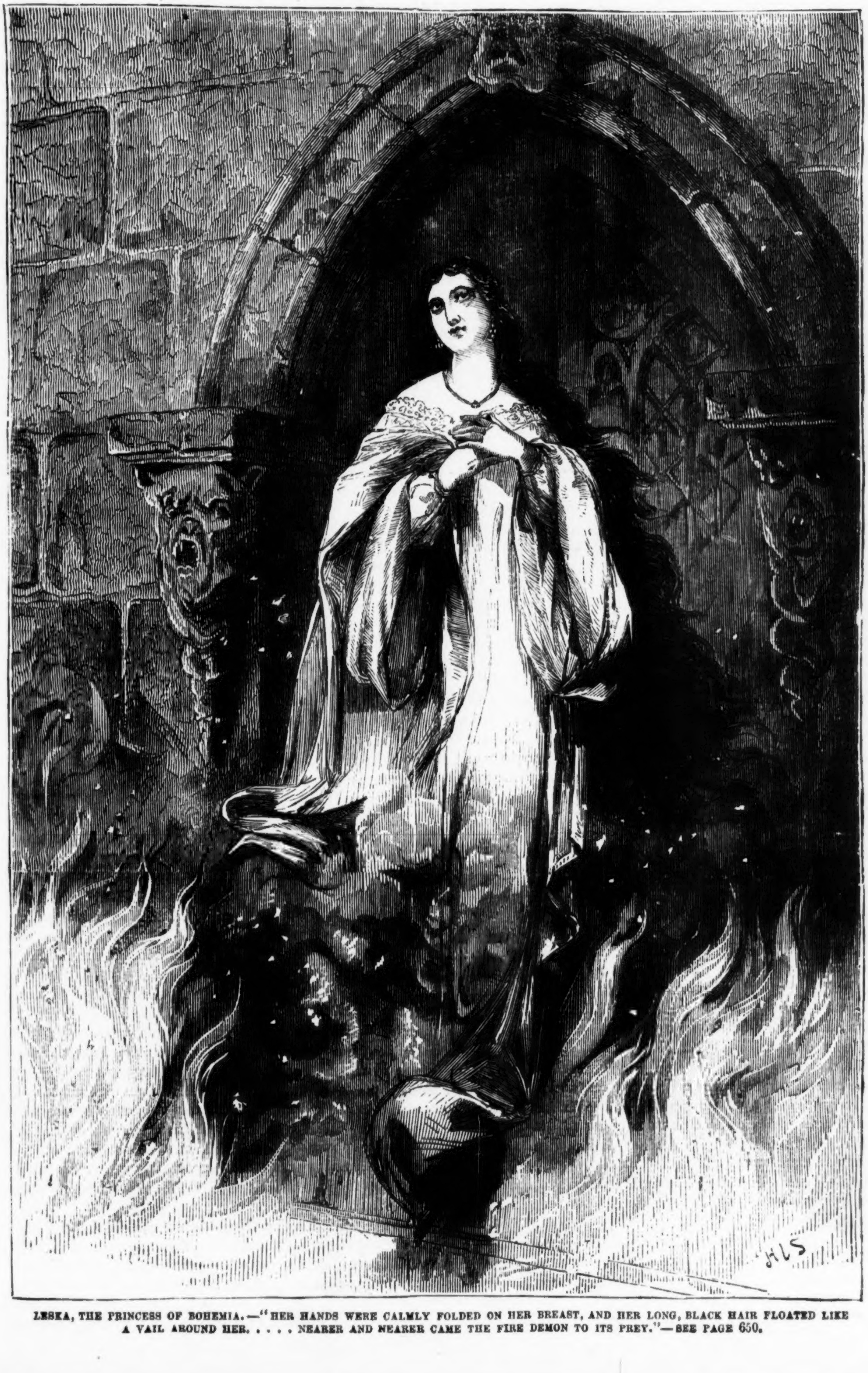
Some idea can be gathered of the immense service that is being done to the youth of this country through the labors of this institution, from the brief sketch of its growth and character which we have just given. Perhaps not the least gratifying fact in connection with its history consists in the incident that the long life of its founder has permitted him to witness the extent of the great service he has done to his country, by his munificent gift. Meanwhile Mr. Cooper, though devoting himself with peculiar assiduity to the chief work of his life, has not the less always continued to manifest great interest in public affairs in general, and has been frequently consulted in matters of serious moment by those having the public interests in charge. Of late he has devoted much time and attention to the important question of finance, and in this, while differing in opinion from the majority of his fellow-citizens, he has not the less a considerable following of thoughtful and intelligent men, who have conscientiously believed that the hard money theories of the government and a majority of the people have been and are detrimental to the true interests of the country. With the right or wrong of these theories we have nothing to do. Firm in his confidence that his judgment on this subject was sound, and his purpose designed to be beneficial to the public, Mr. Cooper permitted himself in 1876 to be nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, on what was known as the Greenback Platform. Probably his candidature only served practically to draw away votes from the Republican ticket, but the integrity of his intentions, and the proper feeling which prompted him are not to be questioned.

Mr. Cooper is now in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and is still hale and hearty, with a mind clear and comprehensive, and with the benevolence which has characterized his whole life manifestly apparent in his kindness and entire demeanor. In disposition he is modest and unassuming; gentle and kind in his nature, and simple and pure-minded as a child. His generosity is so well understood that he has often been made the victim of unjust and improper demands. Mr. Cooper resides in a large and handsome, though plain, dwelling in Lexington Avenue, in New York.

If our great cities can show works of public charity, instruction and utility, due to the bequests of large-hearted citizens, it is more to our credit that we possess and still have among us those of whom Mr. Cooper is the type, who, in their own lifetimes, rear and organize the great establishments whose plans they conceive and which their generosity endows.



PETER COOPER'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE, NO. 9 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.



LESKA, THE PRINCESS OF BOHEMIA.—"HER HANDS WERE CALMLY FOLDED ON HER BREAST, AND HER LONG, BLACK HAIR FLOATED LIKE A VAIL AROUND HER. . . . . NEARER AND NEARER CAME THE FIRE DEMON TO ITS PREY."—SEE PAGE 650.

LESKA, THE PRINCESS OF BOHEMIA.

The morning sun rose clear in a cloudless summer sky, shining on Vienna, decked in holiday array to receive her victorious Emperor, Francis I. Flags were streaming from church steeples and tops of houses, from staffs and masts; festoons of flowers and evergreens were suspended high above the streets, mingling with the national colors; and purple and crimson tapestry adorning the balconies and windows, while on the palace damask and velvet hangings were interspersed with wreaths of laurel, monograms, sceptres, crosses and crowns, till the eye was dazzled with the richness of decoration. All night, wagons and cars, loaded with the peasantry, had been constantly arriving, and the earliest dawn saw the streets alive with crowds seeking a position to see the ambassadors, nobility and magnates of Church and State, in all their pomp and display.

Every house-top and window was swarming with human beings, every available spot secured for a sight of the gorgeous pageant, while eager anticipation was marked on every countenance. Higher and higher rose the sun in the clear blue sky, shedding its flood of light on the gay scene, and tingeing with additional splendor the brilliant colors and expectant crowd.

At last, exultant strains of martial music, at first faintly borne on the air from the distance, then swelling louder and louder, announced the approach of the anxiously looked for procession. On it came, the music growing richer and fuller, with the sun dancing and glimmering on all the rich variety of uniform belonging to different divisions of the army; on the glitter of lacings, tassels and cord; on sword-belts, resplendent with precious stones; rubies, sapphires, pearls and amethysts; and Turkish scimitars, with handles blazing with diamonds; on prancing steeds, decorated with skins of leopards, lions and tigers, fringed with gold and lined with scarlet, and green, and crimson. The brilliant panorama swept along—nobles, ambassadors and officers; and then, surrounded by his court, came the Emperor Francis, mounted on a coal-black steed, whose trappings vied with the sun itself in brilliancy.

In the first freshness of manhood, of extraordinary personal beauty, his brilliant blue eyes and graceful, winning manners, as he bowed low to his people, captured all hearts, and shouts rent the very heavens. Smiles illuminated his handsome face as the emperor perceived these evidences of his people's love and pride.

Suddenly a wreath of pure white lilies, thrown from a balcony, fell directly on his horse's neck, and, reining in his prancing steed, he paused for a moment to regard the donor. His eye rested on a lovely woman, of majestic and elegant figure, who was bending over the balustrade, and who held in her hand a bouquet of the same lilies. A black velvet robe, buttoned with diamonds of the purest lustre, defined her faultless bust, and her youthful and beautiful face resembled the spiritual beauty of a marble statue, although lighted at this moment by a soft flush. Jet-black hair defined the oval of her exquisite features, while a diadem of brilliants gleamed above her snowy brow, confining a long lace vail, which floated like a cloud around her graceful form. Her large, lustrous eyes were fixed on the emperor, and as he met her gaze, a magnetic thrill coursed through his veins.

"Heavens! what an exquisite face," he murmured.

Then, bowing low, he raised the snowy blossoms to his lips, and with one more glance at the lovely creature bending toward him, with the flush deepening on her cheek as she beheld the action, the emperor was borne along. But a moment elapsed while this little drama was performed; but that moment was sufficient to impress the beautiful vision indelibly on his mind.

The cavalcade swept on, but the Emperor Francis grew *distrait* and thoughtful. He forgot to bow and to smile as flowers were scattered in his path and fair ladies waved their perfumed *mouchoirs* in vain; the perfume of the lilies intoxicated his brain, as did the remembrance of that wondrous beauty which had beamed on his vision for a moment.

The procession at length reached the palace, and the monarch vanished within its portals, while the populace dispersed to various entertainments which had been prepared for their amusement on this gala day.

Evening came, and the court, in all the magnificence of full dress, assembled in the theatre, to witness the crowning event of the day—the opera of "Alceste"—preceded by the ballet. The emperor was greeted with enthusiasm as he entered the royal box, and although he bowed and smiled as the acclamations rose on the air, he still wore that preoccupied air which had slightly clouded his face in the morning.

The ballet began.

Gods and goddesses fluttered about the stage, Muses and Graces grouped themselves together in attitudes of surpassing beauty, but still Francis viewed them with an abstracted mind. His eye beheld quite another scene—a balcony hung with purple tapestry, and leaning from it a figure wrapped in floating lace, whose tender eyes met his, whose fair cheek flushed a deeper crimson as he pressed the flowers *her* hand had woven together to his lips. In vain he chid himself for his folly, in vain he strove to fix his mind on scenes before him; that face *would* not be banished from his mind.

His attention was recalled to the stage by a murmur swelling through the house. The curtain had risen on the first act of the opera, but instead of Zerlina, the world-famed prima-donna, appeared the manager, bowing low.

"Zerlina was suffering from severe indisposition, and he must beg the favor of the audience for a young amateur, a stranger in Vienna, who had most kindly offered to take her place."

Again the orchestra began the beautiful aria, and a female figure clad in a Grecian robe, half covered with a mantle of purple velvet embroidered with gold, falling in graceful folds from her snowy shoulders, advanced to the footlights. A girdle blazing with jewels fastened the white tunic, while a diadem of equal splendor confined the massive locks of her jetty hair. The emperor started—it was the same, the vision which floated still before him, more transcendently beautiful than ever.

Raising her graceful arms, she sang the prayer of Alceste, and the tones of her wonderful voice, pure, clear, and rich, poured forth volumes of harmony, like an organ swelling in the aisles of a grand cathedral. Anon it tenderly caressed the ear with softest notes of surpassing sweetness, then swelled in liquid splendor till the ear was drowned in an ocean of melody. She sought the emperor's glance with those deep, wistful eyes, and again that strange magnetic influence overpowered him. With breathless rapture he followed every movement of her graceful figure, as it swayed from side to side, and listened to the witching sweetness of her voice.

The curtain fell, and a storm of applause shook the building as the fair singer retired. Her praises were on every lip, and vain conjectures as to her nationality and who she could be arose on every side. No one knew, and the charm of her appearance was enhanced by the mystery attending it. Again the curtain rose, and again the lady with her wonderful beauty and matchless voice held the audience spell-bound. The emperor sat as in a dream, while it seemed as if the singer sang but for him, so frequently did her eyes rest upon his handsome face.

The opera closed amid unbounded enthusiasm, while flowers of rarest hue and perfume were cast at the singer's feet. The manager was besieged by importunate questions, but to them all he returned but one answer. The lady was of high rank, her name he did not himself know, and her appearance was solely owing to friendship for Madame Zerlina, to whom she owed a debt of gratitude, the prima-donna having been the means of rescuing her from some peril on her way to Vienna. This explanation was borne to the emperor by one of his favorites, but no clue could be found to the lady's whereabouts. Vienna was fain to content itself as best it might with this scanty explanation, for nothing more could be learned.

In the state department of the "White Owl"—a noted hotel of Vienna, always reserved for illustrious guests—sat a beautiful woman, apparently lost in thought. There was an air of faded grandeur about the old hangings, and massive worm-eaten furniture, but fresh flowers in a silver vase standing on the carved table, a jeweled fan, and golden scent-bottles, showed the taste and refinement of a woman's presence. A few moments the lady sat there with her cheek resting on one snowy hand; then rising she stood before a mirror which was placed between the windows. Never had it reflected a fairer form. A beautiful agrafe of pearls fastened her velvet bodice, and the long rich robe of amber-colored satin swept the ground. As she looked, her mouth relaxed into a smile, and an expression of dreamy tenderness came into her large dark eyes.

"Say, Nerischka," she exclaimed, eagerly, turning as her maid entered the room, "shall I see him, and present my petition?"

"I went to the palace, my lady," answered the old woman, "and a young officer told me to wait in the ante-room until the emperor passed through. I would know him by his wearing his hat when all the rest uncovered. He received me most kindly, and read my note; then fixing on me such beautiful eyes—oh! my lady, they looked like stars—he bade me say that he would receive the Lady Leska privately to-night, at nine o'clock. He will send a carriage and officer to conduct you to his presence."

"Ah! I shall see him again," she murmured softly; "he is so beautiful and good. Would our unhappy country were so blessed. Think you, Nerischka, he will know me as the 'Alceste' who sang last night?"

"Hush, my lady!" exclaimed the old woman, with an expression of alarm; "the very walls have ears. Holy Virgin! if that wild escapade should ever reach the abbess, we are undone."

"Fear not, Nerischka; who could tell her? We are strangers here, utterly unknown, and even should the emperor recognize me, I can trust in his courtesy as a gentleman! Ah! if it had not been for his kindly glance I should have swooned with fear as the crowd of faces met my eyes, but I saw none but him after that. How could I deny Zerlina such a small favor, when she was in despair at the trouble her non-appearance would cause on the day of the emperor's return, after she had saved me from death, or worse than death? Ah! I think I see them now, those fearful men, as they overpowered us in that gloomy forest, killed our faithful Polosk, and bound the rest with cords!" and she shuddered. "Where should we be now, Nerischka, if Zerlina had not urged her armed escort to the rescue, and put the robbers to flight? Nay, had it been twice the effort it was, I would gladly have done it to serve her."

The old woman, who had been her nurse from infancy, looked anxiously at the fair girl.

"Hush! my lady, you will excite yourself, will dim your beauty when you go to plead for our suffering country," she said, soothingly.

A soft flush stole over Lady Leska's cheek.

"Tell me of my mother, good Nerischka. Am I as beautiful as she was? Tell me of lords and ladies, the tales of my childhood. Ah! I am so glad the abbess sent me to plead with the emperor; I shall have had one glance of this beautiful world, so different from the quiet, dark convent."

"But that is your home, my lady," said the old nurse, affectionately; "do not forget the kind care of the abbess, who has been more than a mother to you; do not forget the urgent wishes of your lady mother that you should always remain under her sheltering care."

"No; I do not forget it; ungrateful I should be if I could," said Leska, warmly; "but it is natural for youth to love the world. Come, tell me something of it, there's a good nurse."

"Holy Virgin! it were sin to fill your mind with such vanities; but you are very beautiful; no court lady was ever your equal."

"I am glad," murmured the fair girl; "but hasten, Nerischka, arrange my hair afresh; it will have pearls to lighten it; and then to the emperor."

Through a private entrance Lady Leska was conducted, deeply vailed, to the private boudoir of the Emperor Francis. Her heart beat faster and faster as the door closed and she found herself alone with him. Her voice almost forsook her, but gathering courage from the stately and gracious courtesy with which she was received, without removing her vail, she presented her petition.

She had been sent by the Abbess of Fellstadt to implore assistance for Bohemia, desolated by war and famine."

"Throw off your vail, fair lady," said Francis, moved by her voice, he knew not why, "and permit me to see and know who my petitioner is."

He started as Leska slowly removed her vail; the image stamped on his heart stood before him, blushing at the deep and passionate admiration expressed in his glance.

"I am Leska, daughter of Sigismund, Prince of Bohemia," she said, in low tones; then, forgetting her embarrassment, she fell on her knees. "Oh, sire, save our unhappy country; it is one vast desert, desolate and barren. From every cottage comes forth the wail of hunger; they cry for bread by the wayside, and in crowded cities, while emaciated beings sink exhausted by their own despair. You have wealth and power to help us—oh! withhold it not."

"Rise, fair Leska," said Francis, raising her from her lowly posture. "Bohemia shall be saved. I swear it by my crown. To-morrow with the dawn imperial commissioners shall convey wagons of provisions, with wine for the sick and cooked meats for the starving. But tell me——"

"With the dawn!" interrupted Leska, a shadow passing over her beautiful face. "Then I must leave your majesty, must leave Vienna, and a grateful nation shall send up prayers for your welfare and happiness."

"Leave me!" said Francis, impetuously. "Can you, then, leave me so soon? Stay rather with me for ever. Your image has never left me since you crowned me with lilies as pure and fair as yourself. I love you, sweet Leska, I love but you. Oh! tell me you will love me, say you will live for my happiness!" and the emperor threw himself at her feet, covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"Ah! I do love you," she murmured, with ineffable tenderness. "Holy Mother, forgive me if it be sin!"

"I will forgive you," exclaimed Francis, as he clasped her passionately to his heart.

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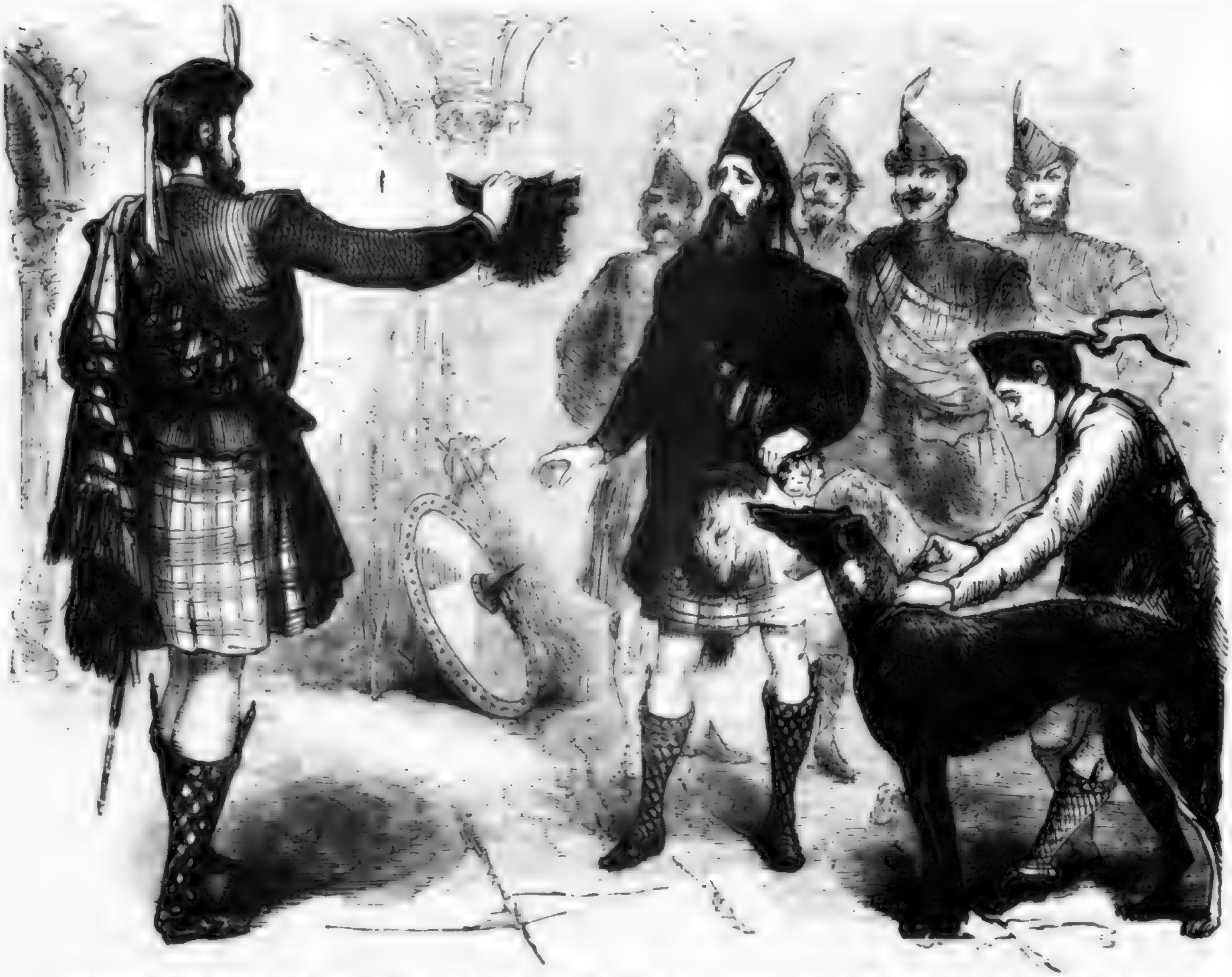


THE HIGHLANDER AND THE WOLF.—"'THERE'S THE WOLF'S HEAD,' SAID POLLOCHOCK, AND HE HELD OUT THE GRIM AND BLOODY HEAD OF THE MONSTER AT ARM'S LENGTH."—SEE PAGE 654.

"Ah! but your majesty does not know I am destined to the convent. My mother on her deathbed gave me, an infant, to the Abbess of Fellstadt, her dearest friend. My father was dead, and she vowed me to God, to be the bride of Heaven. There I have been educated, and there must be my home."

"You shall not be sacrificed," said the emperor, "my beautiful Leska, my own. I will obtain a dispensation from the Pope. You shall be my bride, my empress, and never sat there a nobler on the throne of Austria."

"Ah! but your haughty mother?" murmured Leska, yielding to the delightful dream.

A shadow passed over the royal brow of her lover, and he hesitated.

"Your birth is royal, my dearest, and although my mother may raise objections, *I* am the emperor; my will is law."

A silence succeeded, broken only by the whispers of the lovers. In reply to his questions, Leska explained her strange position in the opera, and the circumstances which had led to it. And then, with many plans for the future, they separated, each to dream away the night in thought of the other.

Weeks passed on. The promised relief rolled in fullness and plenty over the land, the country arose from its depression and despair, while the blessings of the starving people were uprising for the good Emperor Francis, and for the princess who had besought his aid.

Francis traveled over the land incognito, himself reforming abuses and instituting reforms, and many interviews took place between the lovers, when, under the disguise of an officer, he formed part of the armed escort with which the Princess Leska returned to the convent, there to wait until the emperor could make arrangements for their marriage.

Never had the routine of the convent life seemed so irksome in its monotony as when she again took up her abode there, her heart beating with impatience to be at her royal lover's side. She poured forth her heart to the good abbess, whom she loved as a mother. Astonishment almost rendered her speechless, as she heard of the brilliant future possibly before her charge, but she gave her little hope. She knew too well that the haughty, imperious empress would never consent to an alliance which brought no State advantage to Austria, and would do all in her power to prevent it. She tried in vain to persuade Leska to abandon so hopeless a passion, urging the dying wishes of her mother, but the heart of the lovely girl beat high with hope and faith in her lover. Wearied with contending emotions, she at last sought refuge and rest in slumber.

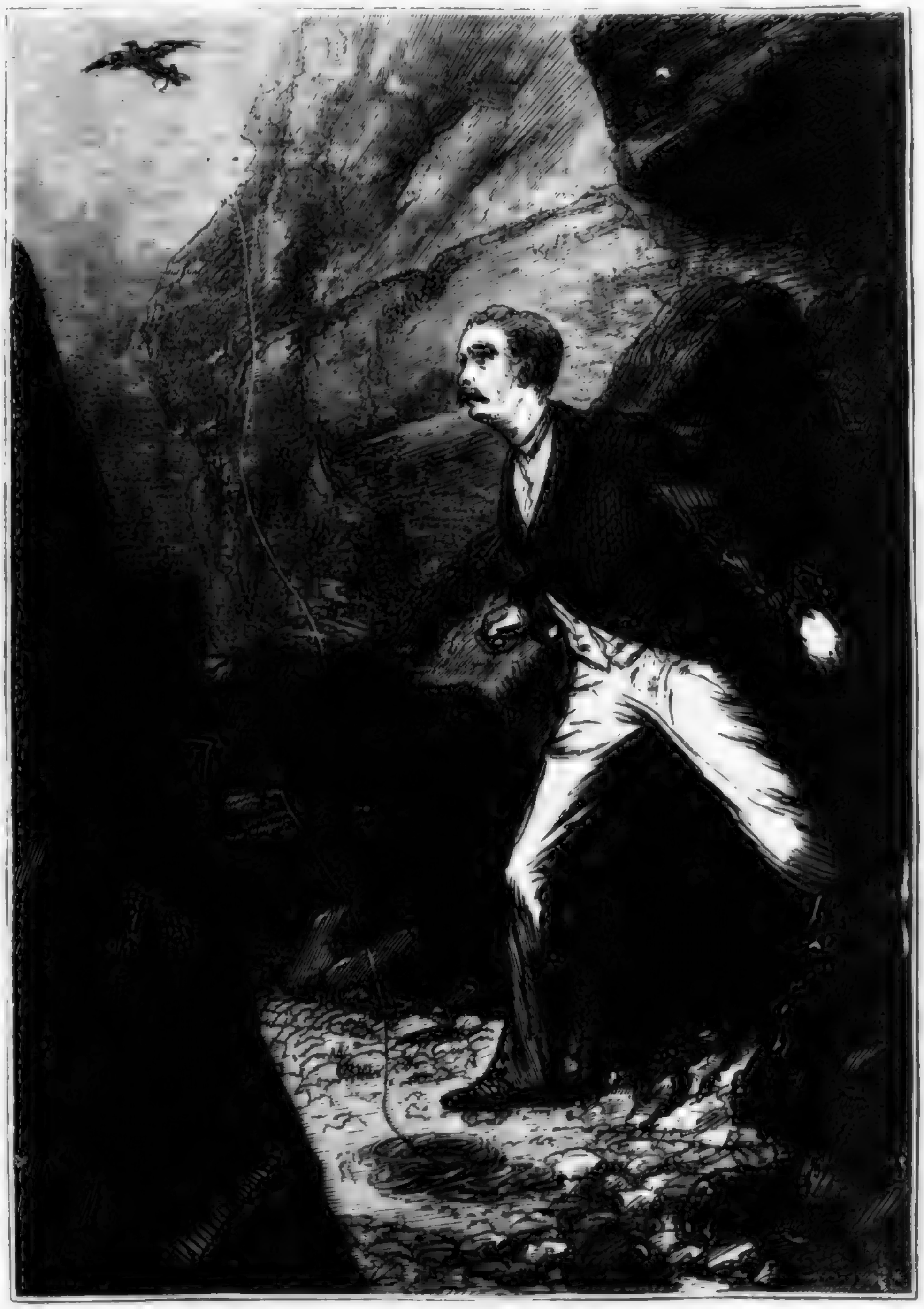
As she slept, she dreamed.

On a desolate plain she stood alone, no sign of life, no verdure—all barren desolation. A gorgeous sunset of burnished clouds seemed to arrest her attention, and as she gazed upward they parted, and heaven in its dazzling beauty stood revealed to her eyes. Its golden walls glittering with precious stones entranced her soul, and her ear was filled with ravishing melody. The gates flew open as she gazed, and, poising on snowy pinions, an angel spread his wings, and alighted at her feet.

"Poor child of earth! weep not," he said, in pitying tones; "all earthly love fades and dies. Comfort thee, comfort thee! three cycles only separate thee from the Eternal."

The serene, grave beauty of the angel, and the loving tenderness of his voice gave peace and joy to her soul. She awoke with a strange consciousness, a calm certainty that her days on earth were numbered. No sorrow or regret seemed to cloud this consciousness, strange to say, but a peace which continued undisturbed seemed to have taken possession of her heart. The abbess was impressed by the vivid reality of the dream, although she endeavored to counteract its effect on Leska's mind. But in vain did she urge every argument—it was of no avail. The young girl was convinced that three days, months, or years, would witness her death.

The third *day* passed, and she was still alive and well. Three months, then, must be the time signified. The time passed slowly by, with frequent letters from the emperor. Leska had written him of her dream, but he appeared to regard it merely as a delusion which time would efface, and in addition chided her fondly for hinting at such a cruel separation, in the first happiness of their love.



DOWN THE SHAFT.—"FOLDING UP THE NOTE CAREFULLY, AND TYING IT ON THE OTHER END OF THE STRING, HE SET THE BIRD AT LIBERTY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

She smiled sadly as she read of her lover's hopes for the future, but she felt that her fate was decided. As the third month approached its completion, she besought the abbess to allow her to journey to Vienna, to take an everlasting farewell of her lover. The delusion (if delusion it were) had taken such a strong hold upon her mind, that nothing could change it, and finally the abbess, almost in despair, consented.

With Nerischka, her faithful nurse, and an ample escort, the abbess saw her depart, many sad misgivings troubling her kind heart; but she could but commend her to the care of the Holy Virgin. The next morning a special mass was said in the chapel for the princess, and then the good abbess felt her mind somewhat relieved.

The journey was accomplished in safety, and Leska found herself received by the emperor with delighted surprise. But that day he had dispatched a courier, with orders to ride night and day, bearing news of his success with the Pope. All arrangements had been completed for their marriage, which must be private, to escape the machinations of the empress. That accomplished, he would present her to the world and to his people as the Empress of Austria. For the first time since her dream, Leska's faith in it was shaken; as she rested in her lover's arms, and listened to his words of tenderness and devotion, she was conscious of a wild hope that it might not prove true, that the abbess might be right in her arguments. Surely the brilliant prospect opening before her, and the happiness of their mutual love, were sufficient to shake her faith, to make her turn again to life with outstretched arms, loath to be parted.

Francis smiled at her fears; they were but idle vapors to him, in the first purple flush of his love, when not a shadow or doubt had dimmed its glorious brightness.

"Your journey has wearied you, my dearest," he said. "The air of that gloomy forest, which was the scene of such peril on your first journey hither, has saddened your mind. Slumber shall restore your tired frame, as my love shall cheer and gladden your heart. Think of the future made glorious by association with each other—think how our people shall love and bless their empress for her beauty, her noble virtues, and her care for them. Sadness shall never dwell with thee, beloved Leska," and he pressed passionate kisses on her lips.

The clouds vanished, and the sun seemed again to shine brightly, gloriously on the sky of life.

They parted, and Leska sought her couch, where profound sleep soon closed her weary eyes. Hours passed; suddenly, on the silence of the night, there broke a faint, crackling sound. The sound increased, mingled with a hissing noise, but it awoke not the sleeper; then warm puffs of smoke began to fill the room, until she struggled uneasily in her slumber; then came a warning, exultant sound of flames, leaping and writhing in their strength like a fearful giant, with cries and confusion, which at length awoke the princess from her fatal lethargy.

Too late! too late! Bewildered, she opened the door on the corridor, but the stairway was one sea of flame, and the blast from the fiery furnace drove her back, gasping and stifling. Hastily closing it, she rushed to the heavy, casemated window, and with the greatest effort succeeded in forcing it open. She stepped out on the ledge, but the flames rolled up greedily on both sides of her, as if eager to secure their prey.

An agonized prayer for help escaped her lips to that merciful Father who alone could hear her, and swiftly as a flash her dream came back to her. Exactly three months from that night, and her hour had come. Again the angel seemed beside her, and she heard his tender voice, while peace crept into her heart. She fixed her gaze on the sky where the heaven of her dream seemed opening before her, and as she stood in her pure white robe in the broad, open window, with the flames in vivid brilliancy surging nearer and nearer, her beauty seemed more than mortal, for the serene peace of her angelic visitor had stamped itself upon her face. Her hands were calmly folded on her breast, and her long black hair floated like a vail around her.

Nearer and nearer came the fire demon to his prey, lapping out long, curling tongues of flame like fiery serpents, until a roar like thunder shook the very heavens, and there was a noise of falling roofs and crashing timbers—the Princess Leska had vanished from earth.

The morning light shone on blackened, smoking ruins, and on the wild grief and despair of the emperor, which he sought not to control.

Even the haughty empress was moved at her son's bereavement and the fearful fate of the beautiful princess.

The story of her prophetic dream and its sad fulfillment became a legend which old men told to their children in succeeding generations, and her memory lived as a saint and ministering angel among the peasantry long after her lover had ceased to remember the vision of his youth—even when he had ceased to live.

THE HIGHLANDER AND THE WOLF.

MACQUEEN, the laird of Pollochock, a small estate in the north of Scotland, is said to have killed the last wolf that infested that district, though he himself was alive within the last fifty years. Tradition reports him to have been nearer seven than six feet high, proportionately built, and active as a roebuck. The story told is this: A poor woman, crossing the mountains with two children, was attacked by the wolf, and her infants devoured, while she escaped with difficulty to Moughall. The chief of Mackintosh hearing of this, ordered his vassals to assemble the next day at twelve o'clock, to proceed in a body to destroy the wolf. Pollochock, who was one of those vassals, and possessed of gigantic strength and determined courage, was eagerly looked for to take lead in the enterprise. The hour came, and all were assembled except him in whom they trusted. Unwilling to go without him, the impatient chief fretted and fumed through the hall, till at length, about an hour after the appointed time, in stalked Pollochock, dressed in his full Highland attire.

"I am little used to await thus for any man," exclaimed the chafed chieftain, "and still less for thee, Pollochock, especially when such game is afoot as we are bound after!"

"What sort o' game are ye after, Mackintosh?" said Pollochock, simply.

"The wolf, sir," replied Mackintosh. "Did not my messenger instruct you?"

"Ou, ay, that's true," answered Pollochock, with a good-humored smile; "troth, I had forgotten; but, and that be all," continued he, groping with his right hand among the folds of his plaid, "there's the wolf's head;" and he held out the grim and bloody head of the monster at arm's-length. "As I came through the hollow," continued he, as if talking of some everyday occurrence, "I foregathered wi' the beast; my long dog there turned him; I buckled with him, and dirkit him, and brought away his countenance, for fear he might come alive again, for they are very precarious creatures."

"My noble Pollochock," cried the chieftain, in ecstasy, "the deed was worthy of thee! In memorial of thy hardihood, I here bestow upon thee the old field, to give meal for thy good grayhound in all time coming."

DOWN THE SHAFT.

THE old Alleghany and Bottsford Mine had proved a failure; not, however, until some eighteen or twenty thousand dollars were expended on it. Now the deserted shaft, 300 feet deep, and a long tunnel in Bottsford Mountain, were the only visible signs of what had been done.

Newman Higborn, while crossing this very mountain, strayed away from the rest of his party, wandered in the direction of the deserted shaft, and, before he discovered it was too late, had tripped and fallen into the terrible pit. His walking-stick, catching here and there against the jagged sides, helped lessen the speed; but down, down, down he went, and struck the bottom, bruised, but alive.

While smarting with pain, a feeling of thankfulness came over him for the preservation of his life. After all, thought he, there is no good in it down 300 feet in the earth. He had only been saved to die of starvation.

All through the long night he tried to conjecture some possible way to get out, but nothing could be thought of. He must simply stay there, and die.

The next morning, after devouring a baker's loaf, which, fortunately, he had in his pocket, he waited. His room was only a few feet across, and all the curiosities there he soon examined, as well as he could, by the faint light of a few matches.

Higborn was not one to be discouraged under ordinary circumstances, but now the terrible situation that he was in was gradually making a strong impression on him. The more he thought about it, the more it unmanned him.

He was getting thirsty; no water was in the place—not even the drops that so frequently trickle down the sides of just such places.

The day went on. Night came. Weak and hungry, he laid down, and fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed about the "Woolen Stocking," over and over again.

It was an old story that he had read very many times in childhood, about the workman in England who was left alone on the top of a high chimney, after the scaffolding had been taken down; and he unraveled his stocking and let the tiny thread to the ground, by which he was able to pull up a strong string, and by that a small rope, and finally a rope strong enough for him to slide down on; so the story went, and so went his dream. He awoke.

Why should he have such a dream? He had known that story by heart so long. He wasn't on the top of a chimney; down deep in the earth was quite a different thing. While he was musing over this curious story and dream, a swallow fluttered down the shaft, and dropped at his side. The poor bird was frightened, but not dead.

Suddenly a thought possessed Newman Higborn, and he put the swallow under his hat. Eager, weak, a ray of hope. He tore off his shoes and stockings, which he carefully unraveled, making a circular pile of the threads which would not snarl.

He worked eagerly yet patiently, until both stockings formed one long thread. This he carefully—how very carefully!—tied to the bird's tail-feathers, and put the bird under the hat once more; then, taking his pencil, he wrote on a bit of paper, by the light of matches:

> "I am starving at the bottom of the shaft on Bottsford Mountain. I pray you send help. NEWMAN HIGBORN."

Then, folding it up, and tying it carefully on the other end of the string, he set the bird at liberty. It fluttered about his head for a moment, and then went slowly up.

Now a faint, glad hope stole into his heart; it grew stronger as the bird still ascended. Yes—noble little swallow!—the string was growing less every moment. Perhaps a life hung by that thread. The bird disappeared out of the mouth above.

How many chances, after all, had he? He shuddered when he thought how slight they were. Should the bird go to the right or to the left after reaching open air, how easily, by the friction on the shaft's outer edge, would the thread be worn off.

Little birdie found, after getting out, that it was harder to fly one side, and so sailed high up into the air.

Higborn could now see it again, the sun shining brightly on its wings; he knew it must be far above the surface.

The party of three, with which Higborn started, had missed him some time, and now were giving anxious search. They had passed and repassed the old shaft, and it had not occurred to them that he might have fallen in there. They had looked down into it once, out of mere curiosity, but saw only blackness below. As they were discussing what should be done next, one said:

"What is that by you, Fitts?"

"Where?"

"There, not three feet to your right; a string, yarn, or something. Why, it lays a long way on the bushes."

"Pull it," said Sam Higborn, Newman's brother.

Fitts pulled it, and a bird fluttered about two rods away.

"Why, the poor bird is tied to that string; I wonder what inhuman rascal could have been guilty of such a thing?"

"It's a swallow," said Fitts.

"I wonder where it's tied?" said Sam.

"Perhaps it's somebody's favorite bird," said Fitts.

"Favorite or no favorite, I'm going to give the poor thing its liberty;" and he cut the string.

Birdie knew what that meant, and in a moment was among the clouds. Sam followed the string, and suddenly called to Fitts:

"Come here, Fitts; here is a note on the end of this string." He tore it open, and read aloud:

> "I am starving at the bottom of the shaft on Bottsford Mountain. I pray you send help. NEWMAN HIGBORN."

"Good Heavens, Fitts! Down in that hole—alive! Not twenty yards from here. It can't be, yet he says so."

Both rushed for the shaft.

* * * * * * *

The bird had gone up the shaft an hour ago. Newman was anxiously waiting; he had watched the mouth of the shaft above, until, weary, he had laid down, resting one cheek on his hand.

He had not been in that position long, when he was suddenly startled by some little chips of wood falling about him, and at the same time he heard voices echoing down the shaft.

He looked up, and could see two persons looking down.

Oh, how he shouted! A few more anxious moments, and a billet dropped at his side. He lighted a match, and read:

> "We are here, and will bring help as soon as possible.
> "SAM HIGBORN AND FITTS."

He shouted "Hurrah!" back, which was only a roaring, incoherent noise when it reached the open air. This was hope indeed, although three hundred feet above him.

A long hour passed—two, three. Night came. Four, five, six, seven hours. Something was coming down. He could see the light of a lantern at the top. Thump, thump, thump, and a rope, a stout rope, hit his head.

Oh, how eagerly he seized it, and how carefully he made a knotted loop, and how easily he slipped into it! Then he gave it a vigorous shaking, and shouted:

"Pull!"

"Up, up, up, slowly, hopefully—up, surely, higher—now it stopped, and went down a few feet. His heart came up into his mouth. Up again, slowly. He sees the stars above him—higher, almost—a moment more, and he is on the broad earth again, saved, weak, but alive.

Newman Higborn owes his life to one little bird, and it was gone.

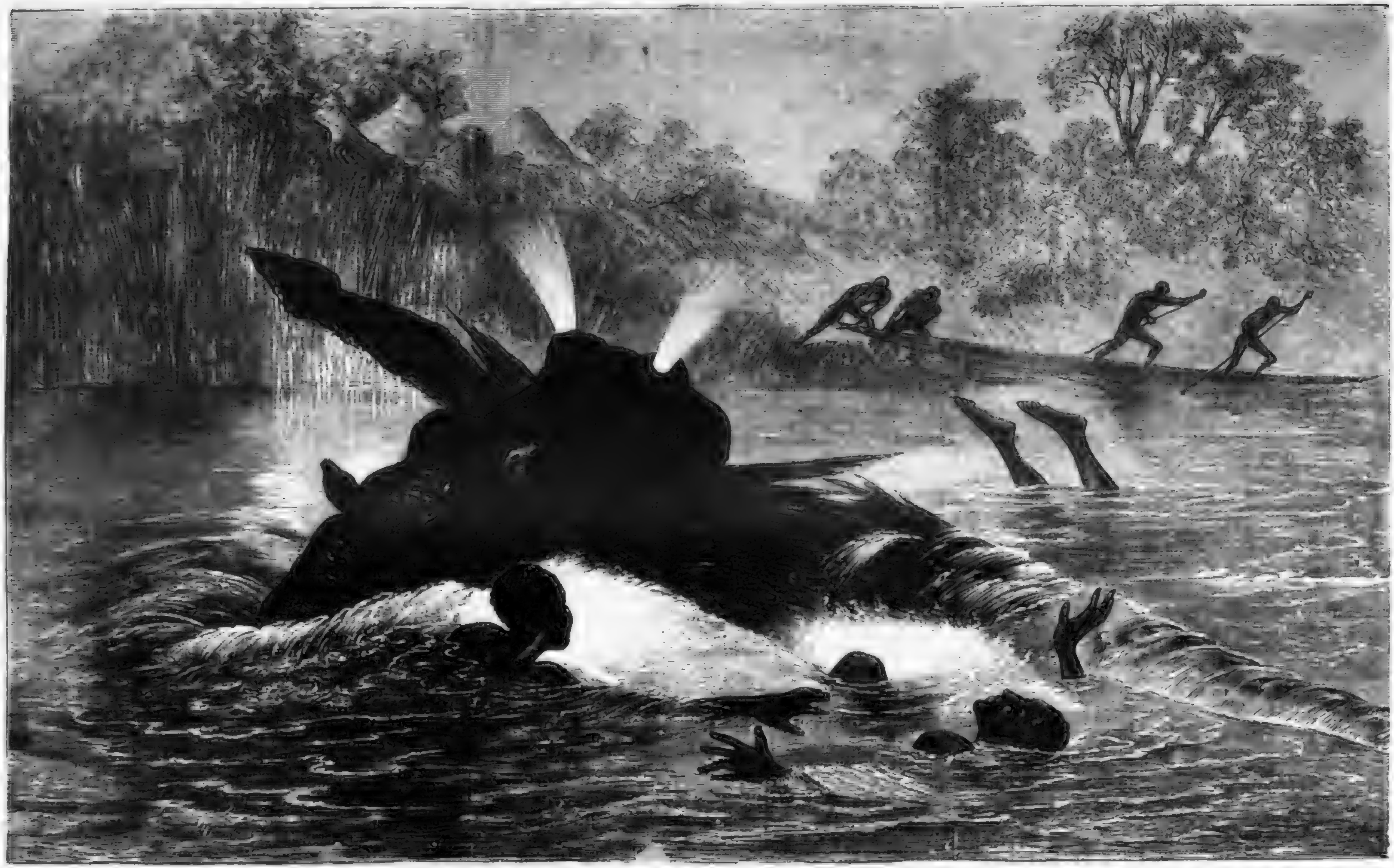
A HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.

THE hippopotamus is a large, sluggish and generally inoffensive animal. But even the mildest can be roused. A traveler on the Zambesi thus describes the scene illustrated in our engraving:

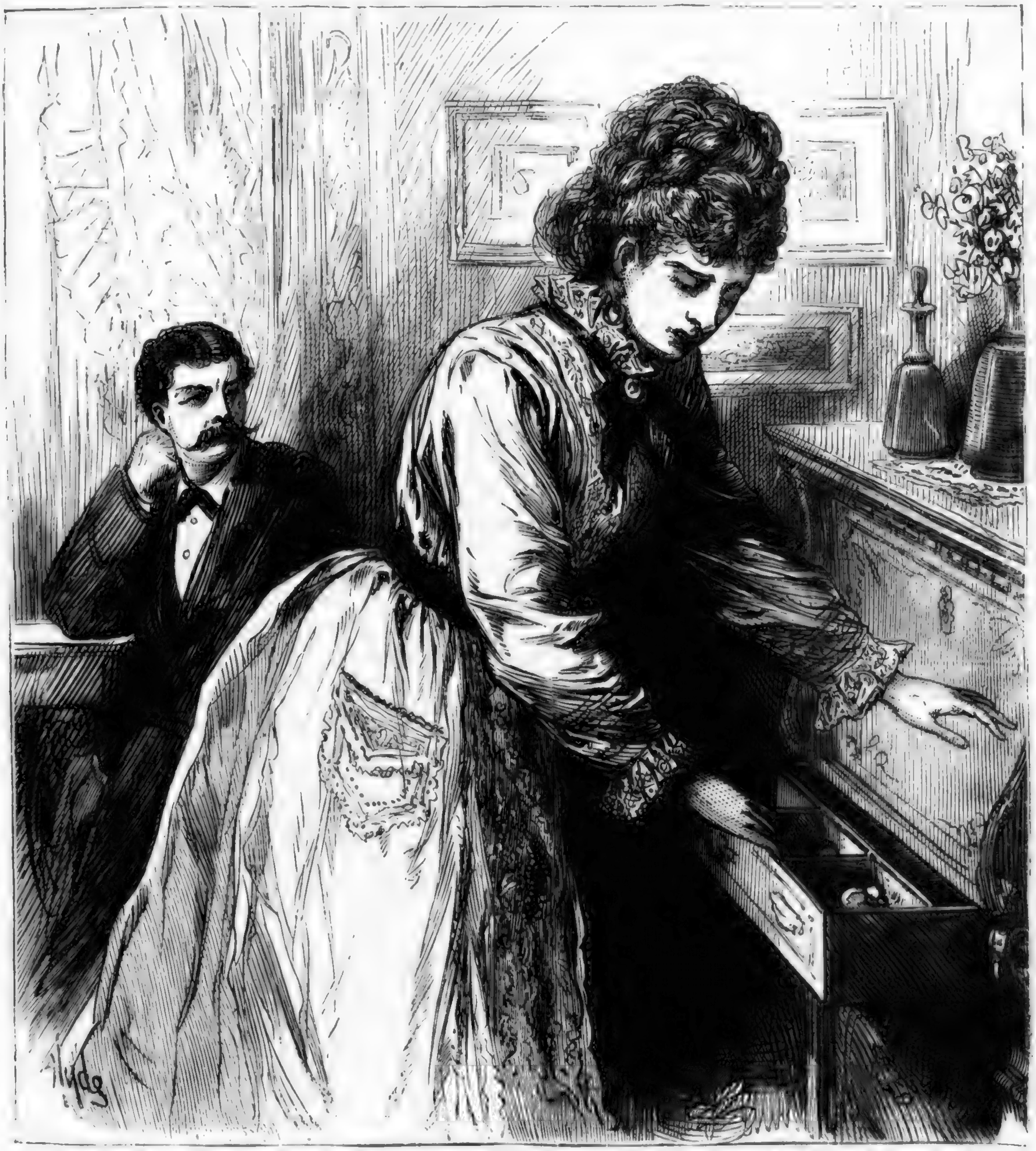
"A shout, '*El beggare el bahare!*' (the water ox), attracted my attention. I looked around for the hippopotamus; to my surprise none was to be seen, not even the ponderous head appeared above the water; but I saw a sort of wooden cross borne down the current, as if impelled from beneath. As it passed us a snorting was heard; a head for a moment appeared—that of a terrified young hippopotamus—but only to dive again. The hunters soon followed. This calf had entered a sort of creek and gone ashore. Here it was attacked in the usual way—a harpoon driven into it as, alarmed by the cries and drums, it fled to the water. Here the float, a cross of wood, not only served to guide the hunter, but increased the wound by the resistance it made against the water. Exhausted at last by the loss of blood, it halts near the shore to die, and is then killed by the pursuers.

"The hunters were keenly after it; but they had not noticed that they were in turn pursued by the furious dam of the poor wounded creature. At last, exerting all her energies, she shot forward, and seizing the front of the pirogue in her capacious jaws, ground it, crushing it in two, and hurling the hunters into the water. Yells and shouts, cries of distress and prayers to all their gods followed, as the brute bore down on the nearest sable form, after venting her rage on the wood. Another canoe had, however, put out hastily from the shore and darted between the angry mother and her prey in time to rescue them, while a few shots from our craft compelled her to dive.

"The terrified party was at last gathered in and reached the shore, well content to get off so well."



A HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.—SEE PAGE 655.



A TRAGIC FARCE.—"SHE UNLOCKED THE CABINET DRAWER. THE PAPER WAS GONE! 'WHY, WHERE CAN IT BE?' SHE EXCLAIMED, TURNING RED AND WHITE AS SHE COMMENCED A SEARCH."

A TRAGIC FARCE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

DOWN at Appledore Shoals there was a great scandal set afloat one Summer's day, right in the height of the season, and it was whispered on the piazzas, talked over on the sands, and dilated upon in my lady's chamber, until the subject was woven threadbare.

"Really, Lulu," said Jack Hinton to his wife, "I don't want to hear anything more of that affair. I have had assignations for breakfast, anonymous notes for dinner, and pistols for supper, for the last three weeks, and I have had enough of the matter. Please don't tell me any more."

"But, Jack, Mrs. Millefleur says that the anonymous note was all a hatched-up story."

"Anonymous notes usually are."

Mrs. Hinton rocked herself, while the pink coral drops in her ears swayed against her prettier pink cheeks.

"I say, Jack."

"Yes, Lulu," looking up from the New York paper.

"If you should receive an anonymous note, saying that I was untrue to you, what should you do ?"

"I should treat it with the contempt it would deserve. I should do nothing."

"And you wouldn't be at all troubled or the least bit jealous of some unknown rival ?"

"I thank heaven," said Mr. Jack Hinton, laying down his paper, and speaking with emphasis, "that whatever other faults I may have, jealousy is not one of my failings. No, Lulu, I should never be jealous of you."

But the face of the little pink-and-white woman dimpled

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all over with a roguish smile. The season was nearly ended, and three days later found the young couple at home in their own city residence.

After Mrs. Hinton's Fall shopping was done, there was little to interest her. Time sometimes hung heavy on her hands.

You remember the old couplet:

> Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.

Well, one Fall day found Mrs. Jack rapidly scribbling a short note. Having copied it and carefully locked away the copy, she ran out to the nearest post-office box, mailed the note, and came back with a mysterious air.

Mrs. Hinton had written an anonymous communication.

She was very busy with her own thoughts all day, but when her husband came home she was quietly sewing in a composed manner by the fire.

"Dear me, Jack," she said, yawning, "what a very dull day."

Hinton did not reply, but threw himself upon a sofa, and lay staring at her.

"Why didn't you come home to dinner, Jack?" asked Mrs. Hinton, carefully turning her hem.

"I didn't feel very well—busy" replied her husband, incoherently.

"Going out this evening?"

"No," quickly.

A dimple twitched into sight in Mrs. Jack's rosy cheek.

"How glad I shall be to have my husband's society this long evening!"

A look, half pleasure, half poignant anguish, passed over Jack Hinton's mobile face. He did not speak, but seemed to writhe upon his couch. His wife saw. For a moment the twinkle in her eye gave way to an expression of repentance for the wicked little game which was such fun for her, but almost death to him.

"If he will only confess that he is jealous, I'll tell him the truth and not tease him any more," she said to herself.

She heard her husband draw a weary sigh.

"Aren't you well, Jack?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You don't seem to be very cheerful."

"Oh, yes, I am!" calling the little dog Fidele, who, when she had come, lay upon his breast, licking his face.

"I'm afraid something has happened to-day which troubles you."

For a moment he did not answer.

"Business has been very good to-day. I believe I heard my partner say so."

"And nothing has occurred to worry you?"

"Why?" fretfully. "Do I seem so very unpleasant this evening? Don't you enjoy my society?"

"Dear me, Jack!—yes. But you really have a worried expression. Well, come to tea. I dare say you are not well."

It shocked her, when they came to the lights of the tea-table, to see that her husband looked actually ill. She wanted to tell him now, but how could she, unless he would make some admission of having received the note.

"Foolish fellow! I really didn't think he was so stubborn!" she said to herself.

Twice during the evening she attempted to obtain his confidence, but in vain. Full of conflicting emotions, he dared not trust himself yet to take any decided course in the matter.

She was aware that he passed a wakeful night, but in the morning he slept late and heavily. After she was dressed, she went to his dressing-room, and taking down his coat, put her fingers in the breast-pocket. Yes, there was the note she mailed yesterday. She opened it, and read:

"MR. J. HINTON.—You are the victim of a deep deception. You are not, however, the first man who has been betrayed by the woman he loved. Your wife receives a visitor; discover that person if you can. She also walks on H—— Avenue. Watch her, and satisfy yourself. You are warned. ANONYMOUS."

"To think he should believe it for a moment!" laughed Mrs. Jack. "And yet I meant to tease him."

Mr. Hinton rose late. He took his breakfast hurriedly, and went down-town. For the first time in his life he left the house without kissing his wife.

"Really, now, that is too bad," pouted Mrs. Jack. "I wonder does he actually believe it! Will he be so foolish as to follow me?"

Actuated by this thought, she went up-stairs, and, unclosing the blind, looked down the street.

Her husband had not had time to leave the square, yet he was nowhere to be seen. She closed the blind quickly, yet not before her quick eyes had encountered her husband's as he stood at the door of a bookstore opposite.

"Well, this grows interesting," she laughed, as she withdrew into the centre of the room. "To think he should station himself at this miserable circulating library, for the sake of overlooking the house! Well, he'll have to change his post; he knows I see him! I'll ask him, this noon, what he went there for."

But Mr. Hinton did not come to dinner. This was not strange, as he often dined down-town. But to-day Lulu suspected that he was not engaged with his legitimate business.

When afternoon came, and she made her evening toilet, she suspected that Jack would be found in the vicinity of H—— Avenue, if she should stroll that way. The temptation was strong. Four o'clock found her with her bonnet on, wending her way to that locality.

Passing leisurely along the shaded walk, she allowed no one to pass her unobserved. Yet five minutes had not elapsed before she saw her husband on the opposite side of the street. He came directly across.

"What are you doing here, Lulu?"

"Here? Why," she said, innocently, "I came out for a walk. A beautiful day, isn't it? But what are *you* doing here? I thought you were too busy down-town to come home to dinner."

"I—I have—have business here to-day," avoiding her look. "Yes, it's a very fine day. I guess I'll come home with you to tea," giving her a quick, piercing glance.

"Yes, do!—so nice and early! I will buy a box of strawberries at Carson's, as we go along."

Jack Hinton's face was a study, yet suspicion was its strongest expression. He was gloomily silent as he walked beside his wife back to the house; silent as he ate his supper; silent during the evening, except that the sofa-pillow seemed occasionally to vex him.

"Dear Jack!" cried Lulu, suddenly, "don't be so moody and cross, and I'll tell you something."

"What?"

"You see, Jack, I wrote it."

"Wrote what?"

"The note you received yesterday."

Hinton had risen to a sitting posture. He sank back now on the sofa. There was a pause.

"How do you know I have received a note?" he asked, at length.

"Because I sent you one, and you've been jealous as a man could be for twenty-four hours!" cried Lulu, laughing, as she rocked and sewed.

"My God!" exclaimed Jack Hinton, suddenly getting off the sofa, and walking the floor. "What you have made me suffer!"

Suddenly he stopped before her.

"I don't believe it!"

"Believe what?"

"That you wrote the note."

"But I did."

"Prove it!"

"I can, Jack," said Lulu, now looking troubled.

"Very well; do so"

"I have a copy of the note," said she, rising and putting her work off her lap. "It was very fortunate that I copied it," she said, hurrying into another room.

She unlocked the cabinet-drawer. The paper was gone!

"Why, where can it be?" she exclaimed, turning red and white, as she commenced a search. Her husband laughed bitterly.

"Spare yourself any trouble, Lulu!" exclaimed Hinton. "You will not find what you never could have had, of course."

"Jack——" indignantly.

"You need not say a word; my faith in you is gone," he answered. "Hush! do not try to patch up the matter with any kind of a story. All was lost the first time you deceived me. My God! would I not hope if I could? but the evidence is too damning!"

Lulu stared at him, horrified. Suddenly she sprang forward, and caught him by the arm.

"Oh, Jack, do listen to me. I can repeat every word of that unfortunate note."

As he made no instant objection, she did so.

"Do you think I am a fool?" he said, looking cruelly into her eyes. "I know that you took the note out of my coat-pocket, yesterday morning, and read it! Of course you would remember it. Good heavens! it is burned in letters of fire on *my* brain!"

"Oh, Jack, believe me?" cried Lulu, weeping bitterly.

"Believe you? Do you think I am an idiot, Lulu? Did I not see you, this morning, fly up-stairs to a window, to watch for some one, the instant I was gone? Yes, the instant! You know that I saw you, Lulu!"

"I——"

"Silence! And do you think I will believe it a mere coincidence that you were walking on H—— Avenue to-day? No! my eyes are opened now. You have deceived me as long as you ever can. How hateful you are to me, with your hypocritical tears! Go out of my sight! Leave me! For God's sake, leave me!"

Actually afraid of him in his fury, Lulu retreated from the room. Her husband did not follow her. She passed the night alone. When morning came, she found that he had left the house.

In the course of the day her father came and took her home—having been requested to do so by her husband. Husband and wife were separated; the pretty home was shut up. The farce had become a tragedy.

Six months later, Jack Hinton—a most miserable man—decided to sell his household goods and go abroad. For this purpose an appraiser was admitted to the house.

"Mice in the house, sir," said the man, taking up a book whose pages were nibbled.

"I believe there are," replied Hinton, absently.

"Lady's writing-desk and cabinet — very nice thing. You don't wish to reserve any of the things, do you?"

"Nothing," replied Jack, bitterly.

He now had opened the cabinet, and was pulling out the drawers.

"By George!" said he. "The mice have been in here!"

He had pulled out one of the drawers, and in a cavity beneath was a nest, formed by those little creatures, of bits of paper and silk. Brushing out the handful of *débris*, and hesitating to throw it upon the velvet carpet, the appraiser laid it upon a table. Quite idly, Jack picked up one of the scraps of paper, and looked at it.

It bore his wife's monogram.

He picked up another.

There was a word written upon it; it was "Anonymous."

Then the blood slipped suddenly out of Jack Hinton's face. He gathered up the scraps with a trembling hand, and incoherently dismissing his companion, then and there pieced out the torn sheet.

It was, as he had expected, the missing copy of the anonymous note!

Poor Jack! he covered his face with his hands, and hot tears of remorse rained down his cheeks.

That night Lulu sat in the quiet sitting-room of her father's house, alone, when her husband opened the door of the room. One look into each other's faces, and they were clasped heart to heart.

They are at home, now—Jack forgiven, both reconciled and happy. But in their gayest moments they never refer to the *farce*. It had proven too deep a *tragedy*.

THE SYCAMORE OF THE VIRGIN.

At Matarieh, in Egypt, which tradition represents as being the residence of Christ and His mother during their exile in the land of Pharaoh, a sycamore is shown as having given its refreshing shade to the Messiah and to Mary. A French traveler says:

"Not far from Mary's Fountain, I was led within an inclosure set with trees; our Moslem guide stopped us before a sycamore, saying, '*This is the tree of Jesus and Mary.*' Vansleb, Curé of Fontainebleau, states that the ancient sycamore fell of old age in 1058; and fragments of it are preserved by the Franciscans at Cairo. Only the stump remained, and from this the present tree shot up."

Lady Herbert, of Lea, in her recent work, "Cradle Lands," says of her party: "They passed through a sandy plain, full of cotton, date-palms and bananas, and by a succession of miserable native huts, which consist of mud walls, with a roof of Indian corn, and a hole in the wall for light, until they came to an obelisk, and from thence to a garden, in the centre of which is a sycamore-tree, carefully preserved, under which the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are said to have rested with the infant Saviour, on their flight into Egypt. It is close to a well of pure water, and surrounded with the most beautiful roses and Egyptian jasmin."

CALIFORNIA PIPER.

By Clara G. Dollivar.

"How old are you?"
"Twelve."
"What makes you so small, then?"
"I never growed very much."
"Have you got any father?"
"No; never had any—leastwise, since I was a baby."
"Mother?"
"Dead."
"Sister?"
"No."
"Brother?"
"No."

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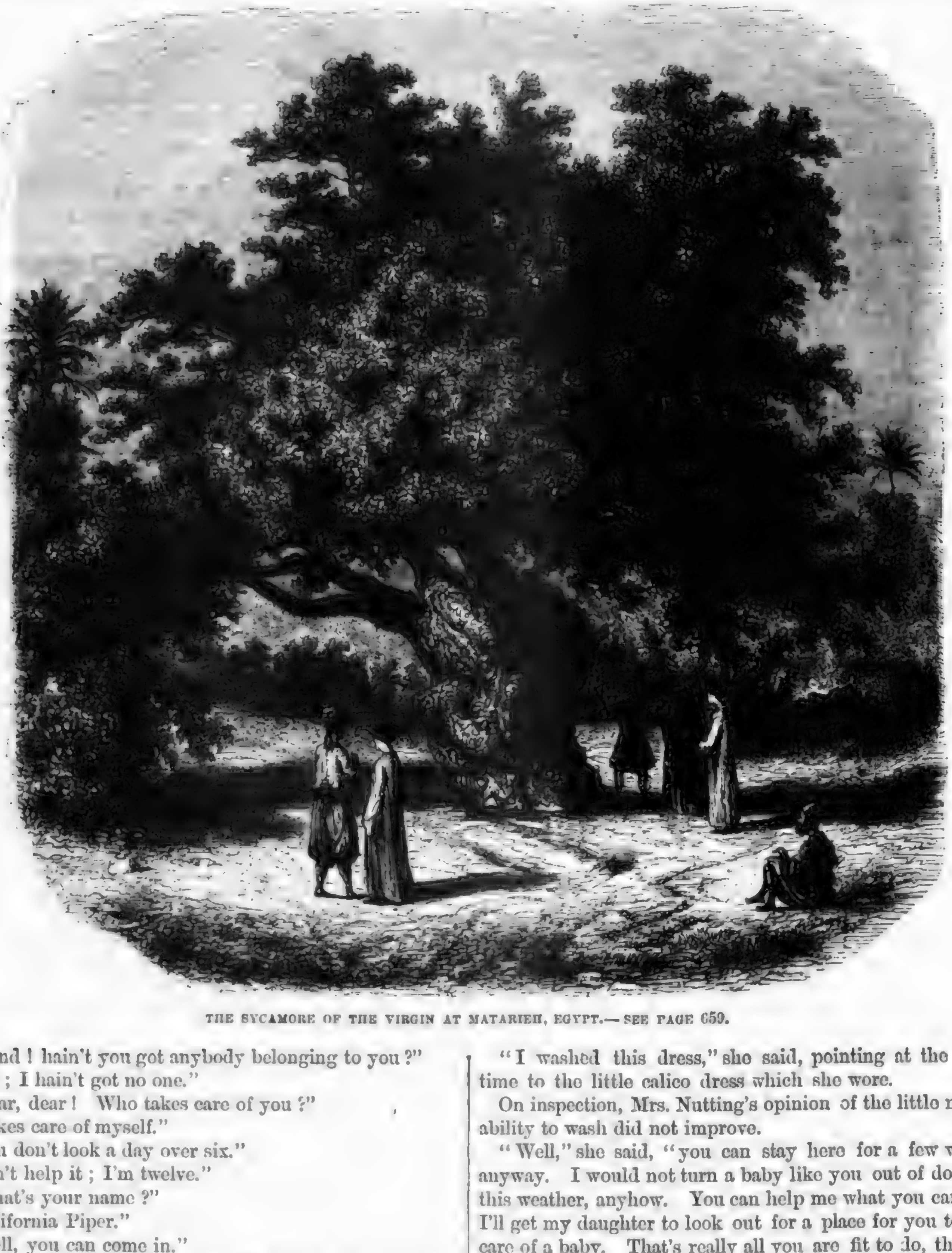


THE SYCAMORE OF THE VIRGIN AT MATARIEH, EGYPT.—SEE PAGE 659.

"Land! hain't you got anybody belonging to you?"

"No; I hain't got no one."

"Dear, dear! Who takes care of you?"

"Takes care of myself."

"You don't look a day over six."

"Can't help it; I'm twelve."

"What's your name?"

"California Piper."

"Well, you can come in."

California went in, and, taking off her hat, sat down and began fanning herself, looking all the time like a peculiar kind of doll, wound up by machinery and warranted to run smoothly.

Mrs. Nutting was a clean old lady, with nice white hair and a frilled cap, and now she stood looking at California over her gold-rimmed spectacles in a half-scared way, as though she believed, as she no doubt did, that she had taken some uncanny thing into her house.

"What can you do?" said Mrs. Nutting.

"Sweep, wash, clean windows, and do plain cooking," replied the child.

This from a child who was twelve, but only looked six. Mrs. Nutting could not help laughing.

California did not seem to mind that at all.

"I washed this dress," she said, pointing at the same time to the little calico dress which she wore.

On inspection, Mrs. Nutting's opinion of the little maid's ability to wash did not improve.

"Well," she said, "you can stay here for a few weeks, anyway. I would not turn a baby like you out of doors in this weather, anyhow. You can help me what you can, and I'll get my daughter to look out for a place for you to take care of a baby. That's really all you are fit to do, though, land! you're only a baby yourself!"

"I won't take care of a baby," said California, putting her hat on the floor, and folding her small arms defiantly.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Nutting, in considerable surprise.

"Because I hate babies."

"Why, child?" again said the old lady.

"Because they always cry when there ain't nothing the matter with them, and then their mothers think you are pinching 'em or something, and cuffs you. I've taken care of three babies a'ready, and I don't care about trying any more."

"Dear, dear!" said the old lady.

"Yes," said California, decisively; "I must say that I prefer housework to anything else."

"Well," said Mrs. Nutting, "you can stay a while and we'll see what can be done. You must help Sam Yek all you can in the kitchen, and I'll give you the beds to make."

"Very well," said California, in a business-like way; "I am willing to work for my board for the present, but in time I shall, of course, expect a more remunerative arrangement."

The long words rolled out so smoothly from the almost baby lips that Mrs. Nutting said, "Dear, dear!" again, and took California out into the kitchen, where Sam Yek, a stately Chinaman, greeted her with anything rather than a welcome; and in answer to Mrs. Nutting's injunctions to make her useful, answered:

"Me want no babies. Babies no good."

Mrs. Nutting, however, paid no manner of attention to him, but told California to make herself useful, and then went up-stairs.

The little girl sat in a corner for some time, looking very small and very important, fanning herself with her hat. Although it was "raining pouring" outside, there was no fire, and Sam Yek was shivering. After a while he turned round to her.

"Go build fire," he said.

She neither asked any questions as to the whereabouts of the wood, nor looked any; she thought to herself, with a curious sort of self-dependence, no doubt taught to her by bitter necessity:

"If there *is* any wood and shavings I can find them."

And she did, and built a fire so quietly and readily that Sam Yek said, gruntingly:

"Good baby!"

In a few days California had proved her usefulness so completely to both Mrs. Nutting's and Sam Yek's satisfaction, that the old lady told her daughter, when she came to see her, that she wouldn't think of parting with her little maid.

"Dear, dear!" said the old lady, looking over the top of her gold-rimmed spectacles, "just to think what a deal that child knows? Children weren't given to such things when I was young! And only twelve years old, too, and doesn't look six! Dear, dear!"

"Now, mother," said her daughter, Mrs. Burnham, "I think that child looks every day of twelve in her face, only she's been stunted in her growth. Don't you, Charley?"

Charley was her husband's brother, who said so little that it seemed as though he did not say anything. He was a tall, thin man, with mild blue eyes, rather watery.

"I did not notice her, Harriet," he replied, in an extremely melancholy voice, which was habitual with him.

Sam Yek never quite got over calling her a baby, although she grew a little in the course of time, and proved herself to be anything but a baby in the way that she did her work.

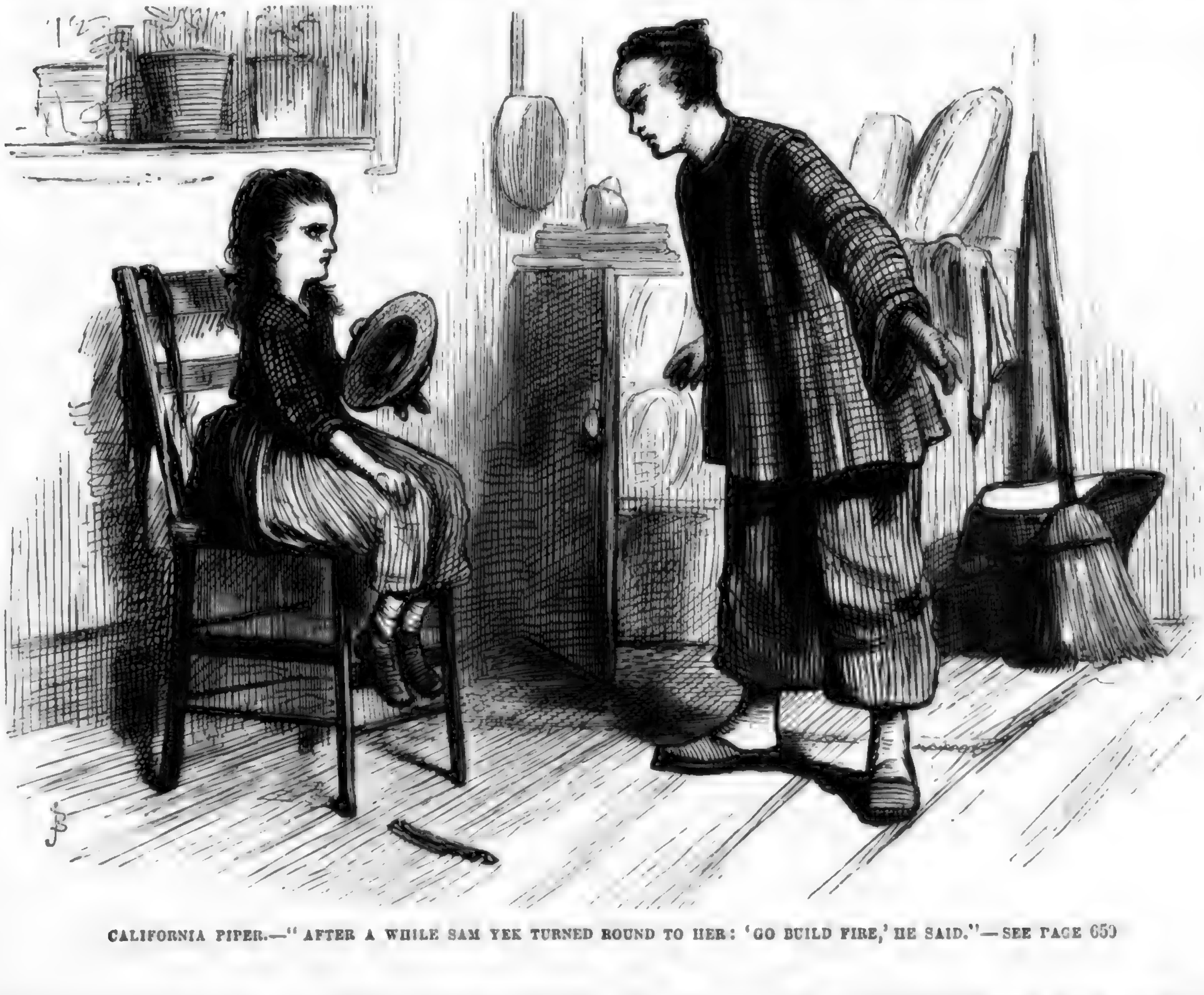
She had been at Mrs. Nutting's nearly a year, when one day she suddenly disappeared, no one knew, or could even guess, where.

Sam Yek declared that she was a bad baby; Mrs. Nutting was afraid that she had been kidnapped, and worried herself dreadfully for two or three hours after she had disappeared; and she was very much relieved when her daughter came up to see her, for she wanted some one to tell her anxiety to.

Mrs. Burnham, however, looked at the matter in quite a different light.

"Have you counted your silver?" she said.

"Counted—my—silver!" gasped the old lady, who had had her silver ever since she was married, and loved it almost as well as she did her own children; "my—my—silver!"



CALIFORNIA PIPER.—"AFTER A WHILE SAM YEK TURNED ROUND TO HER: 'GO BUILD FIRE,' HE SAID."—SEE PAGE 659 she gasped. "Oh, my dear, California was an honest child!"

"That may be!" said Mrs. Burnham, whose confidence in California was not as great as her mother's. "But let's count it, anyway."

They did so; and the old lady nearly fainted with grief when they discovered that a silver salt-cellar, three silver spoons and a napkin-ring had been taken away.

"Oh, the wickedness!" she cried. "I should have known that no honest child could be so wise as she was at twelve. I blame myself the most—indeed, I do."

Mrs. Burnham was less given to bewailing.

"Don't cry, mother," she said. "I will send John down to the police-office at once."

When John—that is, Mr. Burnham—went down to the office and reported the case, they asked him a great many more questions in regard to it than he was able to answer. He went to Mrs. Nutting, but the old lady could only say:

"Dear, dear! I'm sure I don't know!"

The truth was that California had never told very much about her affairs, and had flatly refused to answer Mrs. Nutting's questions on more than one occasion. All the good old lady knew about her was, that her mother had died of consumption when she was little more than a baby, and of her father she knew nothing, never having seen him; but she supposed him to be dead also.

She had lived with an old aunt until she was nine or ten, and since then, the aunt having died, she had taken care of herself.

This was all she had told. How or where, or with whom she had lived previous to her coming to Mrs. Nutting's house that rainy day, the old lady did not know, for on that part of her life California had preserved a rigid silence.

"Upon my soul," said the policeman to Mr. Burnham, "I think your mother was a bit careless to take in a child that way that she knew nothing about. The only thing I can't understand is why she should have taken so little when she might have had so much; so long as she could get into the drawer where the silver is kept, it's queer to me that she left anything there that she could carry off. Your mother keeps a Chinaman, doesn't she?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Burnham; "but we have perfect confidence in him. She would trust him anywhere, and with anything. He has lived in the house over two years now, and never has been known to do a dishonest thing."

"Humph!" said the policeman. He evidently had not as much confidence in Sam Yek as Mr. Burnham had.

He expressed it as his opinion that all Chinamen were thieves; he also said that he thought that California belonged to a gang of juvenile thieves, and that he had no doubt that he could "spot" her in the course of a week.

"Mother," said Mr. Burnham, carelessly, a few days after he had talked with the policeman, "did you ever have any cause to suspect Sam Yek?"

"Land!" cried the old lady, with considerable energy, "I would trust Sam Yek like Harriet or Matilda. Indeed I would, John!"

"I rather think he's honest, myself," said Mr. Burnham; so the whole weight of suspicion fell on California.

"Shows she's guilty, or she wouldn't run away," said Harriet, who was generally rather tart.

Time went by, but the policeman did *not* "spot" California; and after two weeks' hunting, he stated to Mr. Burnham that he had had pretty certain information that she had gone East, and taken the silver with her.

"There is no way of getting her, I suppose?" said Mr. Burnham. "My mother has had the silver since she was married, and thinks a great deal of it."

"Could send a detective," answered the man; "but it would prove very expensive, and he might not catch her after all. I am as near sure as can be that she left Sacramento for New York, four days ago."

"We'll have to give it up, then?" Mr. Burnham said. "By-the-by, she took both the saltcellars and six spoons instead of three. The folks made some mistake in counting, I suppose; although my wife is confident that the other saltcellar was there the morning that the girl left. But then," he added, laughing, "my wife is pretty confident anyway, about most anything."

The policeman gave a long, low whistle.

"I won't give up the case, yet," he said.

Mr. Charles Burnham, the melancholy gentleman with watery eyes, had had enough melancholy things happen to him to make his eyes watery.

Many years before our story opens, he had been a miner in Good Luck, one of the little mining camps which then were dotted all over the slope of the Sierra Nevadas. It was a miserable little place, full of gamblers and thieves and bad whisky, and depravity generally; from at least two-thirds of its inhabitants it deserved any name rather than the one it bore, but to Mr. Charles Burnham, quiet, steady, and industrious, it had given nothing but good fortune.

He went down to San Francisco occasionally, to sell his gold-dust and place his money in the bank, and he already had so much that he felt like a rich man, and at last sent for his young wife and the little daughter whom he had never seen, to take the steamer and come out to Good Luck to make a home for him.

He received a letter from his wife, stating that she would start on the next steamer, and about a week or more before it was due he went to the city to meet her.

Almost the first news which greeted him as he landed in San Francisco, was that the great Adams Express Company had failed—failed utterly—and those who had placed money in their hands would never receive a dollar of it!

He had trusted all his hard earnings to them, and was ruined—and completely ruined, because he had sold his claim for less than it was worth, intending to leave Good Luck for the sake of his wife and child, and go into business in San Francisco.

He had been in poor health from over-work when he came down, and now this blow completely crushed him; for a day or two he seemed calm, and the same as usual, but one night, in walking home to his lodgings, he fell down in the street, and was found the next morning, bleeding and insensible, and robbed of every dollar which he had.

Many, many months, nearly a year, went by before he was himself again, and then all trace of his wife and child was lost.

By writing to his friends at home he learned that she had started with her baby at the time agreed upon, but whether she had ever landed or not he could not discover, and never had discovered.

He was a bookkeeper now in a wholesale house, where he was very quiet and undisturbed.

He was a good and charitable man, going himself into the houses of the poor, and comforting and relieving them, as well as his means would allow.

In one of these visits he found California.

The policeman had been quite mistaken in his information and conjectures, and it was lucky, indeed, that Mr. Burnham had not sent a policeman after the California who was supposed to have gone East, for the real California had never been outside of the city since the day she had left Mrs. Nutting's house. When the quiet bookkeeper found the little girl, she was sitting on the corner of a very large bed, looking very small and very solemn, and also very thin and white, and not so important by half as she used to look.

Mr. Charles Burnham was near-sighted as well as watery-eyed, and he was not at all sure that this really was the little maid whom he had seen at Mrs. Nutting's; but California set his doubts at rest by saying, equably:

"How do you do, Mr. Burnham? How are all the folks at home? I have been very sick myself."

A middle-aged, careworn woman sat by the fire, rocking a very thin baby.

"Ah, the good child! she has indeed and indeed been sick. I gave her up one spell entirely," said she, slowly, and trotting the baby on her knee with every word she said.

"But—California!" gasped Mr. Burnham, who was astonished to see that she did not feel at all guilty.

California looked surprised, and then Mr. Burnham felt as guilty as if he had stolen the silver spoons himself.

There was rather an embarrassing pause, and then he asked her what she had been sick with, and why she had left Mrs. Nutting so suddenly and so secretly, and sent no word as to her whereabouts since that time.

"I'm afraid that Mrs. Nutting thinks I am very ungrateful for her kindness to me," said California, calmly; "but the truth is this: I once lived with Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Brown, Mr. Burnham—and I came to see them one afternoon, and found the three children all sick with what we thought was smallpox, but which finally proved to be only measles. I did not dare to see Mrs. Nutting again, for fear of somebody's catching it, so I told Sam Yek to fetch me my clothes out to the street. I met him, you see, on the corner when he was going home from the grocery with the yeast. I told him to tell the folks that I was afraid to come in on account of having been to a house with smallpox in it. He told all that, I suppose."

"No," said Mr. Burnham, rather excitedly, "he did not tell anything of the sort."

"Then," said California, "Mrs. Nutting has been thinking very hard of me. Well, I nursed the children with some help from Mrs. Brown"—this was said in the old important way—"and they all got well. Then I took the measles myself, and have been sick for about two weeks now—isn't it, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, trotting the thin baby; "two weeks yesterday."

Mr. Burnham left very soon, and took his way directly to his brother John's office, and told what he had discovered; and they went together to the police-office and told the policeman, who visited California and questioned her in regard to the silver.

She was extremely indignant, and denied all knowledge of it so emphatically, that the policeman, who was not much given to believing anybody, actually believed her; and the upshot of it all was, that the spoons, the saltcellars, and the napkin-ring were found under the sink in an old oyster-can, where they had been stowed by the tenderly trusted and incorruptible Sam Yek.

You may be sure that Sam was discharged, that Mrs. Nutting almost begged California's pardon (her daughter Harriet prevented it), and that she declared most positively that she *never*, NEVER could, would, or should trust another Chinaman.

Now comes the strangest part of the story.

When California found that she was suspected of theft, she became very communicative to the policeman; she told him that the lady whom she had called her aunt was not really her aunt, but somebody who took her from charity.

From her came the name of Piper; that was not her real name, she said; but she was so little when her mother died that she had forgotten what her real name was.

She then showed the policeman a locket, which had been her mother's, and had her mother's name engraved on it—"Nellie."

The policeman showed it to Mr. John Burnham, who became somewhat excited, and questioned California a good deal in regard to her mother. She could not remember very much, but what she did remember excited him still more. He told his wife, who said she didn't believe it, but she cried and kissed Mr. Charles Burnham when they told him, and said she believed that it was the hand of God which had led him to Mrs. Brown's poor-house; and as for Mr. Charles Burnham, he nearly fainted with joy; and when he had seen the locket, he hadn't a doubt; and when he had seen the child, and talked with her, and asked her a few questions, he hadn't the shadow of a doubt, but clasped California in his arms, and called her his own, his dear, his precious little girl, who would never be parted from him again.

VOLCANOES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

According to the Greek mythology, water and fire were distinct elements, presided over by separate gods, each with his train of followers. Neptune reigned over the sea with a band of tritons, nymphs, sirens, and naïads to do him honor. In the unfathomable depths of the mountains was enthroned the gloomy Pluto, while Vulcan forged thunderbolts at his resounding anvil, causing great flames of molten matter and clouds of cinders to escape through vast chimneys to the open air, filling mankind with terror, and often overwhelming the guilty with melted lava and ashes.

It came to pass that every hill and mountain, from the summit of which, at any time, clouds of smoke or solid pumice and liquid lava were seen to issue, was called a volcano, in honor of the mighty god, whose ceaseless smithy found vent wherever a fissure in the crust had produced an opening.

Those points where the fire had gone out and thunderbolts were no longer forged, were called extinct volcanoes, but this name often proved deceptive, and led men to their destruction.

In all parts of the world there are mountains which exhibit every sign of a former volcanic activity. The lava, pumice, scoriæ, and ashes are unmistakable, and geologists have no hesitation in pointing out the site where at one time the greatest activity must have prevailed. Professor Dana has shown that even in the now peaceful valley of the Mohawk there are the remains of extinct volcanoes, which doubtless contributed toward the elevation of the land above the level of the sea. Scattered over other parts of the United States, there are equally convincing evidences of a former activity of the subterranean forces. In France, the craters of former volcanoes are distinctly recognized, although no record of any eruption is extant.

No one who has studied the phenomena of existing volcanoes could fail to class these mountains as being true representations of the actual craters from which in times past burst forth fire and smoke. There is no security in their vicinity, as at any time they may break forth with renewed violence and destroy a whole region of country.

The most remarkable instance of what may be supposed to be an extinct volcano, is afforded by Mount Vesuvius. In ancient times, the shape and appearance of this mountain were very different from what they are at present. It was clothed with verdure to its summit, and at its base were situated the populous cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The gentle undulation on the top was sufficiently large to afford

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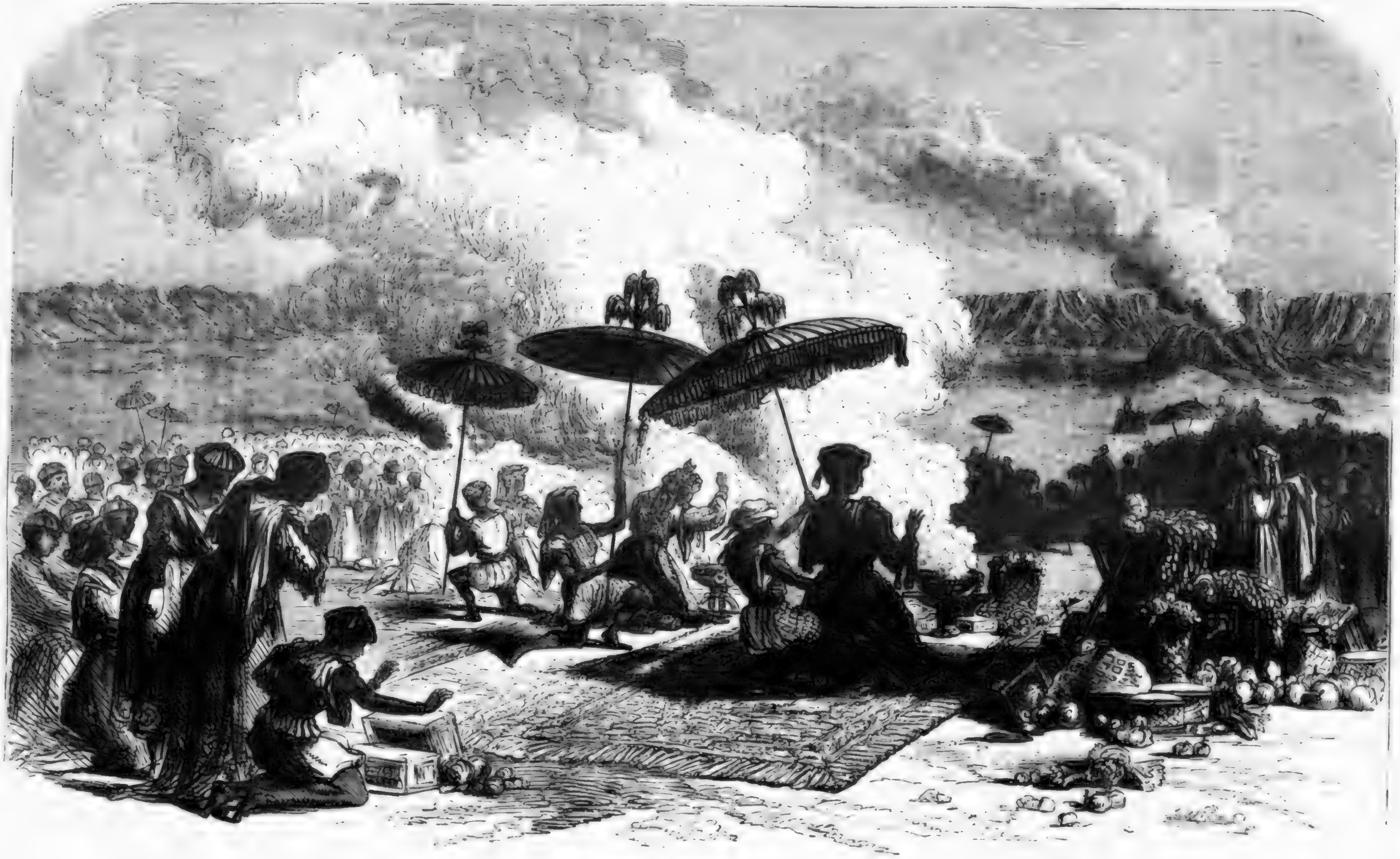
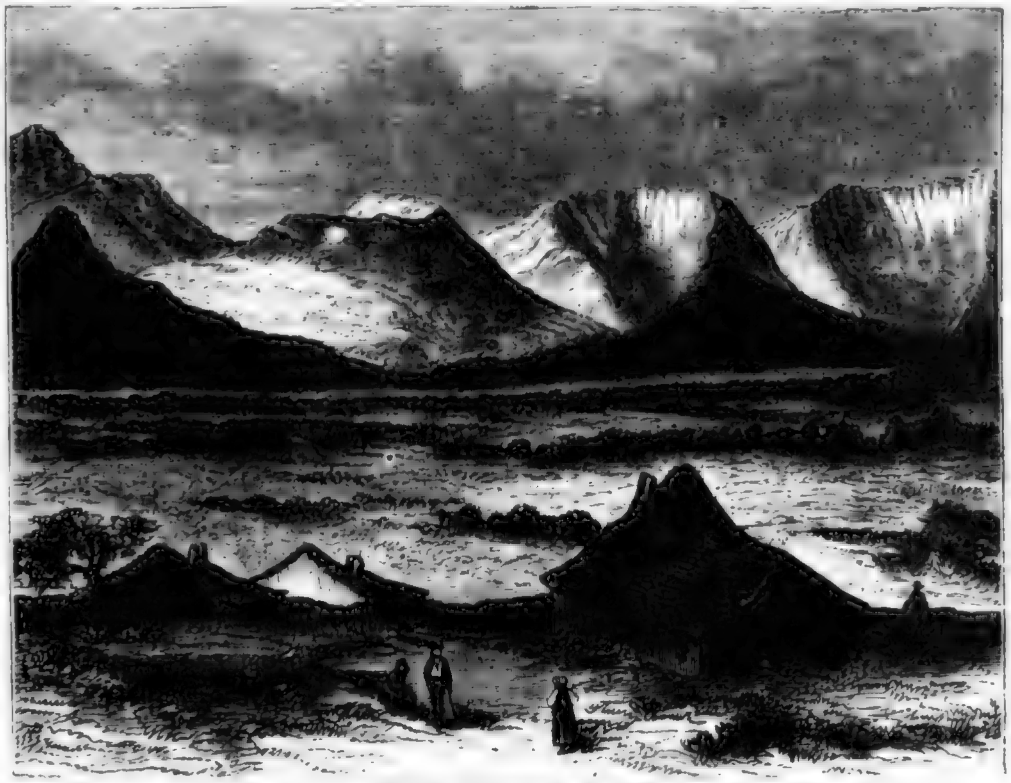
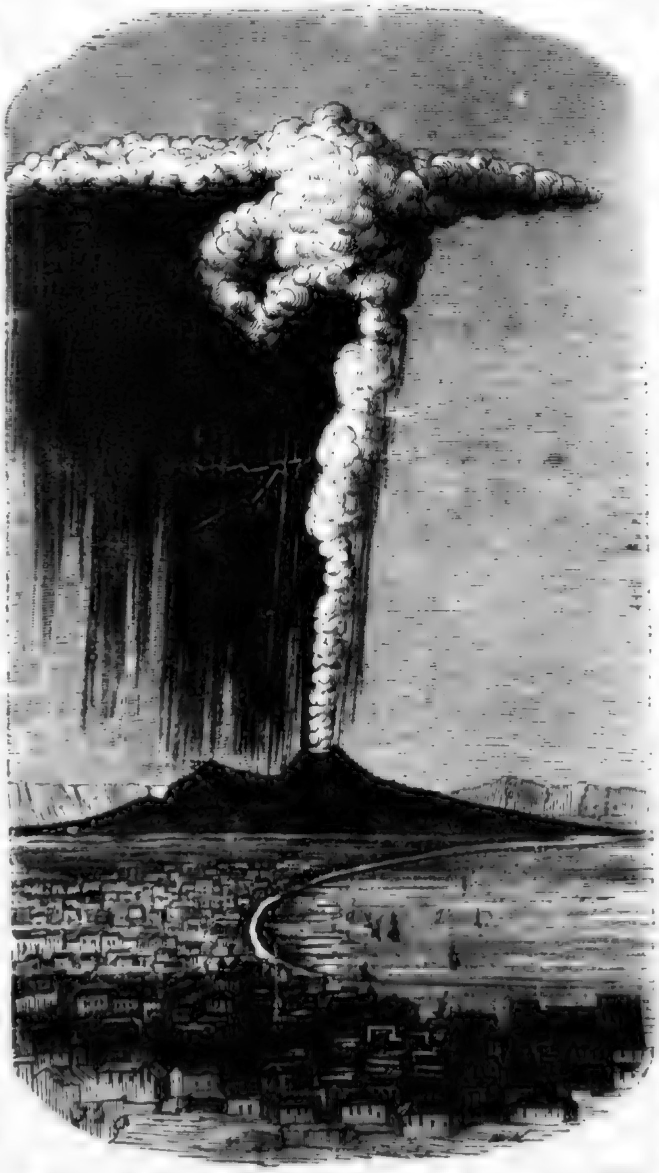


VOLCANO-WORSHIP IN JAVA.

to Spartacus ample room for the encampment of 10,000 men. No one looked upon this mountain as concealing any danger, and all around it were the favorite villas and gardens of wealthy Romans. Suddenly, the sleeping monster woke up from his lethargy of untold ages, and in the year 79, after Christ, occurred the eruption which buried up large cities and utterly changed the features of the surrounding country.


EXTINCT VOLCANOES IN FRANCE.


SINGULAR APPEARANCE OF THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1855.

Fortunately, the younger Pliny was an eye-witness of this remarkable event, and from his interesting recital the world has gathered full details of the phenomena. We cannot do better than translate the account of the eruption of Vesuvius as given by Pliny in a letter to his friend and contemporary, Tacitus. The elder Pliny, who commanded the Roman fleet then stationed at Misenum, in his anxiety to get a near view of the phenomena, was suffocated by the exhalations, and in reply to an inquiry from Tacitus, the nephew wrote the following letter, giving an account of this tragic event: "My uncle," says Pliny, "was commander of the fleet at Misenum, and on the 23d of August, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, my mother informed him that a cloud of extraordinary shape and remarkable appearance was visible in the direction of Vesuvius. He was, at the time, quietly studying, after having sunned himself, taken a cold bath, and breakfasted in a reclining posture, but immediately called for his sandals and climbed up to the top of a hill from which he could obtain a more favorable view of the phenomena. The cloud, the exact position of which was uncertain, but which afterward proved to be over Vesuvius, assumed a form and shape which closely resembled a pine tree—it seemed to rise from a trunk and to spread out like the branches of a tree. The spectacle appeared to this intelligent man very remarkable and worthy of close investigation. He therefore gave orders to prepare a light row-boat, and gave me permission, if I desired it, to accompany him. I replied that I preferred to remain at home to study, especially as he had given me some work to do. When he reached Retina, which is near Misenum, he found the sailors full of alarm and anxious to get away, but he declined to change his plan. He brought out the eight-oar galleys, and commanded the crews to steer for the shore, in order to rescue as many as possible. He himself hastened in the direction from whence all others were fleeing, steering into the face of danger without fear, and constantly noting every phase of the phenomena. Presently, ashes fell upon the ship, thicker and hotter the further they proceeded; then followed pumice and burnt-out stones, and soon the sea became shallow and the shore inaccessible, on account of the accumulation of ashes, pumice, and cinders. For a moment, he thought of turning back, but finally gave orders to steer toward Stabia, on the other side of the bay. Here he took refuge for the night in the house of a friend, and slept very soundly, notwithstanding the fact that the court of the dwelling was so filled with ashes that the passages were nearly choked up. He was roused up by the members of the household, who had remained awake all night, and conducted him to the open air. By this time nearly every one had fled, and before the servants could carry him to a place of safety he was overcome by the gases, and his body was found ten days later, perfectly preserved, and natural as if he had fallen asleep."

In answer to further inquiries from Tacitus, Pliny gave a very interesting and glowing account of his own narrow escape from death. It is a remarkable circumstance that he makes no mention of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii in his letters to Tacitus. The probability would seem to be that his writings on this subject must have been lost, as he could not well have omitted to give an account of such an event as the utter extinction and burial of these cities. The fall of pumice-stones at the beginning of the eruption shows that the immense cloud projected by the gas of the new crater was formed both of the ashes from the depths of the earth and of the *débris* of a great portion of the old cone of Vesuvius, to which they gave the name of Somma. The destruction of the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiæ is generally accounted for by a long-continued fall of these materials; but the transport of beds of such thickness is difficult to imagine, by reason of the distance which separates them from the crater, and the idea propounded on this subject by M. Ch. Sainte-Claire Deville appears to us much more probable. This learned explorer of volcanoes shows us, indeed, that at the moment when Vesuvius again became active, the crest split, following transverse fissures, which he has shown to be connected with the volcanic system of the Campagna, and that two amongst them passed exactly by the destroyed towns, which, according to this theory, would have been buried with ashes, mud and lava ejected from these orifices. It is known that, until the middle of the last century, the real sites of these towns were not discovered. By a series of excavations since that period, the people of modern times have been transported, as if by magic, into the middle of ancient life, and have been enabled to trace most precious revelations, both to science and history, in the ruins preserved for eighteen centuries by the volcanic strata.

Since the fatal eruption of eighteen hundred years ago, Mount Vesuvius has remained a more or less active volcano. There exist indications of eruptions since 79 in the years 204, 472, 512, 685, 993, 1036, 1136. That of 1136 was very violent, but the volcano after that remained long inactive. Toward the close of the fourteenth century it sank into a slumber which lasted 300 years, and from which it awoke in 1631, with a violence scarcely less destructive than the one we have just described. Since the year 1631, there have been several instances of activity at Vesuvius, but no eruption to compare with the two earlier ones. On one occasion the appearance of the eruption of Vesuvius was identically in accordance with the description given by Pliny of the cloud resting on the mountain which he said resembled the Italian pine in shape. The cut affords an admirable representation of this phenomenon, and it is no wonder that Pliny's mother was so struck by it that she called the attention of her brother-in-law to it, and that the younger Pliny should have described it so fully.

Vesuvius is one of the best-known volcanoes of modern times. Situated as it is on the loveliest bay of the world, and near the city of Naples, it has become a place of resort to thousands of travelers, many of whom ascend it to its summit to look down into the crater, from which at all times gases and explosions emanate, or to enjoy the magnificent prospect to be obtained from the top. The ascent is made from the town which now occupies the site of the ancient city of Herculaneum; and it is customary, when making the excursion, to pay a visit to Pompeii, which is near at hand.

Although Pliny passed over the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii in silence, we have from other sources interesting historical facts showing that these two cities were destroyed by ashes and mud, and not by red-hot lava. When the amphitheatre at Herculaneum was first cleared out, ashes were arranged on the steps just as snow would lie had it fallen there. The existence of the buried city was first discovered by the accidental circumstance of a well being sunk in 1713, which came directly down upon the theatre, where statues of Cleopatra and Hercules were discovered.

In both cities records have been found commemorating their having been rebuilt after they had been thrown down by an earthquake which happened in the reign of Nero, sixteen years before the inhumation of the cities. Very few skeletons have been discovered in either city; so that it is probable the greater number of the inhabitants escaped. In the barracks at Pompeii were the skeletons of two soldiers chained to the stocks, and at the gate of the city were the remains of the sentinel, who manfully stood by his post to the last. Of the few skeletons found, nearly all appear to have been overwhelmed while engaged in plunder, or in consequence of inability to escape, from sickness or old age. The colors of the paintings on the stuccoed walls are as clear and distinct as if recently executed, and many delicate objects have been found, showing conclusively that the destruction came from ashes and cinders, and not from red-hot lava. Occasionally rolls of parchment have been discovered, but they are so charred and brittle as to render the writing illegible. Few places of the living can vie with this city of the dead in point of interest, but we must leave it in order to pass to another branch of our subject.

Not far remote from Vesuvius, on the island of Sicily, is situated Mount Etna, a volcano perhaps the most celebrated in ancient or modern times of any fire-mountain that has been described by historians or geologists. It is entirely distinct from, and independent of, any other mountain range, rising from the east shore of the island in a congeri of mountains to a height of more than ten thousand feet. There are a multitude of minor cones distributed over its flanks, and which are most abundant in the woody region, thus imparting a grand and original feature to the physiognomy of Etna. The base is 87 miles in circumference, which gives a gradual inclination to the sides, and facilitates the ascent. The woody region of the mountain is six or seven miles in width, and reaches to about 6,400 feet perpendicular height; it begins and terminates abruptly; in the lower parts the trees are principally oak and chestnut; in the middle they are almost entirely oaks, some of them attaining to an immense size. Higher up the oaks disappear, and the firs become stunted, and by degrees all vegetation disappears and the desert region is attained. In the wooded zone is situated the celebrated chestnut tree, consisting of five great arms united in a single stem a little below the surface. The circumference of the united trunk is given by some travelers at 163 feet, and by others at 190 feet. A house of ample dimensions for the entertainment of travelers has been constructed in the interior of the tree.

The region above the woods is a dismal tract, full of gloomy and rocky hollows, and immense chasms formed of black lava, scoriæ, ashes and volcanic sand, covered for the greater part of the year with snow and ice, which are always to be found in the hollows. In the midst of this gloomy region, the principal cone, forming the summit of the mountain, rises to the height of about 1,100 feet; it is very precipitous, and as it consists of loose scoriæ and ashes, which frequently yield under foot, the ascent is extremely laborious.

The view from the summit is superb beyond description. Sicily is spread out like a map at the traveler's feet, and the course of every river can be traced to the sea. The strait that separates Italy and Sicily, the Calabrian shores and the Lipari Islands are distinguishing features in this magnificent panorama, which, it is said, sometimes extends to Vesuvius on the one hand and Malta on the other.

Though Homer has made Sicily the scene of some of the most interesting adventures in the travels of Ulysses, he nowhere alludes to Etna, from which it is inferred that the mountain had not then been an active volcano. Pindar is the oldest extant author (about 500 years B.C.), who takes any notice of the eruptions of Etna. The passage in which he alludes to the mountain, has been rendered by West as follows :

"Now under sulph'rous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy Etna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillar'd prop of heav'n, for ever press'd:
Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
Pure, liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
And vail in ruddy mists the noonday skies,
While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire;
Or, gleaming through the night with hideous roar,
Far o'er the redd'ning main huge rocky fragments pour."

Since the time of Pindar, there have been a great many eruptions, both in ancient and modern times. One of the most tremendous occurred in 1669, when the hill of Monti Rossi was formed ; but the most extraordinary phenomenon in this eruption was the opening of a fissure about six feet wide and of unknown depth, which stretched a distance of twelve miles, and emitted an intensely vivid light. The lava that burst forth on this occasion overwhelmed fourteen towns and villages, filled up the port of Ulysses, and partly destroyed Catania. About 27,000 persons are supposed to have lost their lives in this convulsion.

Among the ravines which intersect its sides, a deep valley –the celebrated Val del Boye—opens in the eastern side, and reaches as far as the sea. "To me, I own," says Mr. Poulett Scrope, "it has always appeared to have originated in a great fissure, enlarged into a crater by some paroxysmal eruption which blew out of the heart of the mountain, and since widened by the abrasive violence of aqueous *débâcles*, caused by the sudden melting of snows on the heights above by the heat communicated from erupted lavas and showers of red-hot scoriæ falling over the surface. One such torrent, indeed, is recorded, which rushed down the same valley in 1755, in the month of March, the volcano being at the time covered with snow ; on which occasion the flood is said by Recupero to have run at the rate of a mile and a half in a minute for the distance of twelve miles —a rate which would give an enormous abrading and carrying force to a great body of water. Accordingly, its track, two miles in breadth, is now visibly strewn to the depth of from thirty to forty feet with sand and fragments of rock. And that similar *débâcles* had previously for many ages taken the same course is demonstrated by the accumulation of a vast alluvial formation at the opening of the valley to the sea, near Giarre, more than 150 feet deep, measuring ten miles by three in area, and now resembling an upraised line of beach 400 feet high above the sea."

During the great eruption of August 21st, 1852, described by Sir Charles Lyell, a great number of openings from the summit to the base of the great precipice which forms the entrance of the valley showed themselves. From the cone made by the lowest opening flowed a large sheet of lava, which, precipitating itself in a cascade into a deep ravine, gave out in its fall a noise as of "metallic substances and breaking glass." This eruption lasted nine months, and the depth of the accumulated lava, in some places, was as much as fifty-four yards. The recent investigations of geologists have shown the immense quantity of materials added during eight centuries to the mass of Etna, and it may be imagined that, with all these accumulations, the entire mountain might be created by series of eruptions, succeeding each other for an indefinite period. This explanation, however, does not exclude the enlargement of the bulk by internal swelling, owing to the rising up of the strata, or to the injection of the lava in the crevices of the volcano.

The last great eruption of Etna was in 1865. On the night of the 30th to the 31st of January, 1865, the pent-up lava broke through to the surface through a vent a mile and a half in length. Six principal cones of ejection were raised above the crevice, and gradually increased in size, owing to the *débris*, which they threw out of their craters ; these gradually mingling their intervening slopes and blending them one with another, absorbed in succession other and smaller cones, which had been formed by their sides, thus reaching a height of nearly 300 feet. During six days the quantity of lava which issued from the fissure was estimated at 117 cubic yards a second, equivalent to a volume twice the bulk of the river Seine at low water.

On the 2nd of February, the principal current, the breadth of which varied from 300 to 550 yards, with an average thickness of forty-nine feet, reached a distance of three miles from the fissure of eruption, and plunged like a cataract into the gorge below. It was a magnificent spectacle, especially at night, to see this sheet of molten matter, dazzling red, like liquid iron, making its way in a thin layer over the edge and breaking into fiery scintillations at the bottom of the ravine. But this splendid spectacle lasted only for a few days, as the ravine, which was at first 160 feet deep, was rapidly filled up, thus forming a uniform slope with the valley below. By the middle of February, the fiery stream was six miles long and making very slow progress, when all of a sudden a breaking-out took place at the side of the stream not far from the source, thus diverting the current of the burning river toward the forest, where it destroyed 130,000 trees. When seen from below, the burning trunks borne along upon the lava, as if upon a river of fire, singularly contributed to the beauty of the spectacle. Thousands of curious spectators were brought daily by the steamboats from Catania and Messina to witness at their ease the splendid horrors of the conflagration. But to the poor inhabitants of Etna it was no entertainment to watch the destruction of their forests and to see their homes threatened by the flowing torrent of fire.

In some places, rows of firs very close together, were sufficient to change the direction of the flow, and to cause a lateral deviation. In one place a trunk of a tree was noticed, which by itself had been able to keep back a branch of the stream, and to prevent it from filling up a glen which opened immediately below. "And yet this last eruption, one of the most important in our epoch, is but an insignificant episode in the history of the mountain ; it was but a mere pulsation of Etna. During the last twenty centuries only, more than seventy-five eruptions have taken place, and in some of them the flows of lava have been more than twelve miles in length, and have covered areas of more than forty square miles, which were once in a perfect state of cultivation, and dotted over with towns and villages. In former ages, thousands of other lava-flows and cones of ashes have gradually raised and lengthened the slopes of the mountains. The mass of Mount Etna, the total bulk of which is three or four thousand times greater than the most considerable of the rivers of stone vomited from its bosom, is, in fact, from its summit to its base, down even to the lowest submarine depths, nothing but the product of

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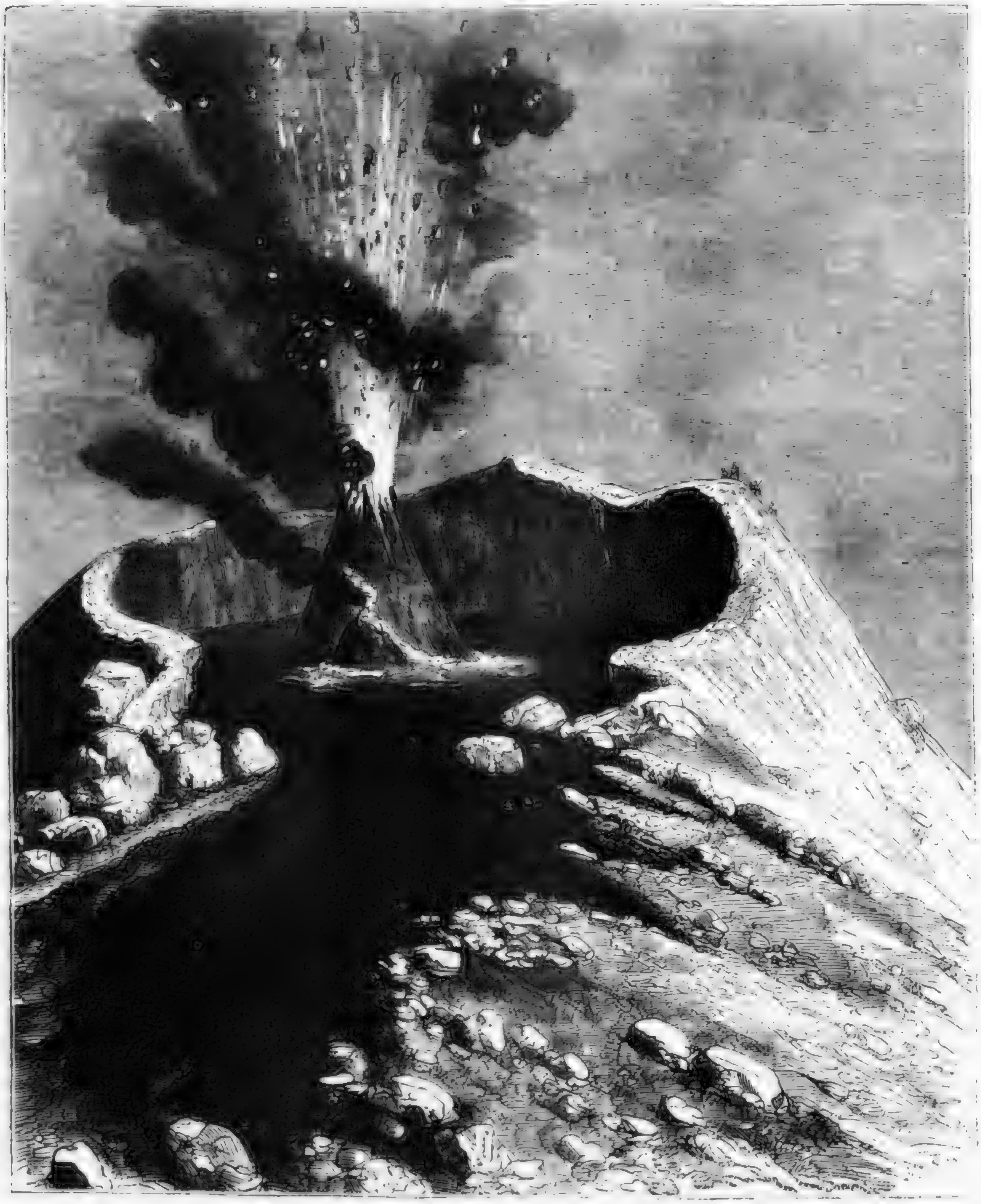
successive eruptions throwing out the molten matter of the interior. The volcano itself has slowly raised the walls of its crater, and then extended its long slopes down to the waters of the Ionian Sea. By its fresh beds of lava and scoria incessantly renewed one upon the other, it has ultimately reared its summit into the regions of snow, and has become, as Pindar called it, the great 'pillar of heaven.'"

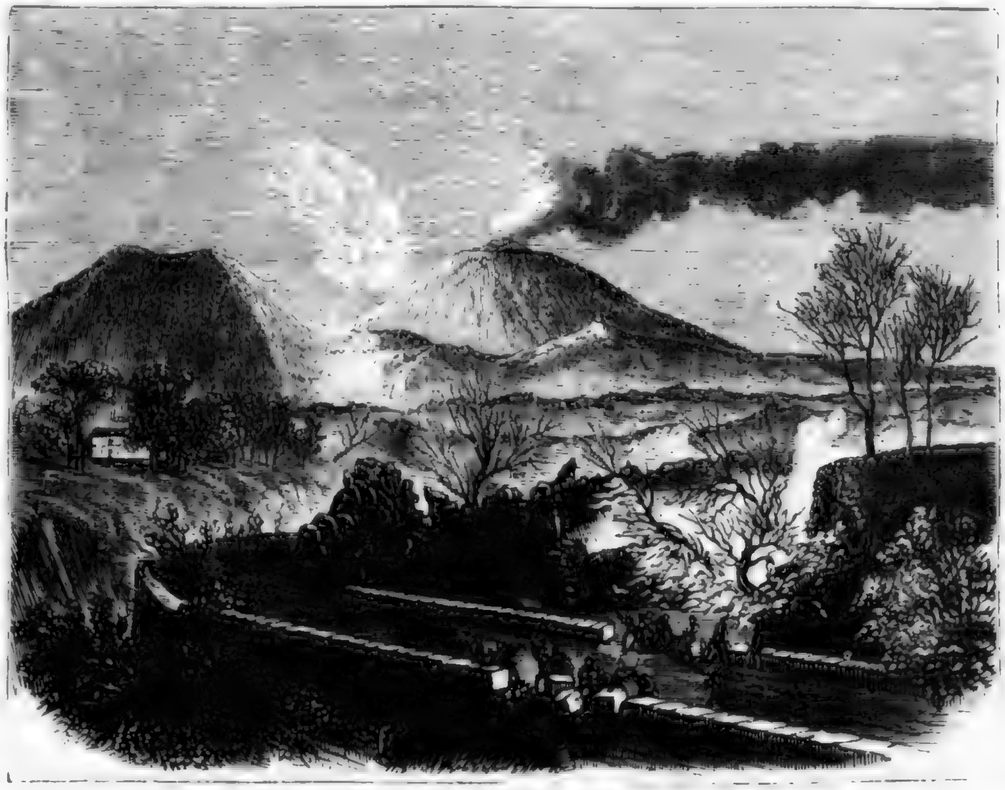
To the north of Sicily, in a direct line between Etna and Vesuvius, are the Lipari Islands, on one of which is situated the volcano of Stromboli, called by the inhabitants of the neighborhood *Il Faro*, the lighthouse. As it is only 2,770 feet high, and is nearly always in action, and is accessible to European geologists, it has been a favorite field for the observation and study of geological phenomena.

Stromboli throws out flames continually without being actually in eruption, although the nature of the ground shows that formerly it was subject to them. The crater situated at the top of the island is notched toward the north, and on the same side scoriæ flow into the sea by a very inclined slope. The observations made by geologists who, since Spallanzani, have visited this curious perpetually-active volcano, throw great light on the phenomena of



CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

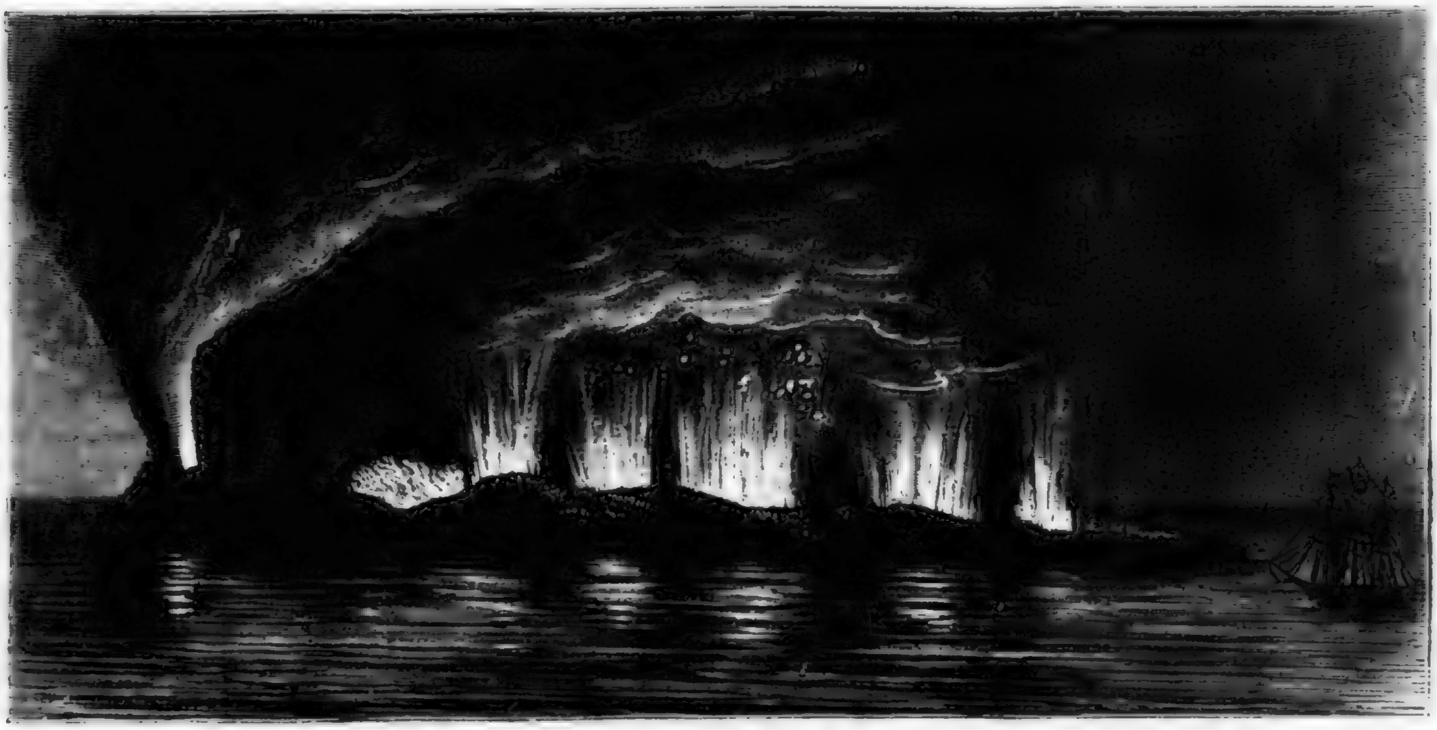
eruptions, which are difficult to study under ordinary circumstances. The crater of Stromboli is very favorable to this inquiry. Easy of access in all seasons, "one is in a sort of way admitted," Mr. Scrope remarks, "into the secrets of the laboratory of Nature, which is here open to our minute examinations."



ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, IN 1869, SEEN FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

We have already quoted the description of M. Ch. St.-Claire Deville. Those of Spallanzani, of Poulette Scrope, and of the German geologist Friedrich Hoffmann, one of the latest explorers, differ very little. They present to us the lava under the form of a shining mass, as of molten metal, brilliant even with a glittering light in full day, which, from one quarter of an hour to another, rises with a dull grumbling to the edge of the crater, opens at its centre with noise, making the earth tremble, and vomiting, in the explosion, a sheet of incandescent lava and burning scoriæ. "The surface of the lava," says M. F. Hoffmann, "rose and fell regularly at rhythmical intervals. A particular noise is heard, similar to the decrepitations of the air entering by the door of a mine-furnace. A spherical mass of white vapor leaves it at each decrepitation, lifting up the lava, which again falls, after its leaving. These shells of vapor draw from the surface of the lava red-hot scoriæ, which dance as if moved by invisible hands above the edge of the opening." Similar appearances have been observed in the volcanoes of Masaya and Bourbon, in the crater of Kilauea at Hawaii, as well as in those of Vesuvius and Etna. When the eruption is permanent, there certainly exists below the orifices a mass of liquid lava in constant ebullition, which furnishes the prodigious mass of matters ejected during centuries, and which must be replenished by a cause still unknown, but probably analogous to that which connects the volcanoes of the same chain, often at great distances. It is, moreover, by admitting such affinities that we can comprehend the action of the volcanic mountains, which, as has been very well said by Seneca, even do not furnish the aliment of fire, but only give it an issue.

In the permanent volcanoes the force of subterranean expansion produces, as may be imagined, effects more or less energetic according as the weight of the atmosphere, the principal force of repression, increases or diminishes. Indeed, the inhabitants of Stromboli, who are mostly fishermen, habitually observe the phenomena of this volcano, in order better to forecast atmospheric variations. During the storms of Winter the eruptions are sometimes very violent, as we have observed in passing near the volcano at those times. These eruptions split the sides of the crater



VOLCANO OF JULIA ISLAND, JULY, 1831.

in the very act of explosions which shake all the island, and make themselves heard to a great distance. At Ternate, in the Moluccas, and in many other volcanic regions, the same coincidence has been observed between eruptions and tempests.

SUBMARINE VOLCANOES.

In the year 1831, between the 28th of June and the 2d of July, the inhabitants of Sciacca were much frightened by repeated earthquakes and subterranean noises, which, to their experienced minds, boded no good. These were the premonitory symptoms of remarkable submarine phenomena which developed themselves in great grandeur eight miles from the coast, on a spot where the water was known to be 700 feet deep. A vessel which happened to be near the spot witnessed an immense volume of water rise high in the air, which rose and sank in regular pulsations for a period of half an hour. At the same time a dense cloud of smoke obscured the whole heavens. The agitation of the sea was very great for a considerable distance, and many dead fish floated on the surface.

On the Sicilian shore, eight miles distant, the inhabitants were unable to see this remarkable and unexpected convulsion. While an uncommonly dark and cloudy horizon cut off all distant prospect, a great quantity of fine, porous pumice was observed to swim on the surface of the water, and to be cast upon the beach. These were so numerous as to obstruct the movement of row-boats.

On the 13th of July, great clouds of smoke and columns of fire were visible on the horizon, which at once proclaimed a volcanic eruption, and it was not long before the rim of a crater was visible above the surface of the water. An English captain, proud of being able to increase the extent of the British dominions, hurried to hoist his flag over the smoking stones, and to take possession in the name of the King. The islet gradually increased around the crater, and before long it measured as much as four miles in circumference. But at the conclusion of the volcanic eruption the work of demolition commenced, and the lava was gradually undermined at the base by the waves and currents. In October, of the same year, nothing remained but a little mound. Six months after, the newly discovered island, which was also claimed by the King of Naples, and had been christened with various names, was nothing but an oval reef about half a mile long. A few years later the sounding-line showed a depth of 700 feet of water over the spot where the much contested island had held a short control.

In July, 1863, the island again appeared, and in a few weeks rose to the height of 200 to 260 feet, but it scarcely remained long enough for any nation to lay claim to it as unappropriated soil. The whole story recalls the mysterious country mentioned in the "Arabian Nights," which plunged down into the ocean just at the moment when the voyagers were going to land on it.

Near the island of San Miguel, one of the Azores, there is another submarine volcano, which likewise vomits out at each of its great eruptions a temporary cone of scoriæ, which rises above the level of the sea. On one occasion an English captain found time to take possession of it in the name of his government, and to give it the name of Sabrina.

In the Greek Archipelago is the submarine volcano of Santorino, of which there are historical accounts going back as far as 1550 years B. C. It would be difficult to recount how many different eruptions and extraordinary perturbations have taken place at this spot. In remote antiquity, it was called *Calliste*, or the beautiful; an epithet that can scarcely be said to be appropriate at the present time. It is shaped like a crescent, or, rather, horse-shoe, and has a dismal appearance from the sea, consisting wholly of black, volcanic rocks, without wood or rivers. The inhabitants have no water other than that which they collect in cisterns, and the calcined rocks being of light consistency, the houses are rather excavated in it than built. Toward the end of January, 1866, subterranean roarings, a gradual sinking of the ground and the coloring of the water announced an approaching eruption. The centre of the shock was felt just below the little village of Vulcano, situated on the edge of a creek where ships used to cast anchor, in order that the water, mingled as it was with acid gases, might destroy the mollusks and seaweed attached to their keels.

On the 3d of February a brilliantly black mass of lava was seen, which rose slowly from the bottom of the crater and increased in size every day with perfect regularity. This mound, called George's Isle, attained in a few weeks a height of 164 feet, and ultimately became united with the shore. Afterward other islets made their appearance, the sea being all the time agitated by the gases escaping from its surface and exhibiting in turn the most diversified hues. The fish killed by the heat floated in multitudes on the surface, and mariners avoided steering their ships anywhere near the eruption for fear the pitch between their planks should melt in the water heated to a temperature of 160 to 170 degs. Fah.

After the cone of George's Island had appeared close to the surface it opened out for itself a crater by an explosion, which destroyed the whole of the surface portion of the mound. Volcanoes of this character, composed of soft pumice and shifting ashes, are not likely to last very long, as they cannot resist the action of the waves unless they are founded on a solid, rocky bed that rises above the reach of the water.

The observations made at this time permit us to give a very clear idea of the mode of growth of the volcanic hills of new formation. "This growth," says he, "is certainly partly caused by reason of a slow upheaval of the soil; there are even times when the upheaving action appears to predominate, but it is not ordinarily the case. That which especially contributed to the enlargement of the Georges, Aphroëssa and Reka, are the streams of lava which have their rise there. These streams flow down from either side of the fissure, Georges and Aphroëssa being the two principal points. They advance extremely slowly, cooled as they are on the outside, by the contact of the sea, but, nevertheless, they flow under the water, which they warm to a temperature near the boiling point. At their surface they present a regular slope on each side of the opening from which they spring, in such a way as very well to represent the two opposite slopes of a roof, of which the line at the top would correspond to the opening.

"As these streams advance, their thickness increases at any given point of their course, whence it follows that they emerge by degrees, and as their surface is covered with irregular blocks, these appear above the water one after another, and form like rocks round the points which have previously emerged. When, on the contrary, the upheaval of the soil is the principal cause, the blocks which emerge from the water are situated at a certain distance from the centre of activity, and moreover they are always of a low temperature at the time of their appearance, as if the matter which composes them had been for some time solidified. It was in this way that Reka appeared, distant from Aphroëssa some 32 feet, and without the water of the sea being much warmed in its vicinity. At the present time (March 25th) there are formed in this manner, by means of upheavals, fresh rocks to the west of Reka, on the side toward Palæa-Kammeni; but, in fact, Georges, Aphroëssa, and Reka, increase principally from the other cause that we have mentioned."

VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Leaving the submarine volcanoes and passing to the Western Hemisphere, we shall find abundance of material to occupy our attention. The group of Sandwich Islands possesses some of the grandest specimens of volcanoes to be found in any part of the globe; Kilauea and Mauna-Loa, on the Island of Hawaii, being particularly worthy of mention.

The crater of Kilauea is one of the most astonishing in the world. It opens at an elevation of of more than 3,900 feet on the side of the great mountain of Mauna-Loa, which is itself crowned by a magnificent funnel-shaped crater 2735 yards across from one brink to the other.

The elliptical crater of Kilauea is no less than three miles in length and seven miles in circumference. The hollow of this abyss is filled by a lake of lava, the level of which varies from year to year, sometimes rising and sometimes falling, like water in a well. The surface of the molten mass generally lies about 600 to 900 feet below the outer edge, and in order to study it it is necessary to get on to a ledge of black lava, which, like the ice about a frozen pond, extends around the outer rim, and affords a secure foothold. The surface of the sea of fire is generally covered by a thick crust over its whole extent; here and there red lava waves dash up like the water of a lake through the broken ice. Jets of vapor whistle and hiss as they escape, throwing out showers of burning scoriæ and forming cones of ashes on the crust 60 to 100 feet in height, which are so many volcanoes in miniature. Intense heat radiates from the immense crater, and a kind of hot blast makes its way through all the chinks in the vertical walls of the sides. The level of the fire-lake of Kilauea is incessantly changing. In proportion as fresh lava issues forth from the subterranean furnace, the broken crust affords an outlet to other sheets of molten matter and fresh heaps of scoriæ, and gradually the boiling mass rises from ledge to ledge, and ultimately reaches the upper edge of the basin. Sooner or later, however, the level rapidly sinks. The fact is, that the burning mass contained in the depths of the abyss gradually melts the lower walls of solid lava; these walls ultimately give way at some weak point, a crevice is produced, and the liquid matter drawn off like wine from a vat. The flow increases the orifice by the action of its weight on the sill of the opening and by melting the rocks which oppose its passage, and then running down over the slopes, flows into the sea.

In 1840 the crater was full to the brink, when a crack suddenly opened in the side of the mountain which extended to a distance of one hundred and thirty-one feet from its starting-point, and gave out a stream of lava thirty seven miles long and sixteen miles wide, which entirely altered the outline of the sea-coast and destroyed all the fish in the adjacent waters. Professor Dana estimated the total mass of this enormous flow as equal to 7,200,000 cubic yards—that is, to a solid body fifty times as great as the quantity of earth dug out in cutting through the Isthmus of Suez. The enormous basin of Kilauea, 1,467 feet deep, remained empty for a considerable time, but it has been several times filled and emptied since 1840.

The activity of Mauna-Loa appears to be of recent origin, the first authentic account of an eruption dating in the year 1832, since which time there have been several violent convulsions, especially toward the end of March, 1868. Almost all the volcanoes which rise to such a height as Mauna-Loa get rid of their overflow of lava through fissures which open in their side walls. The column of molten matter in the craters is of an enormous weight, and every inch it ascends toward the mouth represents the expenditure of a prodigious force. Many calculations have been made as to the degree of pressure which the steam and gases have to exert in order to lift such a column of liquid stone, but all of them are more or less hypothetical.

Sartorius von Waltershausen, the great explorer of Etna and Hecla, estimates the volcanic shafts as being of great depth. The prevailing rocks of the Earth's surface, granite, quartz, mica and limestone, have an average specific gravity of two and a half as compared with water, while the planet itself, taken as a whole, weighs nearly five and a half times as much as the same mass of distilled water; the density of the interior layers must, therefore, increase from the circumference to the centre. Taking all these data into consideration, Baron von Waltershausen has come to the conclusion that the rocks thrown out by the volcanoes of Sicily and Iceland proceed from a depth of 77 to 78 miles. Thus the shaft which opens at the bottom of the centre of Etna would be no less than 77 miles deep, and the lava which boils in this abyss would be lifted by a force of 36,000 atmospheres, an exhibition of power which it is difficult for the human imagination to grasp. On this hypothesis it is easy to understand why the side walls of the crater should give way to the immense pressure before the column could be forced to flow over the top.

VOLCANOES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Many portions of the Southern continent have never been explored, but enough is known to afford us a knowledge of some of the grandest volcanoes of the world. Beginning with Chili, we have a chain of volcanoes running nearly due north and south, some of which are no more than six or seven thousand feet in height; but included in this number is the majestic Aconcaugo, which, according to some authors, lifts its fiery head to the enormous elevation of 22,434 feet above the level of the sea.

In this region, within a distance of three hundred miles, there are thirty-two volcanoes, one of the most striking and interesting of which is Antuco a sharp mountain, 16,000 feet high, which is in a constant state of activity. The ascent of this mountain has been made a number of times, and as its crater can be easily studied, geologists and travelers have found it an interesting object. Considerable care has to be observed to select days for visiting this crater when the wind drives the gases, smoke, and lava toward one side, and to make the descent into the crater to leeward. Some travelers have pushed their curiosity too far, and have received a bombardment of melted stones to pay for their temerity.

Passing to the north, the chain of volcanoes ceases over the desert of Atacamo, but soon links on again, and continues with interruptions far beyond the Isthmus into Mexico.

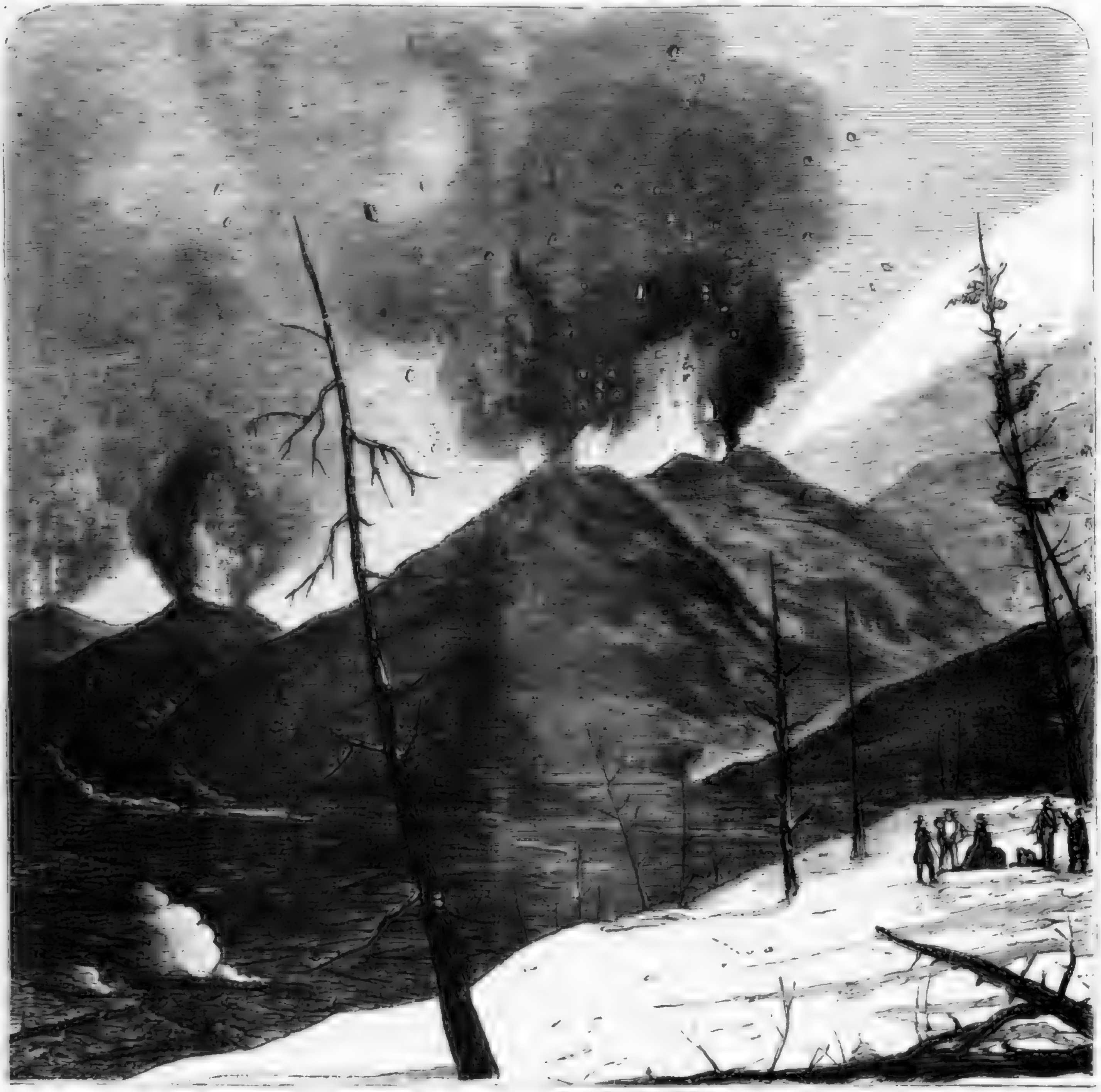
In the region of Quito are eighteen volcanoes, ten of which are still in eruption. The view presented by their high peaks, which are distributed in a picturesque manner, is especially grand in character when we consider the connection of every part of the chain of subterranean communication. A general focus seems to spread itself under the entire plateau, and it is observed that the centre of activity for centuries has slowly propagated itself in the direction from south to north.

Quito is built at the foot of this volcanic mountain, which, during the sixteenth century, was the scene of violent eruptions, and although quieter since 1660, is not yet extinct. It is formed by an immense wall-like mass of black trachyte, which follows the line of fault in the Cordilleras for a distance of nine miles. This wall, like many strong castles, has three domes, the principal of which, called Rucu-Pichin-cha (the Father or the Ancient One), reaches the region of eternal snows.

XUM

Humboldt, guided by an Indian, in 1802, climbed up the most eastern of these lofty peaks. Arrived, by very dangerous paths, to the extreme edge of the crater, he found himself at about 874 yards from the bottom of the fiery abyss. "It was," said he, "a magnificent spectacle. Nature has never been presented to me under a grander aspect."

He afterward mentions the observations made since that time in the very crater of the volcano by a learned traveler, M. Wysse, who did not fear remaining there several nights.



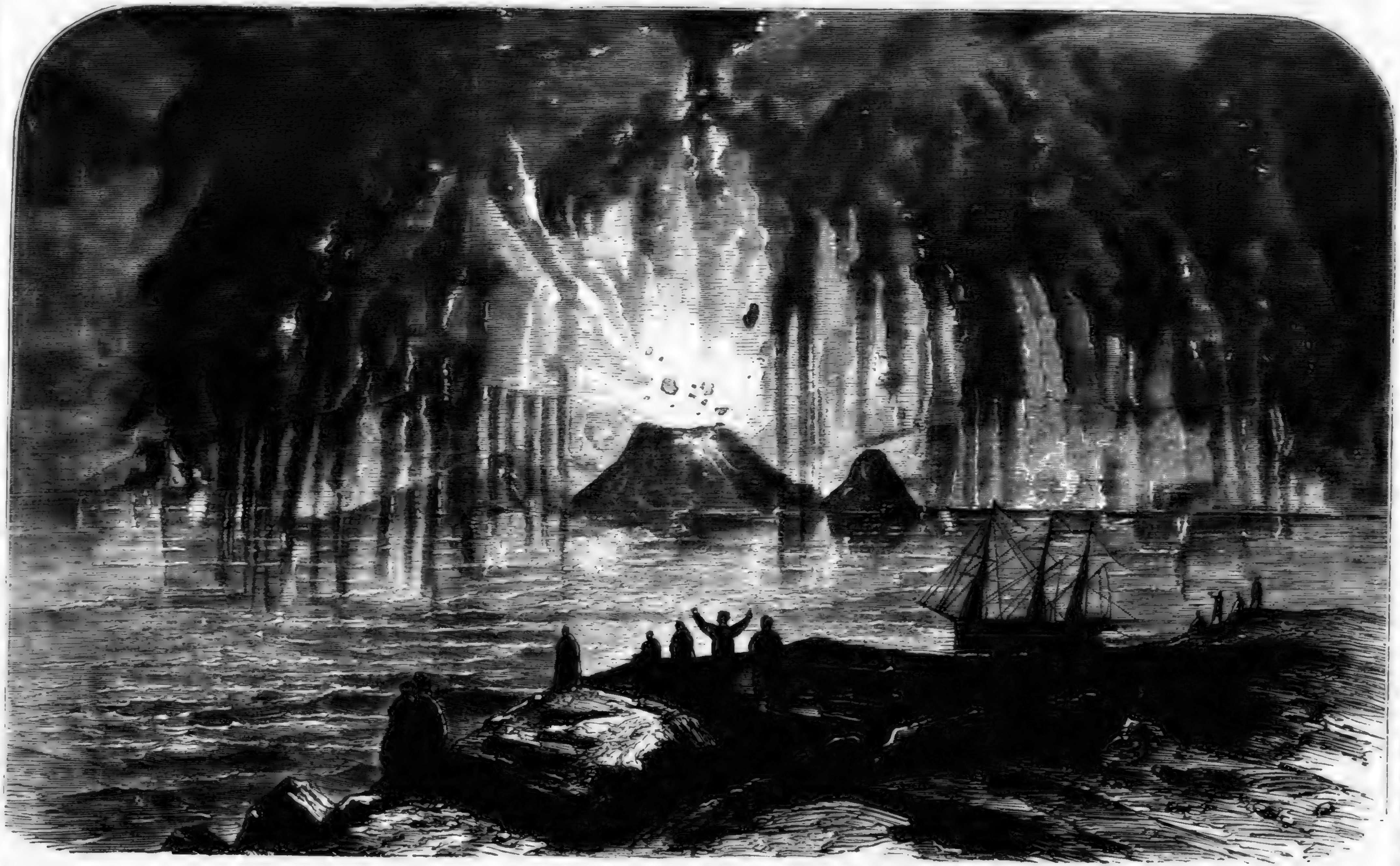
ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA, 1865.

"This crater is divided into two portions by a ridge of rock covered with vitrified scoriæ. The eastern part, of circular form, and deeper than the other by 1,000 feet, is actually the real seat of the volcanic activity. It contains a cone of eruption about 250 feet high, and surrounded by 70 still-burning openings, or 'fumaroles,' whence proceed sulphurous vapors. It is probably from the crater, covered at the coolest places with tufts of a kind of grass similar to reeds, that the igneous eruptions of scoriæ, pumice and ashes, which succeeded each other in 1539, 1560, 1566, 1577, 1580 and 1660, proceeded. During these eruptions the town of Quito was often plunged for a whole day in complete darkness, caused by the dust of the rapilli."

The top of the volcano of Cotopaxi forms a perfectly regular cone, on which the snow-line and the limit of forest vegetation are marked in the clearest manner. Lower down, a few rough peaks, called "the Head of the Inca," seem to have been ancient streams of lava.

The approach of an eruption is announced by the sudden melting of the snows which cover the summit. Before the smoke rises in the air, the walls of the cone become incandescent, and shine in the middle of the night with a reddish light, above the enormous black mass of the mountain.

In 1741 commenced a long and disastrous eruption; according to La Condamine, the columns of fire which rose from the volcano attained a height of 1,000 feet. At the same time torrents of water, proceeding from the sudden melting of the snows which had been collecting for two centuries, rushed down the sides, drawing with them blocks of ice and smoking scoriæ; their power was so great that in the plain were seen large waves, and the velocity of the waters, even at four leagues from the mountain, was,



SUBMARINE VOLCANO IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1831.

XUM

according to the estimation of Bouguer, 56 feet per second; 600 houses were destroyed, and nearly 1,000 persons perished.

Immense floods have sometimes been caused by the slow but continuous action of the snow during periods of repose. In consequence of its fusion, incessant infiltrations of water penetrate into the rocks.

The caverns in the sides of the mountain or at its base are thus transformed by degrees into reservoirs of subterranean waters, put into communication with the Alpine streams of the plateau of Quito by narrow channels. The fish of the streams prefer to spawn in the shades of the caverns, and when the shocks which always precede the eruption of the Cordilleras make the entire mass of the volcano tremble, the subterranean vaults fall in, and the water, fish and tufaceous mud are instantly expelled. This singular phenomenon brought to the knowledge of the inhabitants of Quito the little fish which they call *prenadilla*.

In the night from the 19th to the 20th of June, 1698, the summit of the volcano of Carguairazo, 6,561 yards high, suddenly fell in, with the exception of two enormous pillars, the last vestiges of the ancient crater; the surrounding lands were covered, over an extent of nearly seven square leagues, with the moistened sandy stone and a clayey mud containing dead fish, and reduced to sterility. The pernicious fevers which broke out seven years later in the town of Ibarra, to the north of Quito, were attributed to the putrefaction of a great number of dead fish ejected from the volcano of Imbabaru.

It is to the great eruption of Cotopaxi, which took place in 1533, the terrible remembrance of which is preserved in the country from generation to generation, that the existence, at a distance of three leagues, of blocks of trachyte measuring 130 cubic yards in volume is attributed. A circumstance which dispels all doubt as to the origin of these stones is that they are arranged on every side in lines directed toward the volcano.

On the east slope of the Eastern Cordilleras, between two systems of affluents which increase the waters of the Amazons, is the large volcano of Sangay, 6,561 yards high, and nevertheless more active than the little cone of Stromboli, which only rises 984 yards above the sea.

The eruptions of Sangay, which began in 1728, did service as a perpetual fire-signal whilst the French *savants* were engaged in measuring an arc of the meridian. These eruptions were accompanied with terrible noises, called by the inhabitants *bramidos*, which are sometimes heard at great distances. Thus, in 1842 and 1843, at the time when the subterranean thunders were more violent than ever, they were distinctly heard as far as Payta, along the coasts of the Pacific.

According to M. Wysse, who was the first to climb this colossal mountain, there are 267 eruptions in an hour; each lasts, on an average, thirteen seconds. The intrepid traveler proved also this remarkable circumstance, that, even on the cone of ashes, no perceptible shock accompanied these frequent emissions. The substances thrown out in the midst of a thick smoke, of a color sometimes gray, sometimes orange-colored, are ashes and scoriæ. M. Wysse counted, in a great explosion, sixty scoriæ having a spherical form, and about two feet in diameter. Most of them again fall into the crater, or slide over the wall of the cone, throwing out a light such as La Condamine believed he saw in flames produced by sulphur and asphalt. The ashes, which were very black, gave a frightful aspect to the upper part of the volcano. On its sides, and for eleven miles around it, they were spread in beds which, in some places, were 400 feet in thickness.

Antisana is a volcano, the most recent eruption of which took place in 1590 and 1718; it, however, deserves a particular notice. In the Cordilleras of Quito it is the only one which presents lava streams.

In its contour it is like Sangay. At a height of 4,593 yards is an oval plain, whence rises, like an island, the part of the volcano covered with perpetual snows. The dome-like top is connected by jagged hills to a truncated cone situated to the north. Formerly the plain served as a bed to a lake, but now the sheet of water is reduced to a lagune. Ramparts of basaltic stones rise at the foot of the mountain. Many of these rocks are so scorified that they resemble sponges.

Among the thirty-eight craters, spread in two groups on the Cordilleras, which extend from Columbia to the Straits of Magellan, sixteen may still be considered as active. The highest of all these volcanoes is the Sahama, which attains a height of 7,655 yards—six times that of Vesuvius. It is situated at the point where the chain of the Andes changes its course. It has a fine truncated cone, perfectly regular, covered with dazzling snow, and always crowned with a plume of smoke.

Near Arequipa are six volcanoes, one only of which is in action. In the sixteenth century this town was almost entirely buried by an eruption of ashes from Uvinas, now extinct, and situated at a distance of several leagues.

The volcano of Gualatieri, in Bolivia, is still active, according to Pentland, who found an ancient crater with streams of lava at the foot of the eastern chain, more than forty-five geographical miles from the coast—that is to say, at a much greater distance than that of Sangay.

The disturbances of the earth's crust in these countries have brought to the surface the most precious mineral treasures, formerly consecrated by the Incas to ornament their temples of the Sun. On an island in the middle of the Lake Titicaca is the most ancient of these sanctuaries. It was an edifice covered with plates of gold, and it contained the famous chain of the same metal, about 700 feet long, which the Inca Huayna-Capac manufactured, and which was used in religious ceremonies. The Indians could only rescue this chain from the avidity of their conquerors by throwing it into the depths of the lake, which, perhaps, now preserves it. Let us mention, also, the celebrated mines of Potosi, worked in the Andes, in a region of porphyry rocks, at a height greater than that of Mont Blanc.

In Central America is situated the volcano of Izalco, in San Salvador. It is, in many respects, the most interesting volcano on the American Continent, and the only one, with the exception of that of Jorullo, in Mexico, which is known to have originated within the historical period. It is in a state of constant eruption, and being visible from the sea for a long distance, is known among sailors as *el faro del Salvador*, the light house of the Saviour. It stands near the base of the great extinct volcano of Santa Ana, on which, previously to 1770, was a vast cattle estate. From the close of 1769, the dwellers on the estate were alarmed by subterranean noises, accompanied by shocks of earthquakes, which continued to increase in loudness and strength until February 23d, when the earth opened about half a mile from the dwellings on the estate, sending out lava, accompanied by smoke and fire.

The inhabitants fled, but the herdsmen, who visited it daily, reported constant increase in the smoke and flames, and that the ejection of lava was at times suspended, and vast quantities of ashes, cinders, and stones sent out instead; forming an increasing cone around the vent or crater. This process continued for a long period, the cone gradually rising in height from the aggregations. Finally, lava ceased to flow, and the accumulations have since been entirely from the ashes and stones thrown out from the crater, until the mountain has reached a height of upward of 4,000 feet, or nearly that of Vesuvius. Its explosions occur with great regularity at intervals of from ten to twenty minutes, with a noise like the discharge of a park of artillery, accompanied with a dense smoke and a cloud of ashes and stones. At night the cloud of smoke and ashes is lit up at the base with a lurid glow, like that which hovers over the mouth of a furnace, and is traversed in every direction by tongues of flame, supposed by the people of the country to be lightning. The red-hot stones are thrown high into the air, and traverse the sky like meteors.

Being in full view of the city of Sonsonate, it is a source of constant interest to the inhabitants. The people of the Indian town of Izalco, however, which stands within a mile of its base, look upon it with constant apprehension, and in 1859 they had occasion to experience its power, as it destroyed the fine large church of the town.

There are sixteen volcanoes on the plateau or coast range of San Salvador, only two of which, Izalco and San Miguel, are active.

San Salvador, the capital of the Republic, is situated at the base of a volcano of the same name, and has had its share in the convulsions of the region as it was completely destroyed by an earthquake on the night of April 16, 1854, after having survived all previous disturbances since the year of its foundation, in 1528.

The volcanic range, which starts in Guatemala, extends through San Salvador and Nicaragua, terminates in the great mountain group of Costa Rica. It follows the general direction of the coast, sometimes rising in lofty volcanic cones, but generally sustaining the character of a high ridge, subsiding in places into low hills and plains of slight elevation. It seems to have been the principal line of volcanic action, and in Nicaragua is marked by twelve volcanoes and numerous extinct craters, surrounded by vast beds of lava and deposits of scoriæ.

In the vicinity of the town and lake of Masaya, Nicaragua, lies a volcano which was in active eruption at the time of the conquest in 1527, when it was known as one of the wonders of the New World, under the designation of *El Infierno de Masaya*, or the Hell of Masaya. It is a broad, low mountain, not more than 3,500 feet in height, with one large and several minor craters. Vast lava beds, some of very ancient, and others of comparatively later date, cover the country around it for many miles in every direction, and attest its fearful activity in times past. Its last great eruption was in 1670, when it sent out a vast flood of lava, which flowed down in the direction of Lake Managua for a distance of more than twenty miles. This great lava field is said to resemble an ocean of ink suddenly congealed by the cold. In 1860 there were renewed signs of activity, showing that the monster only occasionally slumbers, but never dies.

Passing further into North America, we find in Mexico five volcanoes ranged in an east and west line across the country. These are Tuxtla, Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Jorullo and Colina. Jorullo stands upon the plain of Malpais, a portion of the great platform, the elevation of which is 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Around this plain are hills of basalt and ancient volcanic rocks; but up to the middle of the last century the region was not known to be subject to volcanic action. It was under cultivation, and watered by two streams, the Cuitisaba and San Pedro. In June, 1759, earthquakes began to be frequent, and so continued to the end of September, when flames burst forth from the ground, and rocks were hurled upward to great heights. A chasm soon opened, in which six volcanic cones were formed; the least rising 300 feet above the plain, and the highest, Jorullo, measuring 1,700 feet. Streams of lava flowed from the latter, and eruptions continued till February of the next year. In 1803, the locality was visited and described by Alexander von Humboldt. He found around the central group an area of about four square miles, which appeared to have been raised up in convex form, the portions near to the cones being about 550 feet higher than the margin of this area, and the slope at an angle with the horizon of about six degrees. Scattered over this surface were thousands of small mounds, called *hornitos*, or little ovens, six to nine feet high, from which issued steam and sulphurous vapors. In 1827 these vapors and exhalations had ceased to appear. The ground had then become cool, the natives were again cultivating the more fertile tracts upon the plain, and the new hills were covered with a thick growth of wood.

Within the territory of the United States there are numerous extinct volcanoes, but none now in active operation. A few years since, Mount Baker was said to have waked up from its lethargy to show signs of activity. Mount Shasta, one of the volcanic mountains of Western North America, has an elevation, according to Professor Whitney, of 14,440 feet. It is not now in action, yet has hot springs near its summit. It is an excellent representative of the general character of the Cascade range to the north of it, in Oregon, and of those along the Andes in South America.

We have seen that volcanic mountains are very numerous along the Andes; they are also common in Central America and Mexico. They occur in Oregon and Washington Territory, from Mount Shasta to Mount Baker and beyond, and in the Alaska Archipelago on the north.

On the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, on the south-western route from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River to Santa Fé del Nuevo Mexico, there are three distinct volcanoes—the Raton Mountains with Fisher's Peak, and (between Galisteo and Pena Blanca) the hill of El Cerrito. The lavas of the first of these covered over the whole country between the Upper Arkansas and the Canadian river.

But it is on the western slope that the greatest number of ancient craters, lava-streams, and fields of scoriæ are met with. One of the principal volcanic foci is near the Salt Lake of the Mormons, where Mount Taylor rises to a height of 4,374 yards. This beautiful cone is surrounded by radiating lava-streams, which extend several miles.

Several littoral or coast chains run parallel to the chain of the Rocky Mountains . . . . and in their northern portion are still the seat of volcanic activity. Near the Gulf of California is the Volcanes de las Virgenes; its last eruption took place in 1746. Rocks belonging to ancient volcanoes have been also found in the gold-yielding longitudinal valley of the Rio del Sacramento, and in a fallen-in trachytic crater called the Sacramento Butt. . . . . Further to the north, the Shasty or Tshashtl Mountains contain basaltic lavas. . . . . The proper seat of still-subsisting volcanic activity is found in the Cascade Mountains, where several peaks, covered with perpetual snow, rise to heights of 15,000 and 16,000 feet.

The most remarkable are—Mount Saint Helen, a beautiful, regular cone, always sending forth smoke from its crater —an eruption took place in 1842; Mount Reignier, which was active also at the same time; and Mounts Baker, Edgecombe, and Fairweather, still burning and covered with scoriæ.

The little isle of Lazare, near Sitka, in 57 deg. N. lat., contains a volcano, the last eruption of which took place in 1796. In 1806 a lake was found in the crater, then in a state of inactivity. Warm springs rise in the neighborhood.

In 60 deg. N. lat. rises a giant volcano, Mount Elias. Its smoking summit can be seen fifty leagues from the coast.

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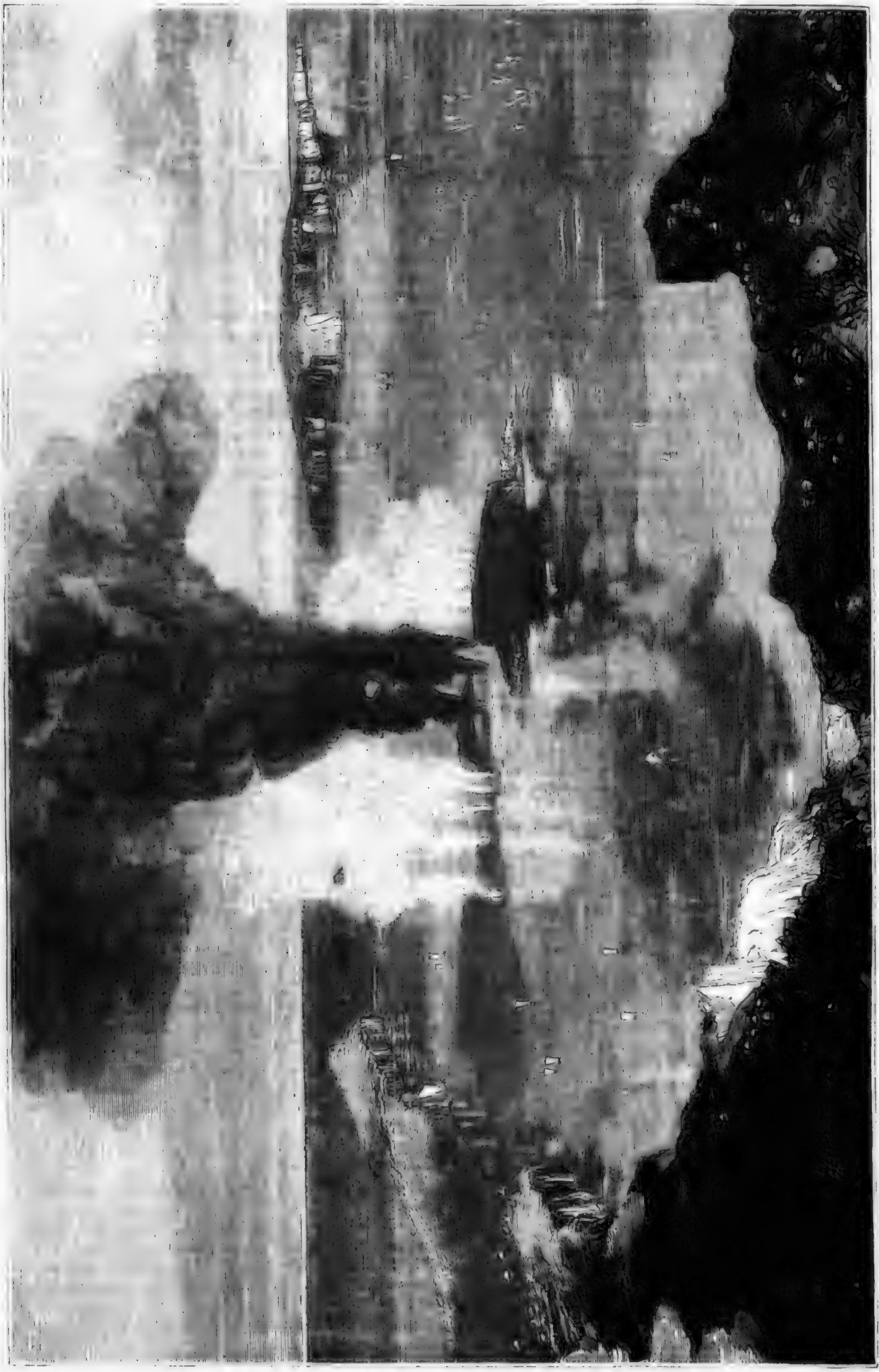


SUBMARINE VOLCANOS IN SANTORINA, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO—ERUPTION OF 1866.

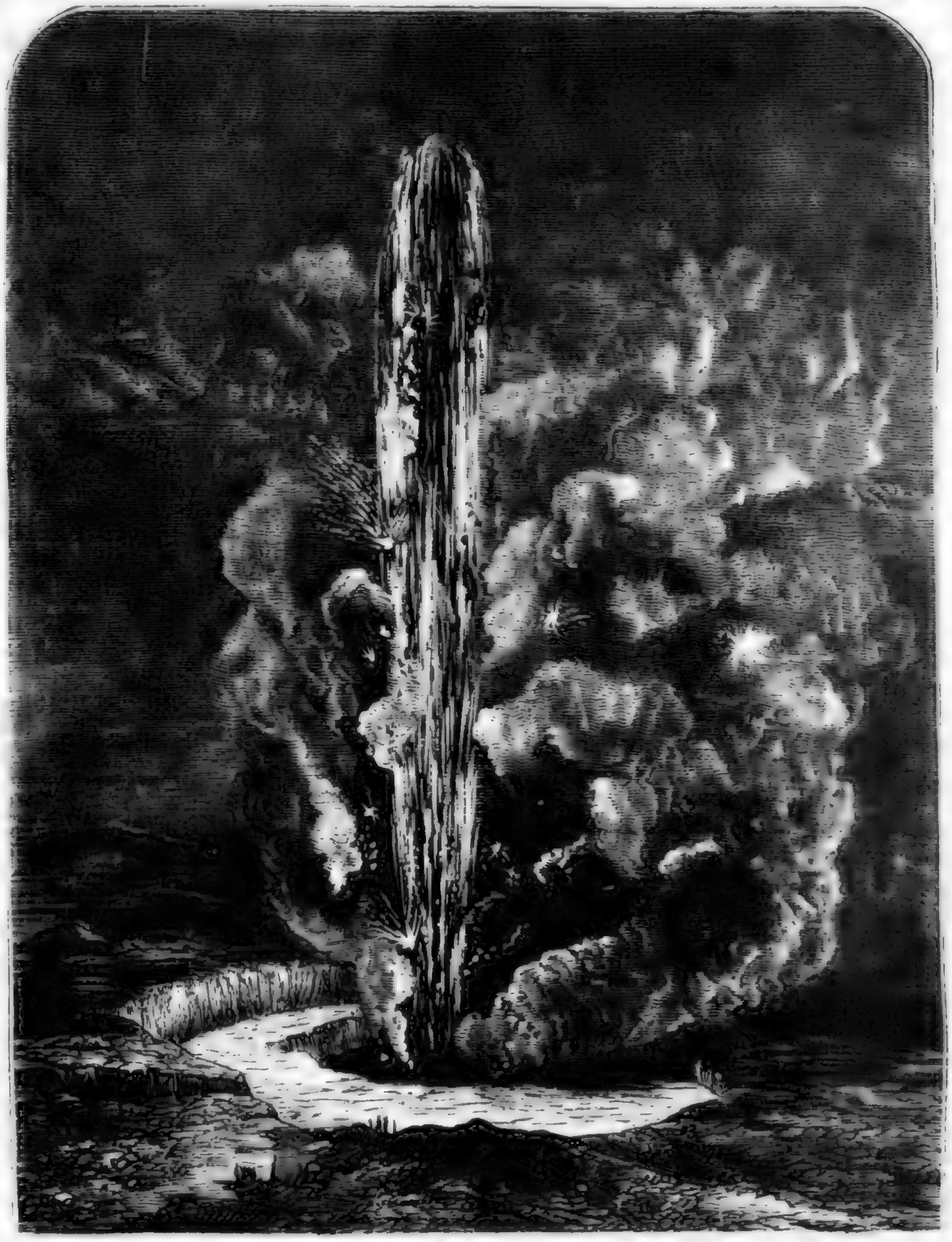
The chain of mountains, which up to this point turns from the north toward the west, falls back suddenly toward the southwest, forming the long peninsula of Alashka, continued by the long chain of the Aleutian Isles through the whole length of the North Pacific.

MacClure, in his voyage in the *Investigator*, to discover the North-west Passage, points out, at the east of the mouth of the Mackenzie river (in 69 deg. 59 sec. N. lat.) the volcanoes of Franklin Bay.

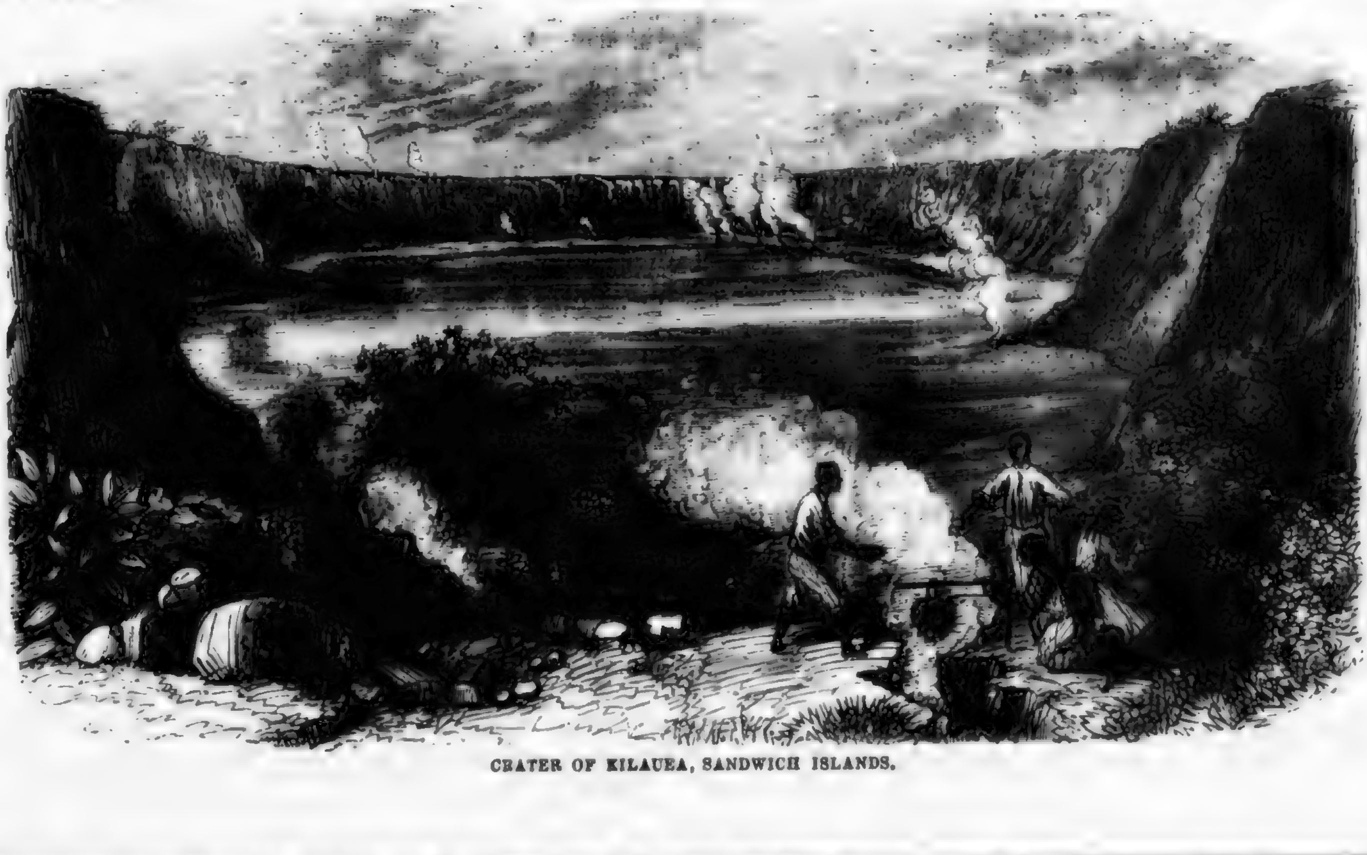
According to the description given by the missionary Miertsching, interpreter to the expedition, they were principally what are termed earthfires, or emanations of Salses. Forty columns of smoke rose from conical elevations of clays of many colors. Great heat of the sea-bottom was perceived. At night luminous phenomena were seen from the ship, and at a great distance there was a strong smell of sulphur.

Volcanoes abound all along the west side of the Pacific, through Japan and the East Indies; southward in New Hebrides, New Zealand and in the Antarctic regions.

Thus the Pacific, the great ocean of the globe, is girt with volcanoes, besides having many scattered over its surface. The Atlantic, in contrast with it, has none on its borders



ERUPTION OF MAUNA-LOA.



CRATER OF KILAUEA, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

XUM

except in the Gulf of Guinea, on the coast of Africa and in the West Indies, and but few over its surface.

We ought, while describing the volcanoes of Southern Europe, to have passed to the famous island of Iceland, in the North, where a great island may be said to be a perpetual volcano, liable at any moment to a visitation of the most destructive forces of Nature.

On the southwest part of the island, about ten miles from the coast and 5,100 feet high, is the celebrated Mount Hecla. Its eruptions take place every seventy or eighty years, according to Sartorius Von Waltershausen, but the Icelandic records mention no fewer than forty-three since A.D. 900.

The desolate aspect of Iceland is owing as much to the enormous masses of volcanic *débris*, which cover the surface, as to the immense glaciers that come down the sterile mountains, and to the marshy plains where perhaps ancient forests rose, the remains of which are pointed out by the inhabitants. A considerable sinking of the temperature in the northern regions, which tradition proves to have been in olden times more peopled and flourishing, is not the only cause of the rude condition of existence in this isle at the present time. Since the year 1000, nearly fifty great eruptions have taken place, some of which have inundated the surface of the country with lava, cinders, and scoriæ, and decimated the population.

Mount Hecla, situated in the southern part of Iceland, at a little distance from the shore, is especially remarkable for the frequency of its eruptions, which have often coincided with those of Vesuvius and Etna.

The violent paroxysm of 1766 covered the surrounding country in a thick bed of *débris*. The rain of cinders reached to a distance of 149 miles, and the air was so darkened that objects could not be distinguished in many parts of the island. Shortly after, a torrent of lava flowed from the crater, and was soon followed by an immense column of water, which added its ravages to those of the fiery eruption.

In 1845, the top of the volcano was shattered by an explosion, and the mountain lost 500 feet of its height. The stream of lava in this last eruption reached a distance of nine miles, its thickness varying from 40 to 80 feet. Although enormous streams of lava have thus covered a great portion of the soil of Iceland, the showers of cinders and scoriæ proceeding from the numerous craters which have been in eruption since the historic period, appear to have especially sterilized the country, to which no other region of Europe can be compared for volcanic activity. In these high latitudes, each eruption causes also the melting of enormous masses of snow and ice, and it follows that a large proportion of the formations of Iceland consists of conglomerates formed by the tumultuous rush of floods from the eruptive heights, carrying along enormous quantities of alluvial matter, which they spread in wild confusion over the lowest level, filling up some valleys and excavating others. . . . .

During the eruption in Kotlugaia in 1756, prodigious torrents of water, ice, rocks, and sand, occasioned by the melting of the glaciers, rushed from the heights, and produced three parallel promontories, reaching several leagues into the sea, which remain above its level in places where fishermen formerly found forty fathoms of water.

The crater of Kotlugaia is an immense fissure which crosses the mountain, split in two during an eruption. The snows, ice, and smoke bar an approach to this abyss, which is distinctly visible at a distance of sixty-five miles. Lyell quotes the fact of a bed of ice found under the lava of Etna, and preserved by a bed of sand and scoriæ. The same thing often occurs in Iceland, and it follows that the transmission of heat to these glaciers, which would uphold beds of rock and volcanic matter, precipitates down the sides torrents of water and *débris*. The floods draw with them all that they encounter on their passage. Entire forests are thus buried at the base of the volcanoes, and form beds of fossil wood, which are often found there, and which in Iceland, as we have already said, seem to indicate a more favorable climate in former periods. In the recent eruption of Kotlugaia, in May, 1860, torrents of water again accompanied a column of black vapor and fiery scoriæ, which rose to a height of 7,600 yards, and the melting of the ice again caused the carrying away of enormous masses of rock, which were transported as far as the sea.

The devastating effect of such sudden floods may well be conceived; they not only heap up vast volumes of conglomerate on the plains below, but also tear up and score the mountain with ravines of proportionate size—groove, striate, and polish its hardest rocks with the rolling ice and stony flood, and add miles of new land to the coast line. When we add to this the dense showers of scoriæ and ash that fall continuously for days together from the air, into which they are ejected by the volcanoes, and the torrents of seething lava that, issuing from its entrails, rush down the slopes, in conjunction with the ice and water *débâcles*, and cover many square miles of surface with sheets of solid rock, it is evident that few more powerful agents of superficial change can be imagined among all the living forces of Nature.

These agents, which we now see at work, have powerfully contributed to the formation of the crust of the globe, at epochs when the energetic commotion of the elements increased the number and grandeur of the phenomena. In the midst of commotions, subversions, and changes, brought about by the two principles of water and fire, the repose of the immense mass, of which all the materials proceed from the prodigious struggle of the primitive forces, was prepared in an apparent disorder, these forces still at work, but with less energy and to a less extent, are but the consequence of the laws which have presided, and which still preside, over the organization of the material world, the cradle of humanity. The observations of geologists go to prove that Iceland has been entirely uplifted from the bottom of the sea by successive eruptions of a like volcanic system. Mr. Poulett Scrope believes even that it can be said, from the same volcano, and the arrangement of the orifices in activity supports his opinion.

Among the phenomena which the interior of the island presents to the curiosity of naturalists, one of the most remarkable is the valley of Thingvalla, formed by the sinking of the upper and central part of an immense overflowing of lava, emitted from the foot of the mountain of Hrafnabjorg, or, according to the record, from the middle of the ancient forest of that name. This enormous sinking has left on each side of the valley, the length of which is about four miles, and the depth 800 feet, a sudden precipice, a sort of abyss, the height nearly reaching 200 feet.

The most imposing of these gigantic fissures, called Almanna Gja, is about two or three leagues in extent, and at a distance is like an immense fortification. In some points, the lower beds of lava are arched, as if to resist the pressure of the upper beds, and have formed vaults similar to those of our large buildings.

The river Oxeraa, which descends in torrents in the crevasses of the plateau of Almanna Gja, called also the Hill of Laws, reunites its waters in a dark and deep basin bordered with crumbling rocks, where formerly women were thrown over when condemned to death for adultery.

The volcanic chasm on the opposite side, called Rabna Gja, equally extensive, but not so deep, and fallen down in places, does not give so clear an idea of the prodigious catastrophe of which Thingvalla has been the theatre, Innumerable fissures cut the bottom of the valley, and two amongst them, which reunite, inclose an oval piece of land, which can only be entered by a narrow passage, where the old Scandinavian parliament of the island, the *Althing*, each year, in July, held its great meetings, at a time when Europe was still subjected to the despotism of feudal government.

The president of these free assemblies, named Logmadr, man of the law, was chosen for life by the people. It was in this place, one of the most celebrated in Iceland, that Christianity was adopted, by a majority of voices, in the year 1000.

A magnificent lake, the water as transparent as the bright tints of the emerald, rests at the bottom of the plain of Thingvalla, clothed in the fine season with grass and shrubs. We quote from a very interesting account of a voyage in the North Seas the following description of this strange and magnificent place: "A blaze of light smote the face of one cliff, while the other lay in the deepest shadow; and on the rugged surface of each might still be traced corresponding articulations, that once had dovetailed into each other, ere the igneous mass was rent asunder. So unchanged, so recent seemed the vestiges of the convulsion, that I felt as if I had been admitted to witness one of Nature's grandest and most violent operations almost in the very act of its execution. A walk of about twenty minutes brought us to the borders of the lake—a glorious expanse of water, fifteen miles long, by eight miles broad, occupying a basin formed by the same hills, which must also, I imagine, have arrested the further progress of the lava torrent. A lovelier scene I have seldom witnessed. In the foreground lay huge masses of rock and lava, tossed about like the ruins of a world, and washed by waters as bright and green as polished malachite. Beyond, a bevy of distant mountains, robed by the transparent atmosphere in tints unknown to Europe, peeped over each other's shoulders into the silver mirror at their feet; while here and there, from among the purple ridges, columns of white vapor rose like altar-smoke toward the tranquil heaven."

The volcanoes, or jökuls, of Iceland are situated on two parallel lines, crossing the island from northeast to southwest, and having between them a deep fissure, which gives birth to the immense quantities of lava with which Hecla, Kotlugaia, Sneifels, Skapta, etc., are surrounded. In 1783, this last volcano sent forth two enormous torrents, which spread to a distance of from forty to fifty miles, with a breadth of seven to fourteen. The depth of the lava was in places 150 yards, and it was calculated that the mass deposited by this single emission—one of the most considerable which has been known—exceeded the volume of Mont Blanc. Lava spouted out of various sources opened at the foot of Skapta-Jökul, and situated in the direction of a fissure formed by the pressure of the igneous matter below. On the prolongation of this line, at a distance of thirty miles, and during the eruption, an island, which has since disappeared, suddenly rose from the sea. The Skapta-Jökul rises from a vast, inaccessible space—a desert of lava and ice, whence flows the most dreadful plague which has ravaged the island.

This event occurred in the year 1783. The preceding Winter and Spring had been unusually mild. Toward the end of May a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country toward the north, and, coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th the innumerable fire-spouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain; while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared.

Two days afterward a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever yet been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried-up river, and in a little time—though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad—the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a table-cloth, and poured into a great lake, whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself was completely filled, and having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march: in one direction overflowing some ancient lava-fields; in the other, re-entering the channel of the Skapta, and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss.

But this was not all: while one lava-flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another, descending in a different direction, was working like ruin within and on either side the banks of the Hverfisfliot, rushing into the plain, by all accounts, with even greater fury and velocity. Whether the two issued from the same crater it is impossible to say, as the sources of both were far away within the heart of the unapproachable desert, and even the extent of the lava flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts.

The stream which flowed down Skapta is calculated to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which rolled down the Hverfisfliot, at forty miles in length by seven in breadth. Where it was imprisoned between the high banks of Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but as soon as it spread out into the plain, its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice and lava continued till the end of August, when the plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

During a whole year, says Arago, at the end of this eruption, the atmosphere of Iceland was mixed with clouds of dust through which the rays of the sun scarcely penetrated.

MUD VOLCANOES.

Next to lava and ashes, streams of water and mud are the most considerable products of volcanic activity, and the catastrophes which they have caused are perhaps among the most terrible which history has to record. It was doubtless by a cataclysm of this kind that the town of Herculaneum was destroyed.

Several volcanoes in Java and the Philippines give vent during their eruptions to large quantities of mud, sometimes mingled with organic matter in such considerable proportions that they have been utilized as fuel.

One of the best illustrations of the mud volcano is afforded by Tabaco, one of the Philippine Islands. In the neighborhood of the crater a crust forms, which is sufficiently strong to permit the inhabitants to pass over it, just as the people of the Southern United States cultivate farms over peat swamps. This crust can easily be pierced with a sharp stick, when the mud oozes out.

Of all the eruptions of mud, the best known is that of Tungusagua, a volcano in Ecuador, which rises to a height of 16,400 feet. In 1797, at the time of an earthquake, a whole side of the mountain sank in an immense downfall, with the forests which grew on it; at the same time, a flow of viscous mud issued from the fissures at its base, and rushed down into the valley. One of these currents of mud

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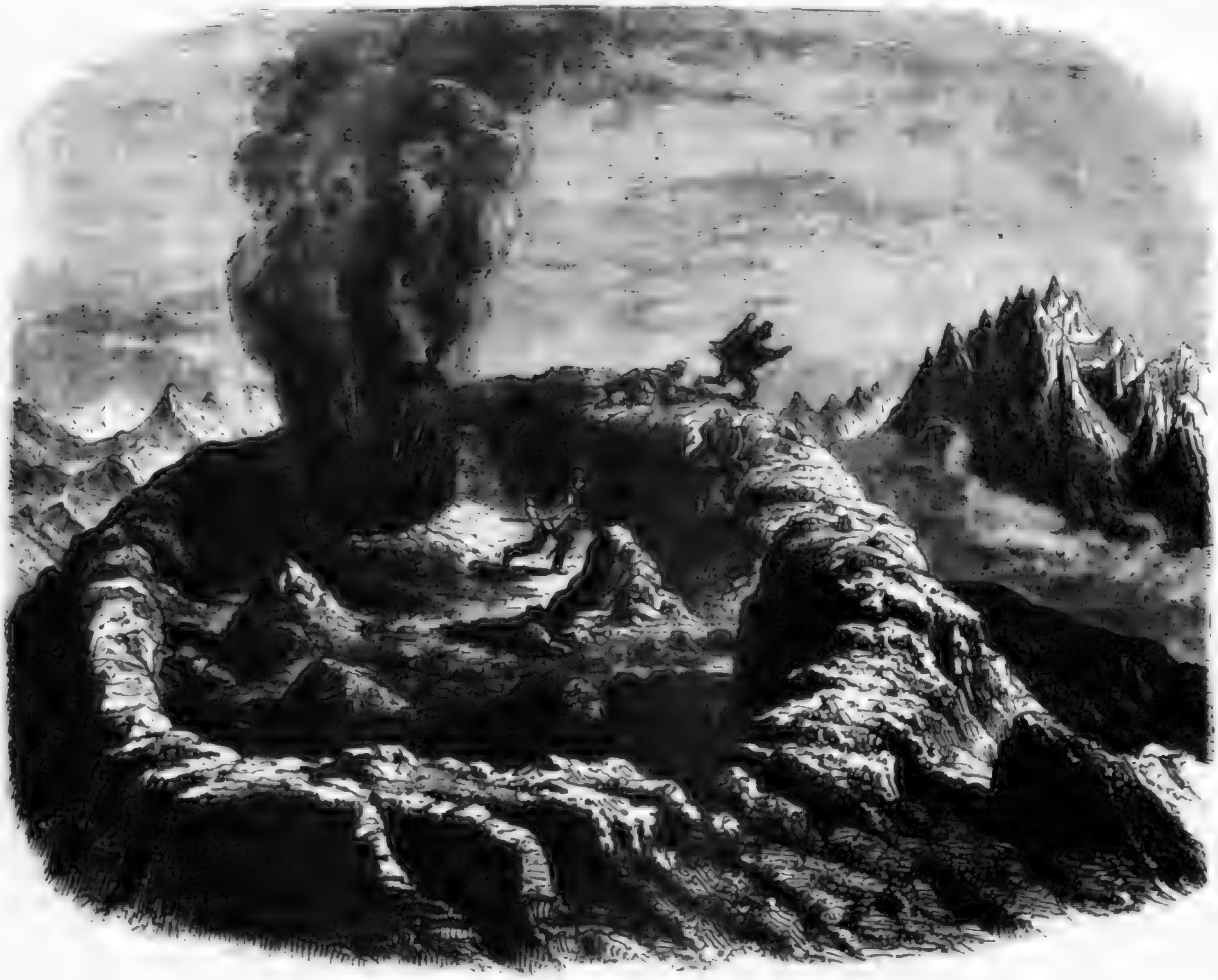
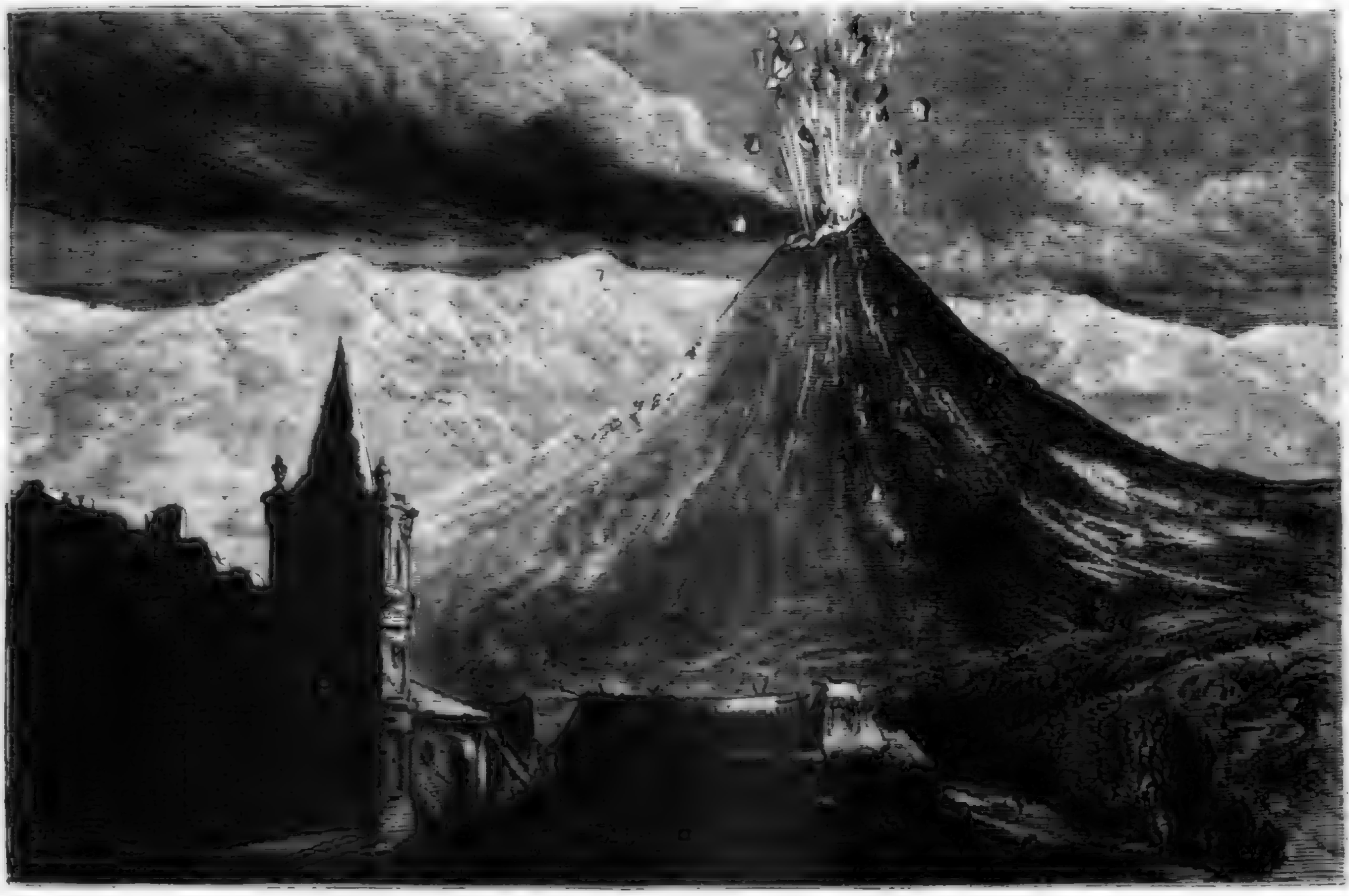
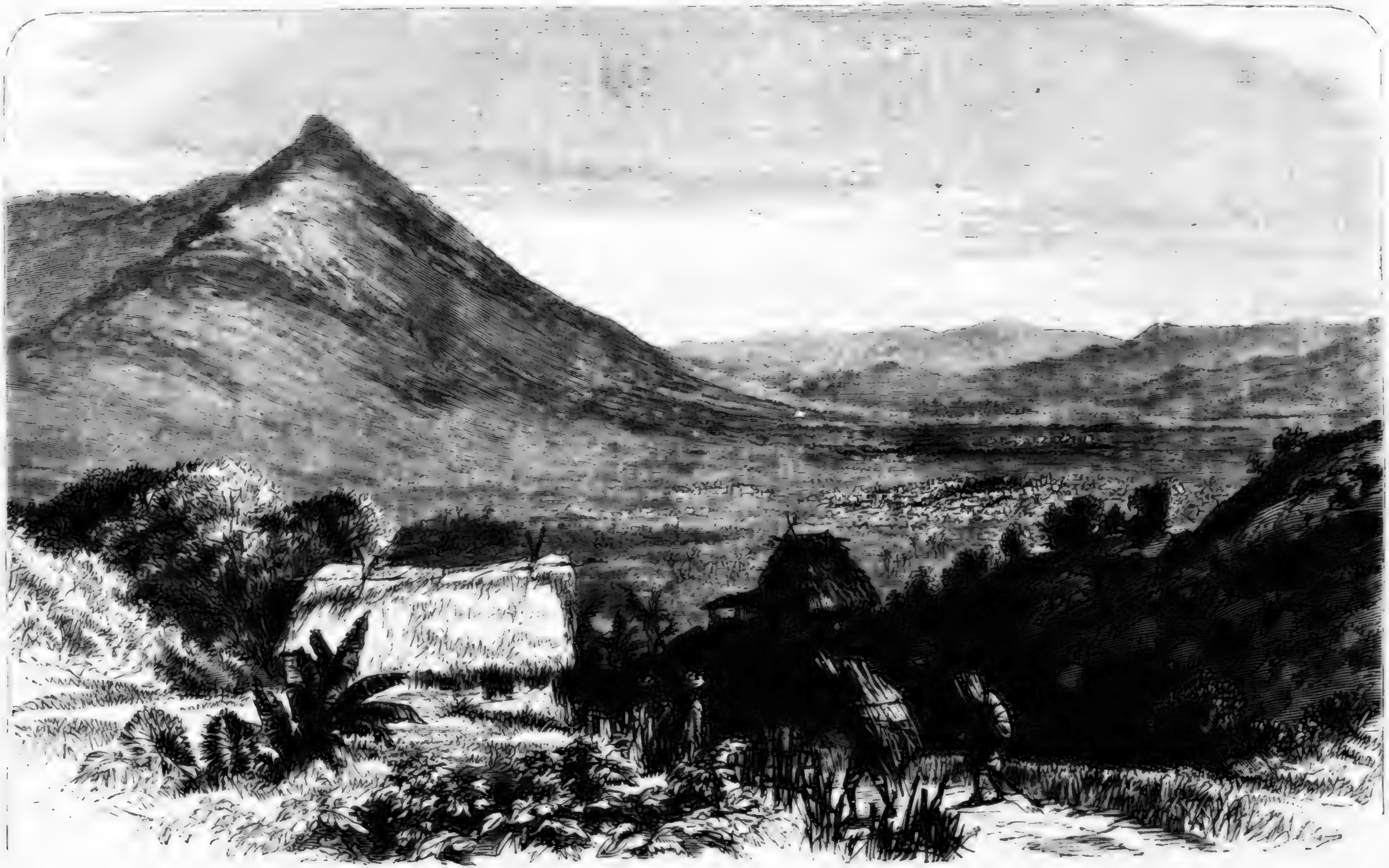


VOLCANO OF ANTUCO, CHILI.



VOLCANO OF IZALCO, SAN SALVADOR.



THE CITY AND VOLCANO OF SAN SALVADOR.

XUM

filled up a winding defile, which separated two mountains to a depth of 650 feet over a width of more than 1,000 feet, and, damming up the rivulets at their outlets from the side valleys, kept back the water in temporary lakes; one of these sheets of water remained for eighty-seven days.

Volcanic mud is analogous to lava in that it flows out through the crater or breaks through the sides of the mountain. Mud volcanoes emit gas and steam in abundance, add to their slopes by their own *débris*, shift their places, change their craters, throw off their summits in their explosions, and some of them are incessantly at work while others have periods of repose and activity, and they are usually situated along the sea-coast.

Besides the mud volcanoes of the Philipines, there are numerous extinct and active fire mountains on the different islands. On the Camiguin Island, which is only from seven to nine miles long, is situated a high volcano, while at its base there are coral reefs forming a barrier toward the sea. The shore is so rocky that there is only one tolerable shelter for vessels. In the same region is situated the isolated volcano described by the celebrated traveler Dampier, and sometimes named after him. It appears to have been originally a submarine volcano.

VOLCANO WORSHIP.

Considering the exhibitions of power and the destructive force of volcanoes, it appears natural that heathen nations should connect supernatural ideas with the subject, and that they should try to appease the gods of fire by making peace offerings. The Island of Java was formerly, on account of its beauty and the fury of its volcanoes, altogether dedicated to Siva, the god of destruction, and in the very centre of the burning mountains the worshipers of Terror and Death were in the habit of building their Temples. In many spots the ruins of these sanctuaries are discovered in the midst of trees and thickets which the Arab conquerors have left to grow in the formidable cavities of the volcanos. Semeroe, the loftiest peak in the island, was the sacred mountain; the Sumbing, which rises in the centre of the island, was the "bolt which fastens Java to the earth." Even in modern times faithful followers of Siva every year solemnly pour rice on the summit of an eruptive cone into the roaring mouth of the volcano. In like manner, in New Zealand, the ever-smoking orifice of Tongariro was considered as the only place worthy of receiving the dead bodies of their great chiefs. When cast into the crater, the natives believed that the heroes would go to sleep among the gods. But the volcanic divinities did not content themselves with the fruits of the earth or the companionship of a few warriors; they also demanded blood, and innumerable sacrifices have been offered to appease their anger. Impelled by a mingled feeling of fear and ferocity, the priests have cast victims, with great pomp, into the fiery furnace.

Scarcely three centuries ago, when Christians were persecuted over the whole length and breadth of Japan, the followers of the new religion were thrown by hundreds into one of the craters of Unsen, one of the most beautiful volcanoes of the archipelago. It did not have the effect of appeasing the anger of the offended gods, as toward the end of the eighteenth century this very same mountain and the neighboring summits caused by their eruptions one of the most frightful disasters of any that are mentioned in the history of volcanoes.

Actuated by a feeling of dread very similar to that exhibited by the Japanese priests, the Christian missionaries of America recognized in the burning mountains of the New World, not the work of a god, but that of a devil, and went in procession to the edge of the craters to exorcise them.

A legend tells how the monks of Nicaragua climbed the terrible volcano of Momotombo, in order to quiet it by their conjurations; but they never returned—the monster swallowed them up.

It is not, however, a matter of legend, that during a recent eruption of Cotopaxi, the priests made use of the occasion to provoke civil dissensions by proclaiming that the volcanic convulsions were evidences of the wrath of the Divine Power at the impiety of the government in depriving them of some of their Church rights. Extremes meet at points scarcely to be anticipated by the shrewdest philosopher.

VOLCANOES IN GENERAL.

According to Von Humboldt, the total number of volcanoes in action on the globe during the last 100 years was 225, and the number of extinct and active was 407. They can be tabulated as follows:

Regions.	Active.	Total.
Europe	4	7
Atlantic Islands	8	14
Africa	1	3
Continental Asia	15	25
Asiatic Islands	110	189
Indian Ocean	5	9
South Sea	26	40
America	56	120
Total	225	407

These figures can only be regarded as an approximation, as the actual number must largely exceed the early estimates of Von Humboldt.

The situation of volcanoes is a matter of great geological interest. A great majority of them are found within 30 degs. of the Equator, and a few are scattered over all latitudes. In America they are most numerous along the range of the Andes, upon which are found the highest volcanic peaks on the globe. Few of the volcanoes of America are near the Atlantic, but the great majority, from the southern extremity of South America to the Polar regions, are near the Pacific.

In many instances, volcanoes are on islands which they themselves have created. The composition of the gases and solid matters thrown out from volcanoes is quite variable. The industrial products are sulphur, borax, sal ammoniac, pumice, and building stones. A great variety of interesting minerals has been described as occuring in the lava and scoria of volcanoes, but it would carry us too far to attempt to describe them.

We have mentioned the leading volcanoes of ancient and modern times, and have given illustrations of some of them; thus endeavoring to afford the reader a comprehensive view of the subject.

What the Microscope Reveals.—Lewenhoeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruits. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows in a meadow.

HAIDEE.

MERRILY over the smiling surface of the South Pacific Ocean bounded the *Golden Vanity*. The iris-tinted spray curled before her bows, as her sharp prow clove asunder the sun-gilded waves, for a fresh, free breeze filled her white wings, and wafted her swiftly toward where the equatorial cestus circles earth's waist.

A taut, trim craft, with raking masts and well-cut sails, that enhanced her beauty as the flowing vail that bedecks the bride, was the *Golden Vanity;* and, as I stood upon her deck, and watched the sea-birds skimming on strong pinions around her, I felt a conscious pride in the knowledge that she was under my command. I was young to fill such an onerous position, it is true; but I had entered upon my chosen profession when quite a boy, and had consequently had much experience in matters maritime. Therefore, when my father, a wealthy shipowner of Melbourne, offered me the captaincy of the prettiest vessel in his fleet, without diffidence I assumed command of the clipper-bark above mentioned.

It was my first voyage in her, and she was bound from the land of gold to the shores of Cathay. Only two persons had taken passage with us; one was a middle-aged gentleman named Cartaret, who had business to transact in Shanghae; the other, a bright blossom from the garden of girlhood, whose mother had died in Victoria only a few months previous to our sailing, and who had been confided to my care during the journey to her father, a merchant at Tien-tsin.

Glad, indeed, was I to welcome Miss Mabel Meredith aboard my vessel, for I had been slightly acquainted with her during the lifetime of her deceased mother, and knew her to be one of the sweetest, most amiable and accomplished of her sex.

The ideas of different people vary materially in regard to woman's beauty; but it would have been absurd and preposterous for any one to gainsay Mabel's loveliness. Though only eighteen years of age, her faultless proportions were fully developed, and she bore herself with a majesty that was queenly and graceful. Her head was small, well-shaped and beautifully poised upon an arching neck of snowy whiteness; her face was a delicate oval, and her features marvelously molded. Her nose was aquiline, her forehead high; twin dimples circled in her cheeks, whose complexion was a wondrous blending of pink and white—the rosy tint which only perfect health can impart.

But though her lips, twin carnations, would have intoxicated with delight a frigid ascetic, had he sipped from them their honeyed sweets, all her facial charms seemed to sink into insignificance before the glorious radiance of her soft blue eyes. Eyes which were watchfires of love—eyes of Madonna-like holiness; sometimes sad and half vailed by their aureous lashes, at others sparkling and flashing with merriment and vivacity.

Like a cascade of molten gold rippling down an ivory stair, a wealth of silky, sheeny hair reached over her swan-like neck and fell below her dainty waist—when unbound, it was a glory; when confined, a crown. As the chime of silver bells stealing across the midnight tide was her laughter, and the melodious cadence of her voice fell on the ear like a syren's song.

Sailor-like, the men composing my crew worshiped her, and whenever she appeared on deck, even the saturnine face of old Jack Hirsus, the greatest grumbler, but best seaman aboard, beamed with smiles. From the first hour on which I had beheld Mabel, I had been fascinated by her beauty, and long before I had ever dreamed of the possibility of her taking passage in my vessel, I had indulged the hope that she would at some future day become my bride. But when I first learned from my father that the bereaved young lady was to proceed to China in the *Golden Vanity*, I registered a firm mental resolve not to take advantage of my position, as commander of the vessel and temporary custodian of the fair girl, to press my suit. It would be unfair, I reasoned, and she, considering it so, perhaps, would justly punish me by refusing to grant the joy, the solace, that acceptation of my devotion would engender within my breast. Great, however, was my temptation. My naturally susceptible temperament had been quickened by estrangement from feminine society during the greater part of my life, and Mabel seemed to me the personification of all that was good and beautiful.

Certainly, I felt myself unworthy of one so talented, one who soared above me in erudition as soars the blithe-songed skylark above the purblind mole; yet I knew that "love levels all," and I argued that if, by assiduity, I could so far exalt myself in the world as to gain her esteem, I might subsequently gain her affection and her hand.

"Captain Justice," said Mr. Saunders, the chief mate, one evening, putting his head into the saloon, where Miss Meredith and I were playing chess, "I think it would be advisable to shorten sail, sir, though there is not much wind now; but dark cloud-banks are rising all around, and the mercury in the barometer is fluctuating fearfully—jumping up and down just like a jack-in-the-box."

"Very well; take in the royals, light staysails, and fore-top-gallantsail, and tell the watch below to stand by for a call. I'll be on deck in a few moments," I replied.

"Don't let me detain you from your duty," said Mabel.

I laughed.

"You would think I was retreating to avoid impending annihilation, if I ran away at this stage of the game," I responded.

My fair opponent made two more good moves. I, two proportionately bad ones.

"I have mated you," she smilingly murmured, as she cornered my king with her queen.

"I wish you had," I said, with a sigh, as I rose from the table.

Her brilliant eyes flashed inquiringly up to mine for a second, as if seeking to ascertain whether the words had burst spontaneously from my lips, or were intended as mere vapid compliments. What she read in my telltale face I know not; but rosy blushes suffused her dimpled cheeks, and she averted her gaze as she extended her hand and bade me good-night.

We were off the coast of New Guinea, having entered Dampier's Straits two days previous, since which our vessel had made but little progress, owing to the light airs and calms prevailing. When I gained the deck I instantly detected that a severe storm was brewing, and I was well aware that when a storm bursts near the equator, it does so with terrible violence; for it seldom settles into a hard, steady gale, but consists of a series of fierce squalls, accompanied by electrical discharges and waterspouts.

I called all hands to shorten sail, and the willing seamen showed the utmost alacrity in furling the maintopgallantsail and reefing the foretopsail; but, just as they had laid out upon the maintopsail-yard, for the purpos of reducing the sail thereunto attached, a gust struck the vessel with such terrific violence that she careened until her lee gunwale was immersed, the topmast snapped short off at the cap, and the yard, laden with its living freight, fell into the now seething surges.

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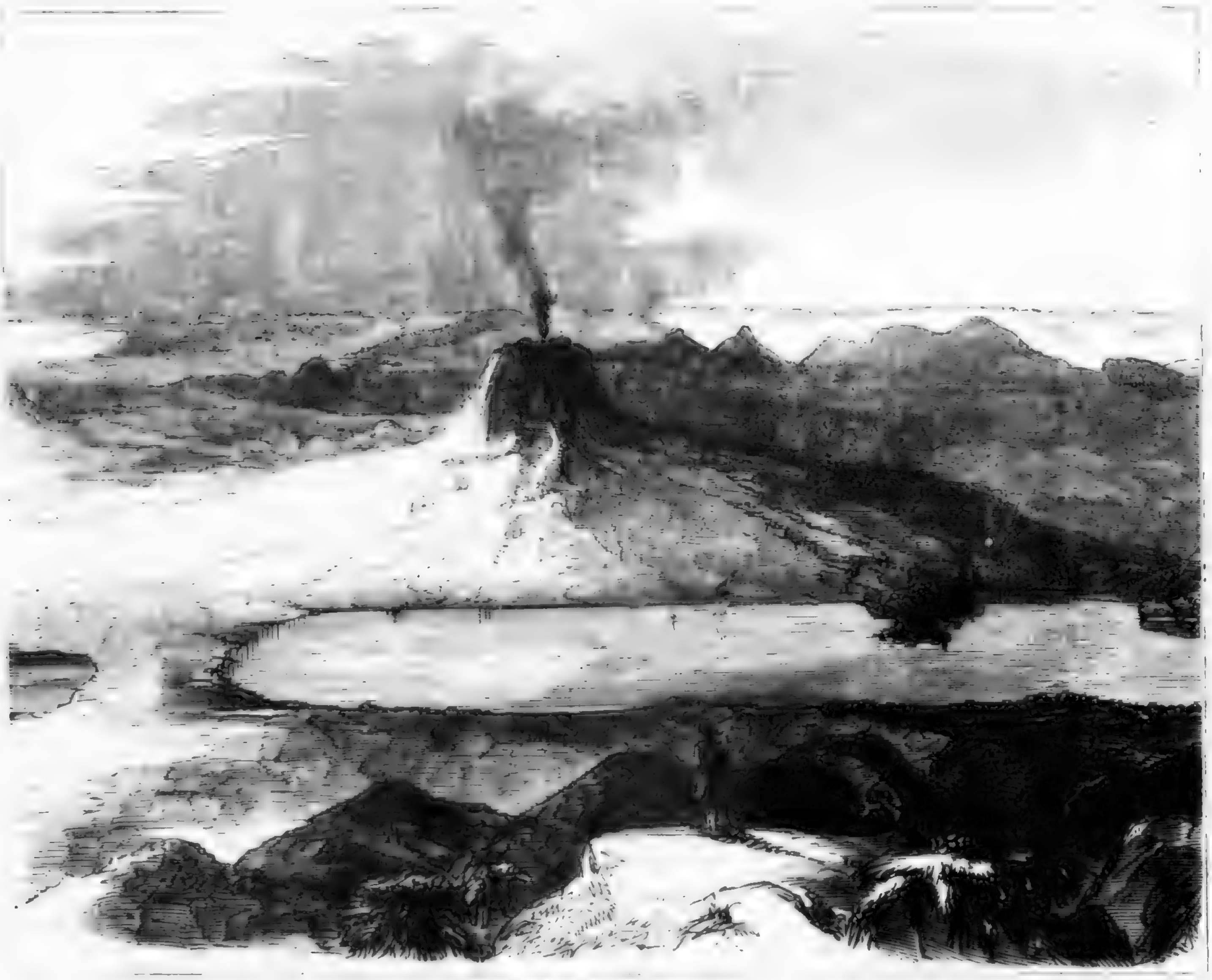
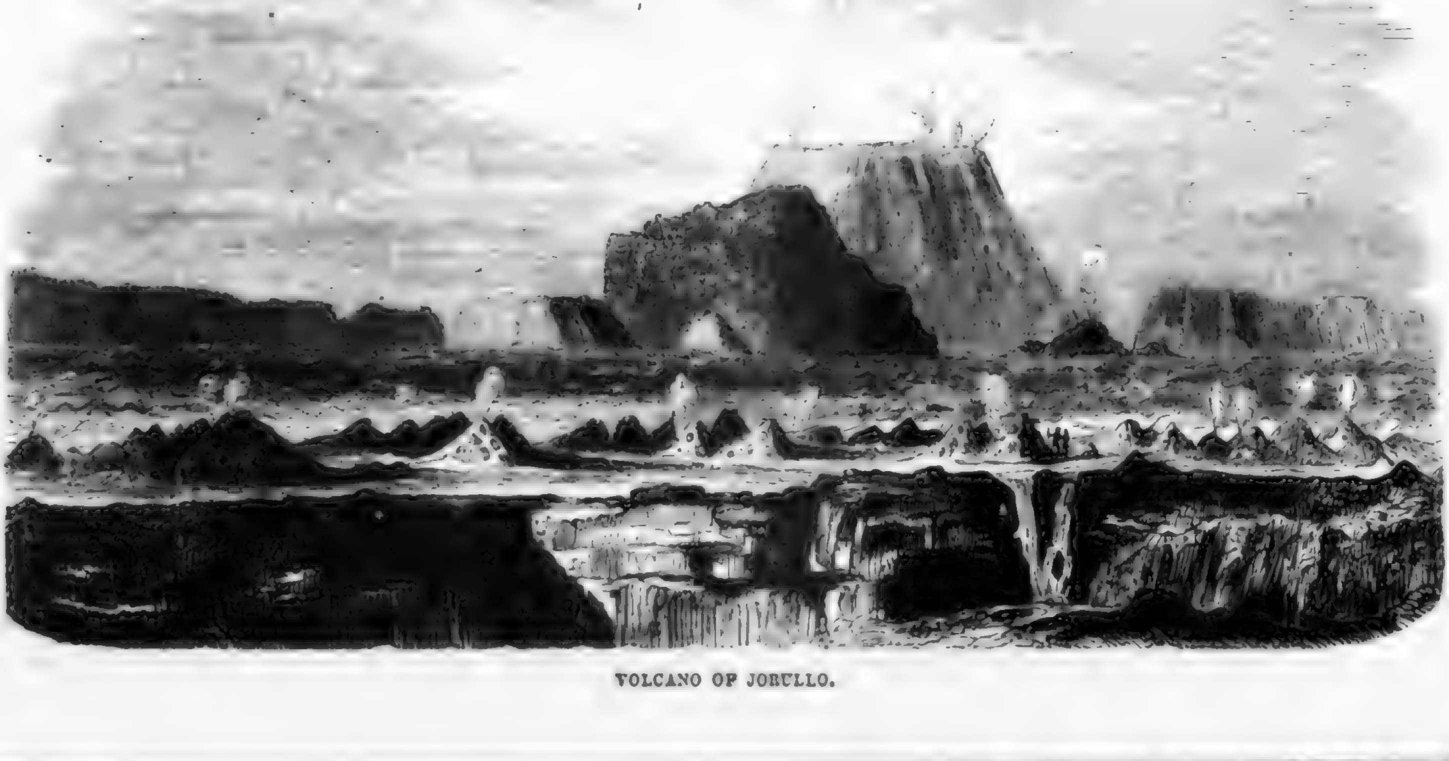
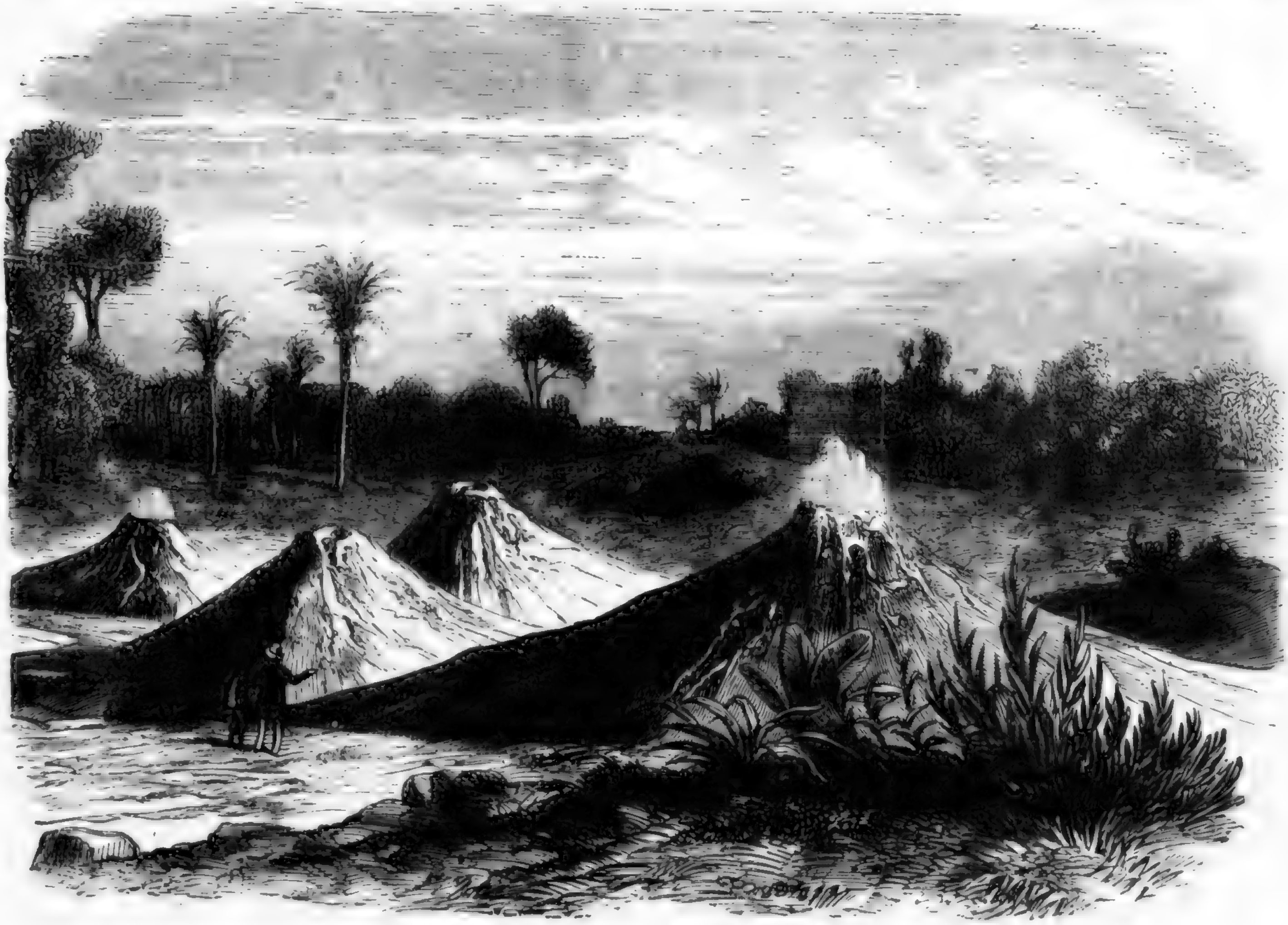


VOLCANO OF MASAYA, NICARAGUA.

Urged by the furious blast, the bark flew forward like a bird pursued, leaving ten of my gallant crew a prey to the greedy waves, that leaped and hissed around as if mocking the frailty of the pretty toy which they flung hither and thither at will, now bowing her down in the dark valleys, anon uplifting her skyward upon the foaming crest of some

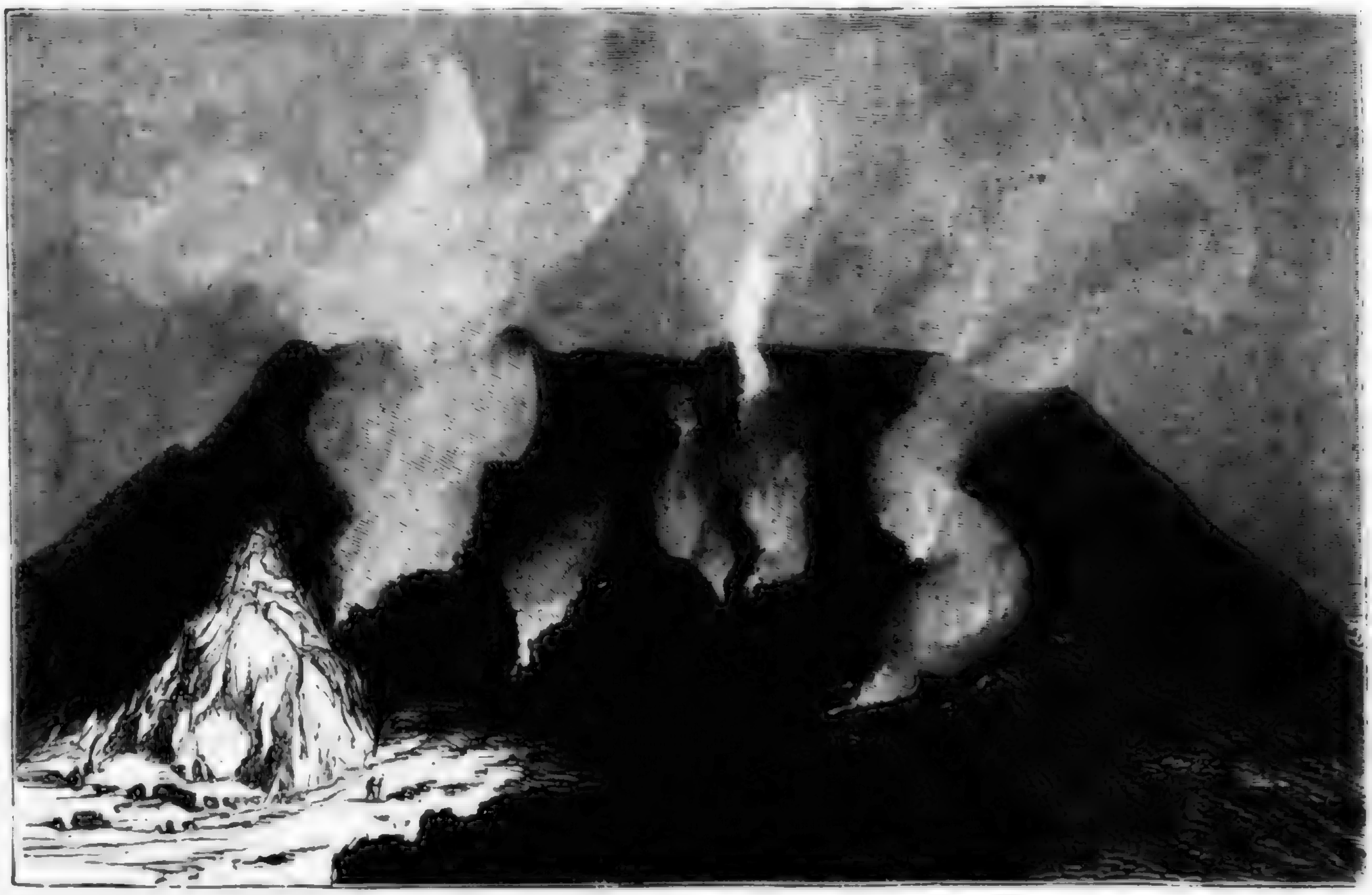


VOLCANO OF JORULLO.



MUD VOLCANOES OF TUBACO, PHILIPPINES.

giant billow stirred into anger by the whistling wind. The mainsail, though clewed up, flew into long strips that cracked like coach-whips as they streamed in the air; then came a mighty crash, the good ship reeled and staggered like a drunken man, and the foremast, with all its yards and sails, fell thundering into the sea, crushing to pieces the stout bulwark, and smiting the life from out three brave hearts, my two mates and the cook. It was a fearful scene, this warring of the elements. Rain fell in torrents; lightning, vivid and weird, flashed and played



MOUNT HECLA.

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about the dismantled hulk of my pretty bark, whose stout timbers quivered and shook, as rude waves burst against her sides, and broke in cataracts upon her deck, as if thirsting for her destruction, yearning for her annihilation. Sole remaining seaman of all that gallant crew, who an hour before had been hale and strong, but were now lifeless and cold, I stood at the helm, vainly endeavoring to keep the bark's head to the wind, so that she might be spared the violence of the waves which breached over her whenever she fell into the trough of the sea.

At length there came a lull, and the vessel righted on her keel. In the vivid glare of the electric current still playing around I saw a figure staggering along the poop toward me. Just at that moment a sea burst over the quarter, and, sweeping to leeward, carried overboard everything movable with which it came in contact. Another gust, another lull, during the latter of which I hurried into the saloon. Miss Meredith, her fair face buried in her hands, was upon her knees, supplicating mercy from Him who rules the elements.

"Captain, is that you? Thank God, you have been spared from sudden death! You have come to tell me we are sinking. No—do not give me evasive answers at this dread hour. I am a woman; but I am strong, and know how to die. Tell me truly, is there any hope?" she cried.

"Very little, I fear, Mabel. Our masts are gone, and all my brave crew with them. Where is Mr. Cartaret?"

"He went upon deck a little while ago; said he was going to seek you. Have you not seen him?"

"He, also, has gone, Mabel. You and I are the only ones whom Death has not yet claimed."

"May God have mercy upon us!"

"Amen!"

Though surrounded by perils, though the deep, hoarse tones of the angry wind and the roaring of "heaven's dread artillery" seemed to chant a funeral dirge in my ears, and warn me that my hour was near at hand, I could not resist the impulse upon me. I took Miss Meredith by the hand.

"Mabel," I said, "we may never see another sun arise. I must go on deck now; perhaps I shall share the fate of my comrades. Will you kiss me once, for I love you well?"

"My captain!"

No other word did she utter; but she twined her alabaster arms around my spray-wet neck, and convulsively pressed her coral lips to mine. Sipping their nectar, holding the dear girl to my heart, I learned that my affection was reciprocated.

"Pray for me, darling! Though parted now, we shall meet in another world."

The fairy-like girl tore herself from my embrace, and sank upon her knees as I hurried again to the deck.

It was only with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in reaching the wheel, for the bark was laboring heavily, and great green seas repeatedly breached over her. I took a turn around my waist with the fall of the mizzen-vang, to prevent my being washed overboard, and, while easing the vessel as much as possible with the rudder, anxiously awaited the arrival of dawn.

It came at last, gray, sombre and sullen; but the faint streak of light that struggled through the interstices of the angry clouds brought with it a hope of salvation—it revealed land far away on the starboard bow.

The rain had ceased; yet, at short intervals, squalls swept over the still troubled sea, that raged and tossed around as though its bosom still was filled with wrath. Suddenly a giant billow leaped aboard from aft, broke full upon me, and snapped my life-line like a thread, and carried me along the deck. I should have been swept overboard had I not been hurled with rude violence against the cabin companionway; as it was, the concussion fractured my right arm, and rendered me almost senseless. In agony, unable to move, I groaned aloud. In a few moments I felt a hand tenderly upraise my head. Mabel was bending over me, looking like an angel, as she stood in the twilight, her luxuriant tresses floating on the wind.

"Speak to me, John, I implore you!" she sobbed. "Are you much hurt?"

"Fatally, I fear, darling! But you must not remain here, or you will be swept to destruction. Kiss me, and leave me to die. If you remain below, you may yet be mercifully preserved," I murmured.

Blushing through her tears, she kissed me affectionately.

"My captain, I care not for life without you. The merciless waves shall not bear my love from me!" she cried.

Then, betraying that aptitude inherent in every woman, she caught up a rope that trailed upon the slippery deck, and firmly lashed me to a broken studdingsail boom, the spar nearest to the spot where I was lying. She dived into the cabin, and returned with a broad strip of black silk, with which she bandaged my fractured limb, and fixed it in a sling. So acute was my agony, that I felt I should faint. The fair girl noticed my condition.

"I will get you some brandy, dear John," she said, and she hurried away.

Scarcely two seconds after she descended the companion-stairs I saw a great green mountain roller towering to windward. I knew no earthly power could arrest its progress, prevent its bursting aboard the bark, and overwhelming her.

"Mabel!"

At that last awful moment of despair, my loved one's name sprang spontaneously to my lips. Another instant, and I felt dark volumes pouring over me, stifling me, beating me down; the briny surges gurgled in my throat, my brain reeled, oblivion soothed my senses.

* * * * * * *

A strange, stinging sensation in all my limbs, golden mist, yellow clouds, enshrouding me. Could this be death? Scarcely; for the shooting pains were more acute in my broken arm than elsewhere. Yet, though I had the faculty of remembering past occurrences, I seemed floating on amber clouds; the very atmosphere seemed yellow and glowing, and the golden mist was stifling.

Could it be that my soul had really left its earthly tenement, and was winging its way through the aureous empyrean to ethereal realms? Yes, it must be so; the music of the cherubim seemed to fall pleasantly upon my ears. Strange strains these heavenly lyres produce! Hearken! I still must be on earth, my life has not yet ebbed—the music is the moaning of the surges, as they ripple up the sandy strand.

With an effort, I shook off the lethargy, and opened my eyes. The sunbeams, streaming full upon me, told me whence came the golden mist. I raised my head. Before me, the sapphire sea; above me waving leaves of giant palms, and the enormous fronds of tree-ferns and cryptogamic plants. I tried to move; I could not; I was still lashed to the life-saving spar, and too weak to remove the bonds which had been the means of my preservation.

In a half-confused state, I gazed around. Ha! what is that? My heart gave a sudden bound, and I fell back exhausted, as I saw a female, clad in strange apparel, hurrying toward me.

A moment afterward I felt a soft hand laid upon my aching brow, and, on opening my eyes, beheld a beauteous girl bending over me. Though her complexion was tawny, her features were clear-cut and regular as those of a Caucasian, and her large, lustrous, dark eyes looked into mine with an expression in which wonderment and womanly sympathy were strangely blended. Her curly black hair floated unconfined on the gentle breeze that rustled the virent foliage around us into song; her dainty feet were shoeless, and her well-rounded arms were bare; but a tight-fitting jacket and petticoat, made of a sort of netted cloth, woven from the split leaves of the flax-plant (*Phormium tenax*), and confined at the waist by a cestus of tortoiseshell, hid while they half revealed the voluptuous beauty of her proportions. Pensile from her pretty ears were rings of coral, and curiously-fashioned bracelets adorned her slender wrists.

She addressed me in a soft, sweet voice; but, not understanding her language, I could merely smile in response. With the ready instinct of woman, be she savage or civilized, this dusky houri saw that I was suffering, and appreciated the cause.

Deftly her fingers removed the rope that lashed me to the spar, and, without betraying the slightest symptoms of fear, she assisted me to rise. So weak was I, however, that I staggered wildly, and should have fallen upon the sparkling sand had not the girl upheld me in her vigorous arms. Half carrying me, she advanced until we reached a grove of beautiful trees, and, on a grassy mound, shaded by the arching, pinnatified leaves of a splendid *Cycas circinalis*, she motioned me to recline. She quitted my side, but in a few moments returned with a bright bunch of bananas, the fruit of one of the many fecund trees (*Musa sapientum*) that grew in clusters close to the water's edge.

While I was eagerly devouring this luscious food, my pretty preserver nimbly climbed the straight trunk of a stately palm (*Cocos nucifera*), and soon after held to my lips a green cocoanut, the milk of which, to my parched palate, was more grateful than nectar.

When I had somewhat revived, the girl, by gesticulation, asked me many questions; the most important of which seemed to her to be whether it was probable that any of my shipmates had been cast up by the sea in like manner as myself. It was with a sad heart that I gave a negative reply to this interrogation, for I knew that my darling Mabel must have long since perished, as it was impossible for the dismantled hulk from which I had been washed to long resist the fury of the angry waves.

Then, by pantomime, this oceanic Haidee intimated that she wished to leave me for a while, and, by placing one hand upon her heart, and patting my cheek with the other, assured me of her friendliness, and her desire that I should remain where I was.

When she had disappeared from view amid the trees, I gave way to a bitter train of reflections. My darling drowned—gone to her grave amid the coral caves—could happiness ever again find place in my heart?

Afar off, I could hear the sea surging and breaking, chanting its ever monotonous requiem over the dead entombed within its bosom. Before me, the water was still and smooth, the tide ebbing slowly, plainly proving to me that I had been carried by it some distance up a creek.

Why had I been spared, and the sweet girl I loved left to perish in her purity and prime? Better far, I thought, that the great billows plashing outside the creek had dashed me on the rocks a corpse; then, at least, I should have been spared the misery which existence unshared by Mabel would necessarily create.

It was certainly a beautiful spot, this upon which the sea had cast its human jetsam, my sorrowful self. Around me grew almost every variety of tropical tree, most of which were heavy laden with the bounteous gifts of Nature. From beneath the pinnatified leaves of the *Artocarpus incisa* peeped ripe bread-fruit; cocoa-nut palms and plantains abounded; amid the beautiful blossoms of the almond-tree (*Amygdalus communis*) flitted birds of gaudy plumage and melodious song; cryptogams and amaranthaceæ filled up the spaces between the trees, around whose straight trunks coiled the flexuous, parti-colored convolvulus (*Calystegia sepium*), and many trailing shrubs and parasitical creepers. It was a terrestrial paradise; but to me it was a void, for the sunlight of my darling's presence was wanting.

In the course of half an hour, the girl who had found me upon the beach returned with about twenty natives, most of them men, tall, athletic fellows, whose good looks would have been vastly improved had they omitted to lubricate their hair and faces with oil and red-ochre. They betrayed so little astonishment at my appearance, that I became assured I was not the first white man whom they had seen, and they, by various signs, intimated that they were disposed to be friendly toward me.

Haidee, as I mentally christened my pretty preserver, was much more tastefully attired than the other females; and, as they treated her with great deference, I guessed that she was the wife or daughter of some potential person. Having discovered me, she seemed to think that she had a prescriptive right to me, and would not allow any of her sister savages to approach me; but, when she had tenderly examined my wounded arm, she spoke to the men, and they speedily improvised a litter, upon which I was placed. Five stalwart fellows bore this along at a rapid rate, and we soon arrived at a grove, in the midst of which stood several neat habitations, showing that the natives had advanced much further toward civilization than the people who infest most of the Australasian islands. I was taken into one of these dwellings, and confronted with an old, withered man, who seemed to be a chief, as my bearers paid profound obeisance to him. To me he was courteous, to Haidee jocose—he was evidently her father—and the girl embarrassed me much, for I had not forgotten Mabel, by hiding her fair head against my breast, when the old fellow made some remark that caused all the company to indulge in a hearty cachinnation.

Haidee was very attentive. With her own hands she cleansed the sand from my wounds, and bound up, in splints of bamboo, my fractured limb, after I had, with some difficulty, set it; she it was who prepared my couch, my food; she who delighted to minister to my needs. But, rather to my dismay, I perceived, in the course of a few days, that she, in her untutored way, was growing fonder of me than I desired. She seemed never tired of lavishing attention upon me, and whenever I would reward her with a smile her eyes would sparkle with animation.

To inspire feelings of love and admiration in the bosom of any fair girl, be she white as a lily or dark as night, is flattering to man's vanity, and I soon had occasion to reprove myself for allowing my thoughts sometimes to stray from my poor, dead Mabel to my pretty nurse.

In three days I was strong and well, except my arm, which, of course, required time to heal, and was able to wander at will about the fertile island. Haidee always accompanied me on my peregrinations, and in the course of a week we had both acquired a smattering of each other's vernacular.

A thorough child of nature, my companion made no secret of her love, and took every possible opportunity to show her affection for me. I had not the heart, or moral courage, to reprove her for so doing; I was deeply grateful to her for her many kindnesses, and, though neither in thought nor deed did I ever wrong her, I reprehensibly

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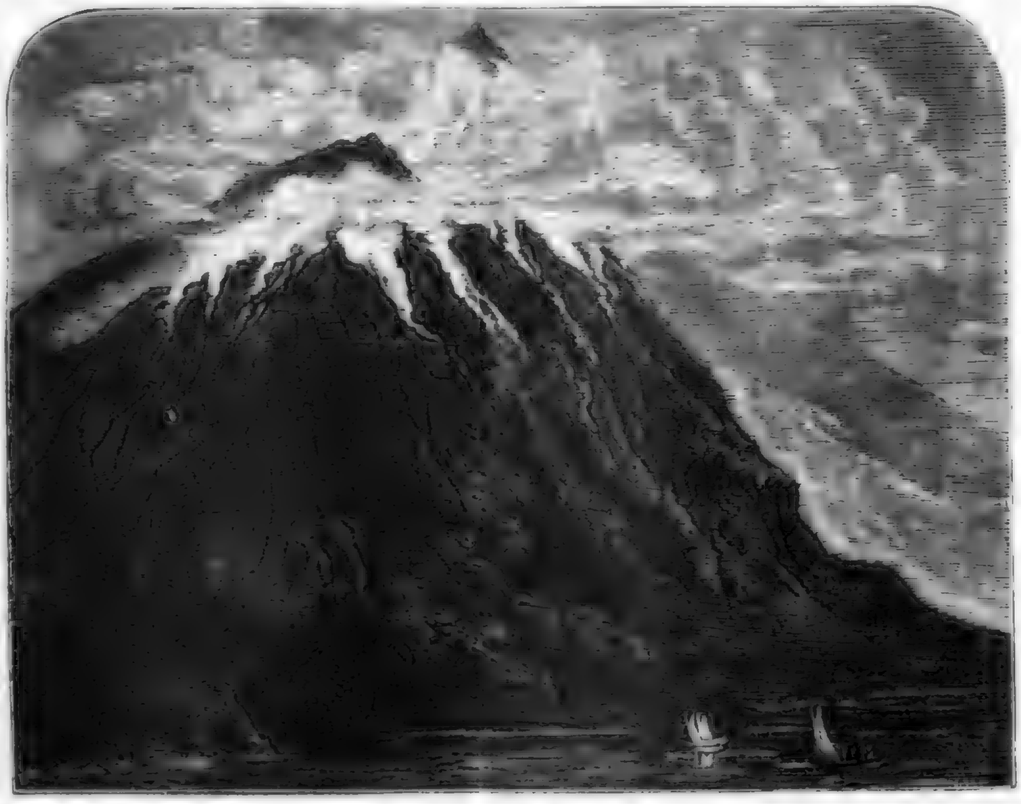
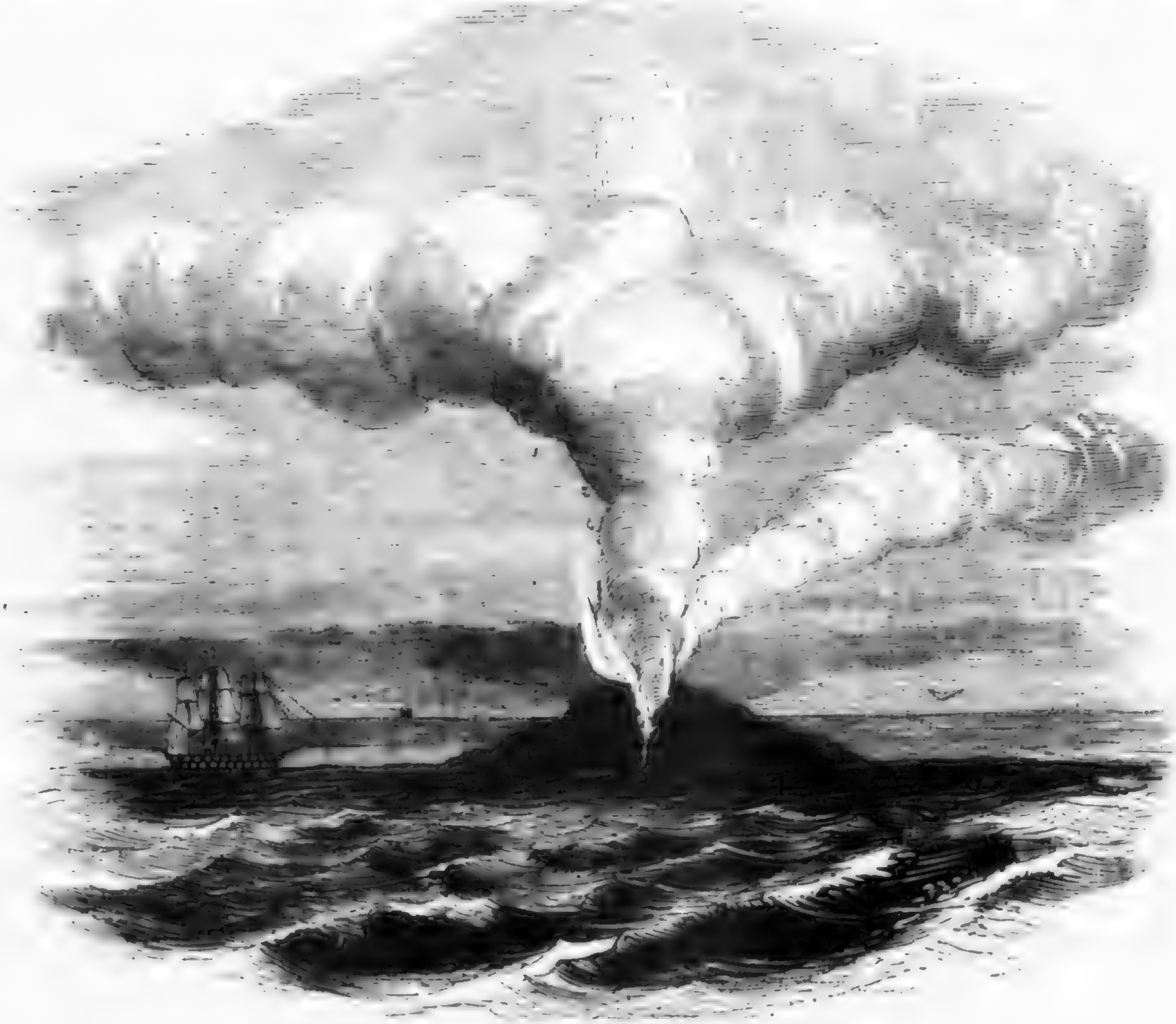
allowed her to indulge in the belief that I reciprocated her passion.

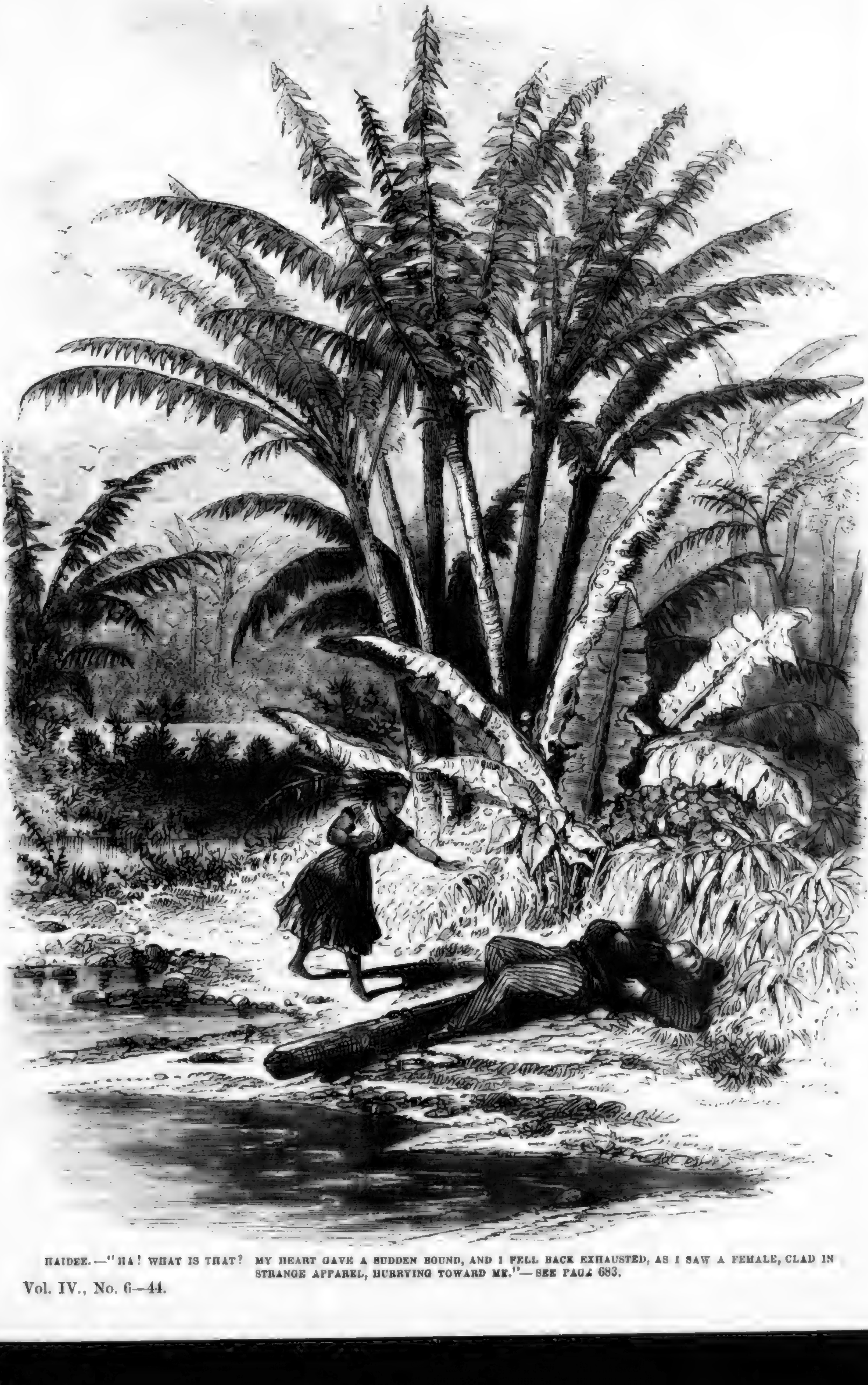


NEW VOLCANO AT CAMIGUIN ISLAND, PHILIPPINES.

One day I stole away from the village, and strolled to the highest eminence on the island, for I wished, if possible, to ascertain whether any port frequented by foreign traders existed on the coast. I saw a few villages nestling among the luxuriant foliage, which literally clothed the island; but no evidence of any harbor, for the seaboard was thickly dotted with coral reefs and islets. In descending, I missed my way, and wandered about for several hours, until I felt so tired that I lay down beneath an umbrageous palm and sank to sleep. When I awoke it was quite dark, and I began to fear I was benighted, for I knew it would be almost impossible to recover the right track in the gloom. Hearing the surf beating upon the seashore, I determined to make my way to the beach, so that I could take a fresh departure for the village at early dawn. As I was proceeding, I suddenly noticed a singular light ahead, so halted, uncertain what to do; but, hearing no sound, save the soughing of the evening breeze through the leafage, I at length advanced, and then discovered that what I had thought flame was merely the



DAMPIER'S OR VOLCANO ISLAND.



HAIDEE.—"HA! WHAT IS THAT? MY HEART GAVE A SUDDEN BOUND, AND I FELL BACK EXHAUSTED, AS I SAW A FEMALE, CLAD IN STRANGE APPAREL, HURRYING TOWARD ME."—SEE PAGE 683.

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greenish, phosphoric light emitted by the *Agaricus igneus*, a parasite which clings to the trunks of fallen and decayed trees.

With my thoughts partly occupied by musings on this phenomenon, and partly by uneasiness on Haidee's account, for I knew the girl would be distressed by my absence, I wandered on, until I was startled by the sound of voices in the distance. I listened. Imagine my astonishment when the words of that grand old melody, the "Evening Hymn," came floating toward me. Guided by the sound, I hurried onward, and soon found myself in the midst of a party of whites, who were camping for the night at the foot of a gigantic palm.

"Stand by, my lads; here come the natives!" shouted a rough-bearded man.

All sprang simultaneously to their feet, and I heard an ominous clicking of muskets.

"All right, my hearties!" I cried, "You need have no fear, even of the natives, on this island, for they are a hospitable set of jolly good fellows."

"Where did you come from, and who the deuce are you?" asked, in great astonishment, the first speaker.

Ere I could reply, a shrill, musical exclamation greeted my ears, and in an instant a pair of beautiful arms were flung around my neck.

"Oh, John, my captain, can this indeed be you? Am I dreaming, am I in heaven, or where?" cried Mabel Meredith, hysterically.

"Mabel, my own sweet love, God in His infinite mercy has spared you unto me!" I replied, as I rained kisses on the ivory brow of my betrothed.

When we had become a little more calm, I told my story, and then learned, in return, that the men around me were the crew of the *Blackheath*, a vessel that had been burned in Dampier's Straits a few days previous. They had escaped in boats, and, while making for land, had found the *Golden Vanity* derelict, as they supposed. On boarding her, for the purpose of obtaining provisions, they discovered Miss Meredith, and, as the bark was on the eve of sinking, persuaded her to accompany them, though the poor girl, thinking me dead, expressed a wish to be allowed to perish with the *Golden Vanity*.

They had landed on the island—which they informed me was Admiralty Island, in latitude one degree twenty minutes south; longitude one hundred and forty-seven degrees four minutes east of Greenwich—two days previous; but had been afraid to proceed inland, lest the natives should prove hostile.

I camped with the brave fellows that night, and the following day escorted them to the village.

The old chief and his daughter were delighted to see me safely returned, but I noticed an angry gleam in Haidee's eyes when she saw the tender glances that Mabel and I unwittingly exchanged. My affianced tried to cultivate the acquaintance of the little savage, but Haidee rudely repulsed her.

The chief and his people were as courteous and hospitable to the new-comers as they had been to me, and pressed us to remain upon the island. This some of the sailors wished to do, for they had already found favor in the eyes of the dark-skinned native beauties; but Captain Palmer agreed with me that it would be much better for us to leave when the first opportunity presented itself.

Nearly two months had elapsed since the foundering of the *Golden Vanity*, and Haidee had learned to speak English tolerably well, when she, one day, waylaid me, as I was going alone to a signal station we had erected on an eminence.

"White man, John, bad man!" she cried, passionately, stamping her little feet. "Haidee find him; Haidee love him, tink he love Haidee; white girl come, John no love Haidee, love white girl; Haidee kill white girl."

She bounded like a young roe from me, and I confess I felt very uneasy, for I did not doubt that she would attempt to accomplish her diabolical design. I took early opportunity to warn Mabel to be on her guard, and we had a little lovers' quarrel in consequence; for, of course, my *fiancée* declared that I must have been making desperate love to Haidee before her arrival, and my utmost persuasive powers were impotent to dispel the illusion.

Suddenly Haidee changed in manner toward Mabel, became quite affectionate, and seemingly had forgiven her interfering with her *affaires de cœur*.

They soon became such good friends as to be almost inseparable companions, and wherever the Western lily went, the Pacific pansy was sure to follow.

One day I was standing near the flagstaff, gazing intently seaward, for I fancied I could descry a sail, when I was startled by a piercing shriek, and on turning to ascertain from whence it proceeded, I saw, to my intense horror and dismay, Mabel and Haidee struggling together on the verge of a precipice. The jealous savage was trying to hurl her rival over the dizzy steep, to death upon the cruel rocks below!

It was pitiable to hear the plaintive cries poor Mabel uttered—cries that told me only too plainly that she felt how inferior was her own strength to that of her dusky foe, and that she knew, unless succor quickly came, her hour had arrived.

With wild, mad bounds, leaping from crag to crag, and across wide chasms, like a hunted chamois, I endeavored to reach the scene of strife in time to save the life of my cherished love; but ere I could gain the grassy plain upon which the two girls were striving for mastery, I saw my betrothed launched headlong over the cliff!

Haidee fled like a frightened fawn when she saw me advancing at terrific speed, and a shrill peal of derisive laughter broke from her lips and rang in my ears as she disappeared in the leafy labyrinth.

I gained the brink of the precipice, but for some few seconds dared not look down, fearing to see the crushed, mangled and lifeless body of my betrothed upon the jagged boulders far below.

Hark! Surely that was her voice!

I laid down, and crawled forward until my head overhung the cliff.

To my surprise and joy, I saw that my loved one's garments had caught in a stunted shrub that grew horizontally out of a crevasse several yards below the edge.

"Courage, darling; do not struggle!" I cried, mentally supplementing my words with a prayer to Heaven to strengthen the tree, so that it might sustain the weight of the fair flower it bore.

Quick as thought, I pulled off my shirt and tore it into strips, which I twisted and knotted so as to form a short, stout rope. Again I leaned over the cliff.

"Mabel, sweet one!"

The brave girl uplifted her bonny blue eyes, and smiled through all her pain and peril. I dropped the rope; she caught it, and instantly divining my reason, lashed herself securely to the stoutest limb the pliant tree presented.

As upon wings, I flew down to the village, and hastily summoned the seamen to assist me to rescue the suspended girl. Four of the willing fellows rushed to her relief, bearing with them a strong rope. Panting with exertion, I reached the scene of the struggle just in time to receive my darling, who fell fainting in my arms directly she was hauled upon the sward.

"Sail, ho! She sees our signal, sir, and is bearing down!" cried joyously a jovial tar who had been gazing seaward.

In the commotion that reigned when we saw that the strange vessel was really standing in for the land, Mabel's late peril was forgotten, and when she revived, she begged me not to mention the story of the struggle on the cliff.

During the afternoon, a boat came ashore from the brig *Anastasia*, and when the captain of that craft heard our story, he readily consented to carry us all to Singapore. The natives mustered in great force upon the beach to bid us farewell, and tears of gratitude stood in my eyes as I wrung the old chief's hand. His daughter was nowhere visible, and I was not surprised at her absence; but just as we were about to embark, there was a movement in the crowd, the throng parted, and Haidee rushed forward and threw herself at the feet of Miss Meredith.

My Mabel raised her tenderly, and pressed her to her heart.

"Poor Haidee!" she said, kindly; "I know how severe a blow it is to be severed for ever from one we love."

"Haidee wicked, white girl good," sobbed the poor little savage, as she mingled her tears with those of my darling.

"Kiss her, John; she deserves that symbol of affection from you."

I obeyed my betrothed; but the overcharged current of the unhappy Haidee's grief burst its banks and overpowered her. The old chief lifted his daughter tenderly, and bore her off, as a wild, ringing cheer bade us God-speed on our way.

Mabel never continued her journey to China. I married her in Singapore, and she returned with me to Australia. Long years of supreme happiness have flitted by on the wings of love since then, and neither my cherished wife nor I have ever had cause to regret that we linked our lives; though, even to this day, my darling clings to the idea that, if she had not been miraculously preserved, I should have married Haidee.

Of the 3,800 islands which make up the Japanese Empire, only about half a dozen merit recognition, either as single islands or groups; and while some tracts, in heat and vegetation, belong to the tropics, others, far to the north, have a climate resembling that of Poland or Norway. At one place we are told of a rainy season lasting for three or four months, enervating and disagreeable, without being deadly or unhealthy; and at another we hear of a sky so pure and an atmosphere so bracing that even the best months of the Indian cold season would suffer by comparison. The general healthiness of the climate is partly due to the monsoons that sweep the Japanese seas and purify a country which is never at any place more than 130 French leagues in breadth, though it extends from north to south for more than 2,000 miles; but it must not be imagined that these islands enjoy complete immunity from the visitations of Nature. Violent earthquakes are common. Though Fusiyama has not spoken since 1708, other volcanoes are still in pestilential activity; terrible cyclones burst on the coasts; the tidal waves sweep along creeks and bays and overwhelm whole villages; while populous towns, apparently built of wood, string and pasteboard, are consumed annually by fire, entailing an enormous sacrifice of property and occasional loss of life.

There is more virtue in obscurity than is commonly supposed; and perhaps there have been nobler specimens of magnanimity in low life than even the pages of history can boast.

AMONG THE COCOANUTS.

A JAUNT THROUGH THE ISLAND OF ST. ANDREWS.*

By Alfred Trumble.

It was late on a sultry August afternoon, when my solitary lounge along the wharves brought me to a pier where a couple of men were loading the last of a cargo of cocoanuts from a trim, jaunty schooner, gay with fresh paint and newly-scraped spars, into a cart.

The air of the Summer afternoon was heavy with the scent of pineapples and oranges, and the south wind, blowing so faintly that it scarcely stirred the sail of the water-boat, from which the schooner's tanks were being pumped full, seemed laden, too, with tropical odors.

Light as the breeze was, it blew all vestige of the noise and bustle of the busy waterside from me in an instant. Like a flash a hundred dormant memories of wanderings under the Southern Cross woke to life again. The streets with their passing throngs, the docks with their shipping, faded to a day-dream of sunny seas and whispering palms and lazy breakers, in which the pelicans fished, and whose low music had so often sung me to sleep in lonely ranches and by solitary camp-fires in the old, happy, idle, vagabond days.

"By Jove! I would like to take a run to the southward again," I said, as I fancied, to myself.

"You would?" said a hearty voice behind me, and a vigorous slap on the back roused me from my reverie. "Then you're just the man for me."

Such was my introduction to Captain Robert B. Wilber; such was the inception of my jaunt among the palm groves of St. Andrews.

Over a jorum of good rum and through the smoke of a cigar, the compact was entered into which made the jolly captain and myself companions for many a pleasant day; and a week later we were skimming the Summer sea with broad-spread canvas, enjoying in its fullest development the *dolce far niente* of an idle life on shipboard.

Vessels trading with St. Andrews for cocoanuts carry but little cargo to the island, most of the necessities of the inhabitants in the matter of foreign manufactures being provided by a Central American trading house which has a store there. The fruiters, however, usually have full ladings for Jamaica, and the *Ocean Pearl* was no exception to the rule.

A week in that natural oven, Kingston, was therefore entailed upon us. This period of penance happily over, we joyfully ran down the harbor past Port Royal, with its trim houses, like sentries on guard over the quiet anchorage, and its little water battery under the row of palms on the sandy point; under the stern of the great hulk of a receiving ship, from whose quarter gallery, now transformed into a perfect bower of climbing plants and flowers, a young mother teaches her little one to wave us an adieu, and so through the intricate channel out to sea.

How bluff and thoroughly English the old, dismantled three-decker (she is called the *Redoubtable*, and looks the title), with her bluff bows and portly hull, looks by comparison with that black, low-browed craft anchored just outside the reef. One could tell, even without the evidence of

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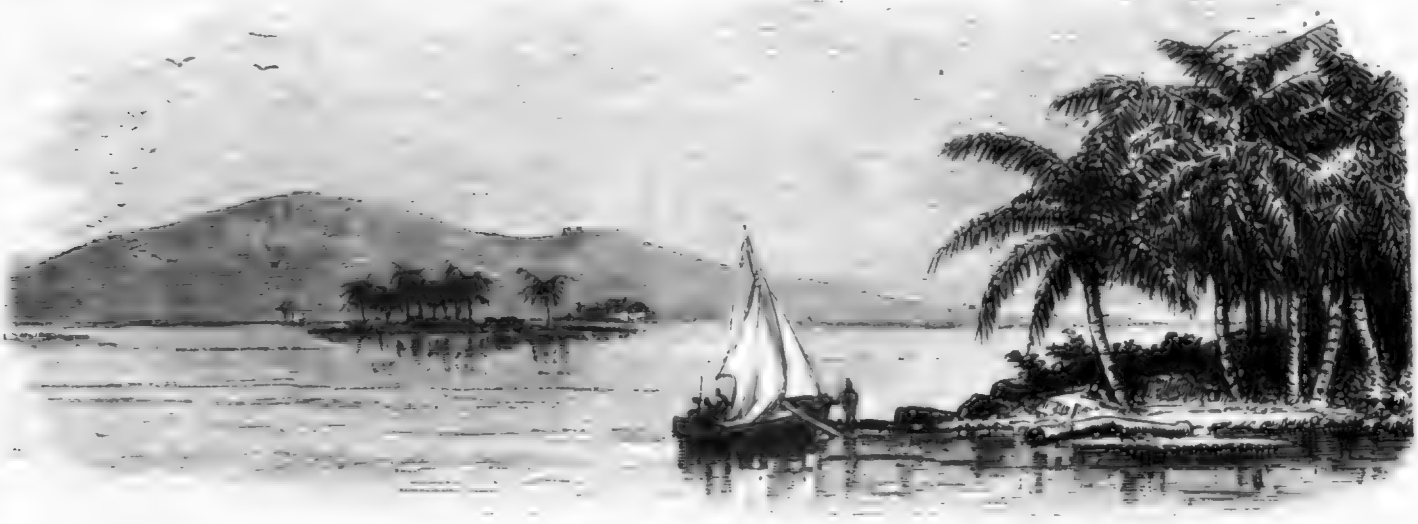
* The Island of St. Andrews is three days' sail from Kingston, Jamaica, and almost directly in the route from that place to Aspinwall, Cartagena, etc. It is the greatest cocoanut-producing island in the Caribbean, and from it almost all American fruit merchants, *en gros*, draw the greater part of their supplies of fruit.

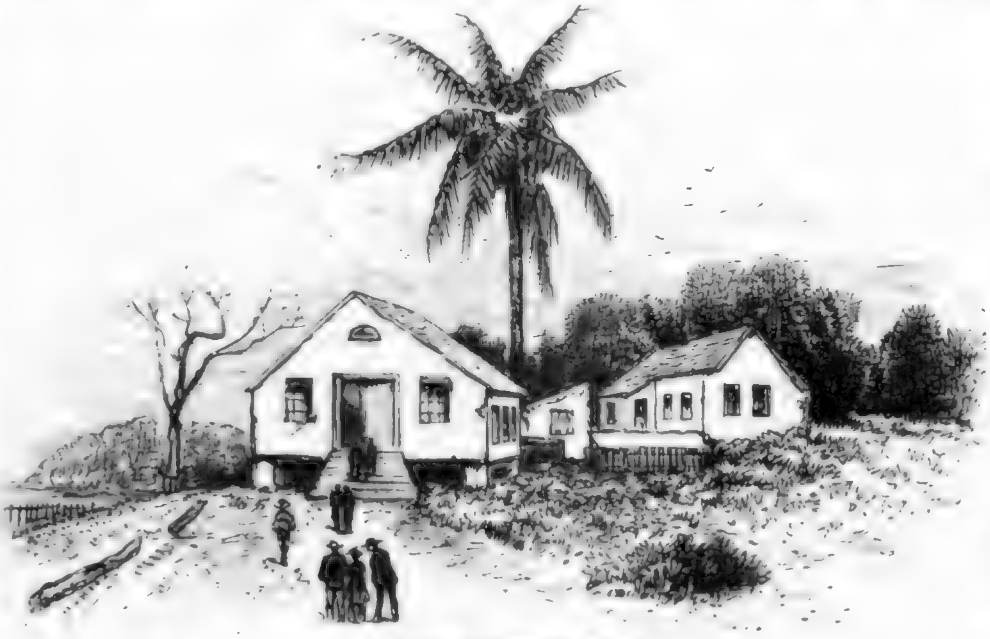
XUM



VIEW OF ST. ANDREWS.

that drooping, red-yellow-and-red flag at her spanker gaff, that she was a Spaniard; for there is the sombre, evil look about her lean shape that belongs to, and is thoroughly characteristic of, the typical Iberian.

She is smoking, too, for from her funnel a thin stream of blue vapor, like that of a cigarette, rises slowly and spreads lazily on the dull breeze. Her ports are down, and in one of them, where an armorer is driving a bolt into a gun carriage, with the musical chime of his hammer-strokes echoing over the quiet water like the clear notes of a far-away bell, a port-fire is gleaming redly. One can look clear across her gun deck, and out through the ports on the other side.

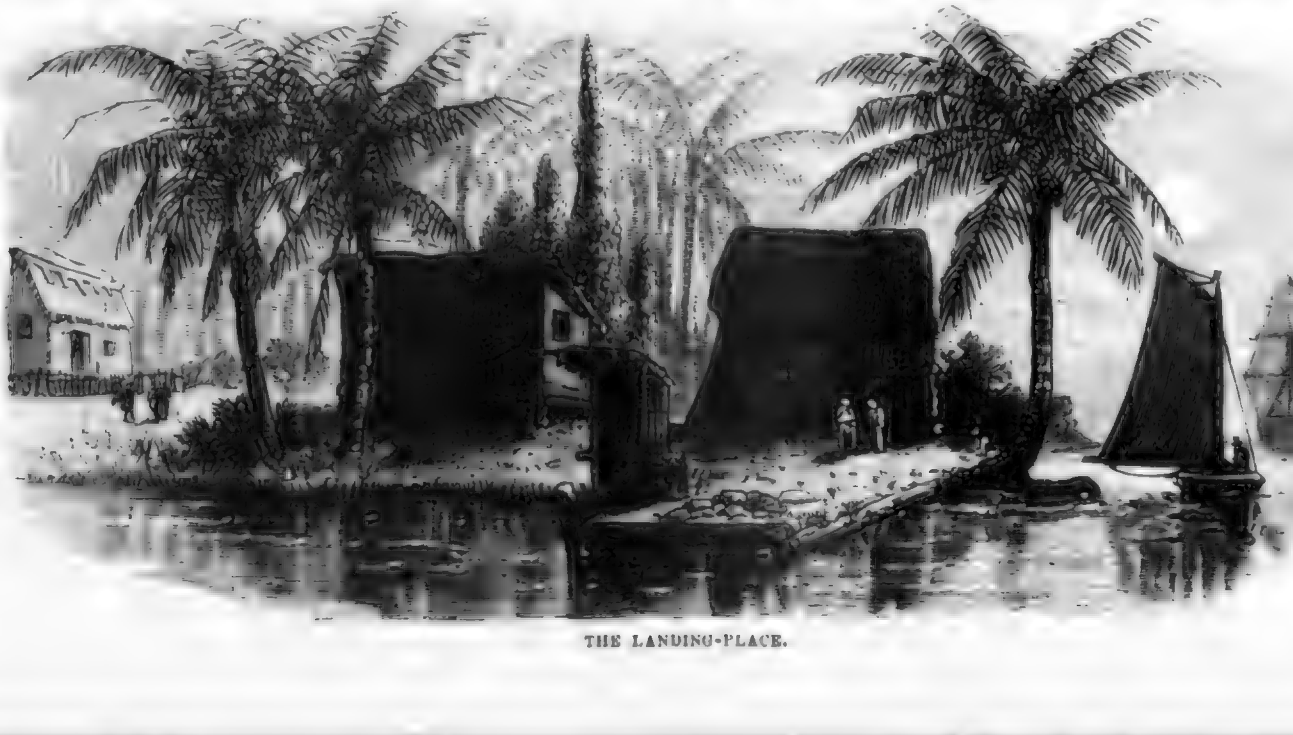


CHURCH AND MINISTER'S HOUSE.

This is the *Tornado*, historical from the share she bore in the capture of the ill-starred *Virginius*, and she is watching for another reputed Cuban craft, which she chased from Port Morant fairly into the shelter of the guns of Port Royal a week ago.

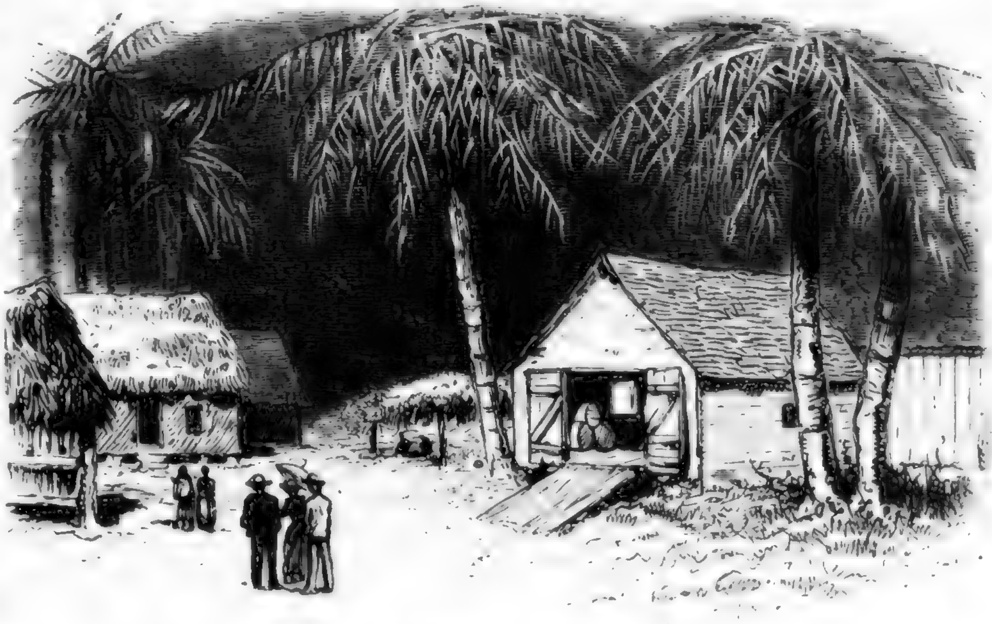
The Iberian sea-serpent does not show its fangs at us, however, and we soon drop her, and then Jamaica itself, into a dream of blue vapor on the gleaming sky.

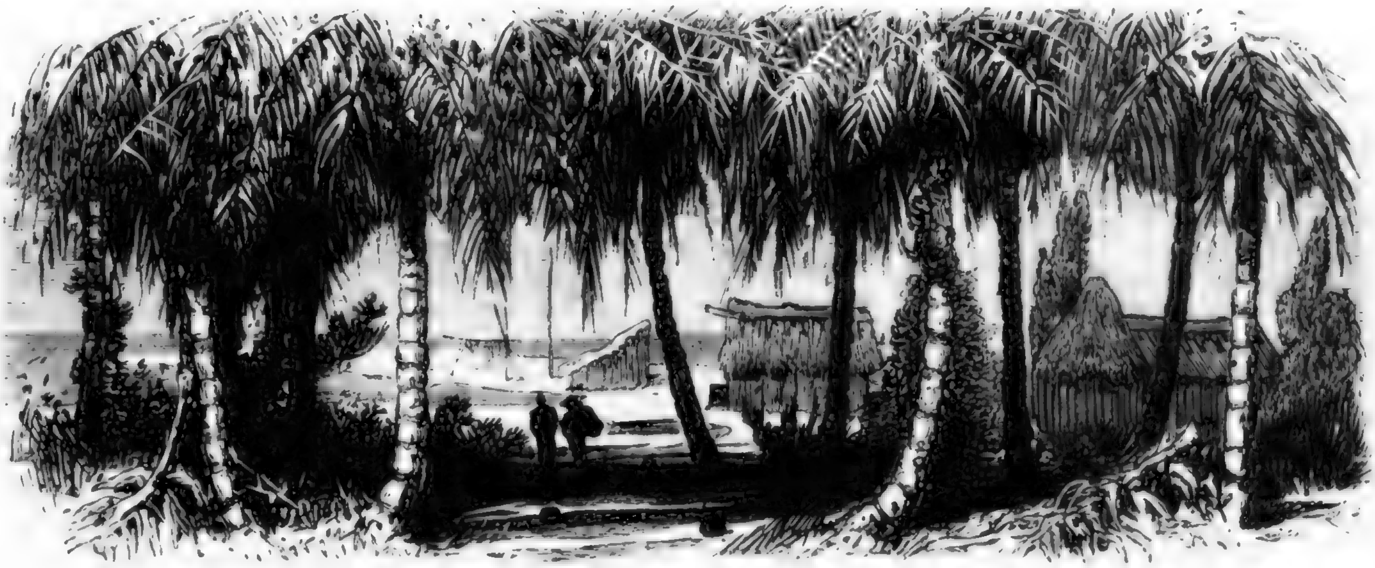
The sea darkens from gray to purple, and the same sombre shadow creeps across the sky, save where, in the west, splotches of crimson lace it, as if there were war in heaven, and the blood of the contending hosts was streaming down.



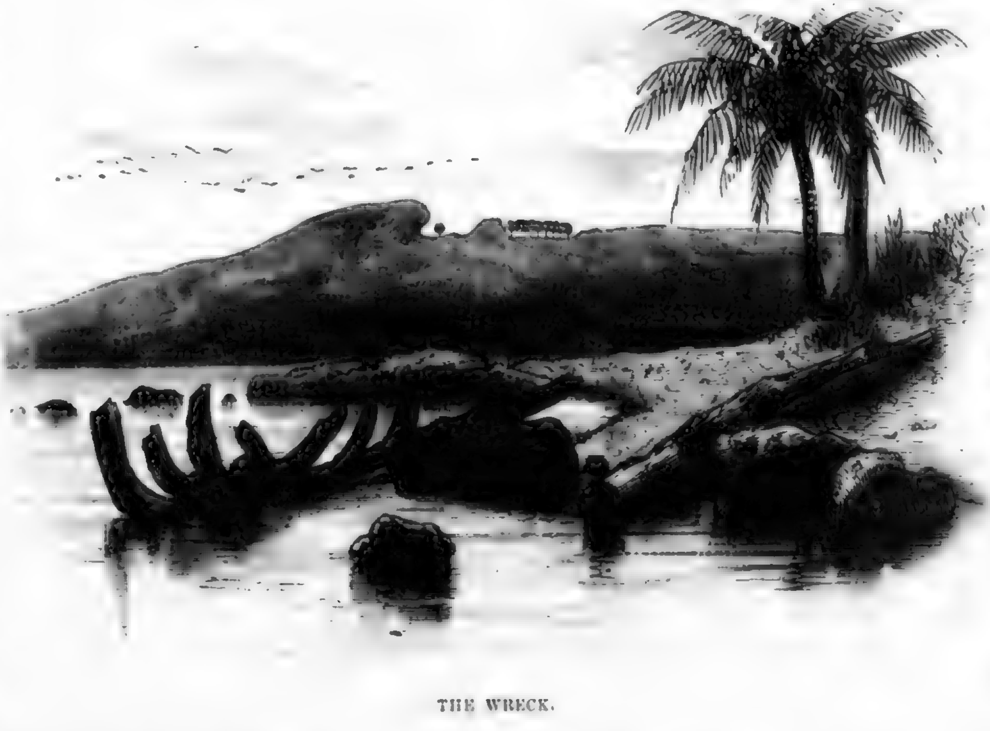
THE LANDING-PLACE.

Then the stars come out, wide-eyed and bright. The sea turns to fire, each rising swell tipped with flame, and the wake of the schooner, plowing on before the freshening breeze, is a long gleam of unearthly light. The chill, damp wind whistles up the full sail with a low sough, and moans through the taut cordage, rattling a loose block here and there, and bringing with it the indescribable, watery murmur of the restless waves.


ST. ANDREWS.—THE STORE.


THE END OF THE ROAD.

What lullaby could man want more? What fitter preparative for the fairy land to which we are going? Spend two such nights with me, dear reader, rolled snugly in a blanket, with the staunch ship for a cradle and the billows for a nurse, and answer me then.


THE WRECK.

* * *

"So that is St. Andrews?"

"That is St. Andrews," returned Captain Wilber. "Here, take the wheel, Smith. Jim, get the colors out. These nigger pilots won't budge till they're signaled."

Morning was just breaking over the gray expanse of the Caribbean. A crescent moon and one or two pale stars were fast becoming indistinguishable in the rapidly brightening sky, cloudless save for a few light vapors resting over that dim shape to leeward of us which represented, even according to the least glowing descriptions we had had of it, so much of tropical beauty. A few gulls and boobies wheeled about our vessel, which, rising and falling on the ground-swell, almost dead becalmed,—for daybreak in the tropics is usually accompanied by an hour or two of almost utter absence of wind—lay just outside the reef waiting for a pilot.

That worthy put in an appearance—in all the dignity peculiar to his craft—long after the sun had risen to dissipate the mists which hid the coy face of the beautiful land before us, and fanned forward by the lightest of light breezes, we crept in through the intricate channel, where, looking through the clear water, one could see great jagged rocks covered with brown moss, lying on the beds of clear white coral sand, or amid forests of weird sea-weed, "fathoms deep," the pilot said, although they seemed startlingly close to the vessel's side.

The island looked like a great fernery. Palms! palms everywhere, waving their feathery foliage in the breeze or resting without motion under the lee of the low hills. Glistening foliage, dazzling light. From the ripple of the wavelets in the harbor to the flaunting of that tall palm on the bare summit of yonder hill—a landmark for the pilots, by-the-by—light and life everywhere.

We were fully half a day creeping in from the reef to our anchorage; yet one never noticed the lapse of time. Every few moments opened up a new object of beauty. Now it was a fisherman's hut, thatched with palm branches, dried to the color of rich gold, his one or two canoes drawn up on the beach in front of it, his nets spread out to dry on the frames, the blue smoke of the fire rising like a vail over the sylvan background. Again, a little cove, where a canoe with rough, ungainly spars and ragged sail lay idly in submission to the will of its owner, preparing to visit his nets cast the night before.

The harbor is dotted here and there with little "keys," where the coral formation, having reached the surface, has, in the course of years, become covered with cocoanut palms, between whose stems a coarse growth of brush and grass and running vines has sprung up. This covert gives shelter to numbers of wild hogs, probably the descendants of some tame animals transported there by the islanders.

There are keys other than these; mere strips of white coral rock and sand, quite bare, save for piles of drift, the relics of departed vessels, which the strong northeast trade-wind has stranded on the reefs, forming the barrier of the harbor, the sea breaking on them constantly. There is, still, a sparse growth of coarse grass springing up on these barren spots, and in the course of a few years—for vegetation makes rapid progress under the sun of the tropics—they will, no doubt, contribute toward making the harbor what it will most certainly eventually be—a perfect land-locked bay.

Whatever may be their future, these places are dreary enough to day, and one can very easily picture the misery of one old man, now a resident of the island, who, many years ago, being wrecked with a Belize trading boat, had, clinging to a spar, been borne from the Quinto Sueno Bank, one hundred miles away, to St. Andrews, and stranded on one of the very spots in question, whence his signal for assistance had been observed by some of the people ashore, who rescued him, more dead than alive.

The fishermen occasionally organize expeditions to these keys, during the season, for the purpose of capturing the seals which, at that time are quite plentiful there. At other periods they are left in undisputed possession of the boobies which, for the lack of better resting-places, make their nests amid the drift.

The water in the anchorage, which, in consequence of the shoals, is situated some three-quarters of a mile from shore, is, even in the worst of weather, not disturbed beyond a ripple. This admirable feature of the harbor of St. Andrews has made it famous among seafaring men as a spot in which to seek refuge in stress of weather; and many an old sea-rover has put in here under jury-masts to make such repairs as were necessary to fit her out for sea again.

Long before we came to an anchor the schooner was surrounded by a swarm of canoes, of all shapes and sizes, every individual one with a sail so ragged and rotten that it was a matter of astonishment for one to conceive how they held together. Their owners invaded our decks, all most eager after the latest news—as regarded the cocoanut trade.

The march of time might disturb nations, dynasties rise and fall amid the thunder of artillery or the horrors of civil war, but as long as cocoanuts sell for twenty-five dollars a thousand, St. Andrews rests contented. Body and soul, for the length of their natural lives, these people exist but for one thing—the cocoanut crop. St. Andrews is the first cocoanut-producing island of the Caribbean.

The nearest approach to a settlement on the island is situated opposite the anchorage, where some half a dozen single-storied frame houses have risen around the store. This store is a low building of rough boards, but with a shingle roof (a remarkable feature in a place where a thatch of palm branches is the rule), and abutting on the rear of it a low shed in which, at the time of our visit, some 200,000 nuts were stored, awaiting the arrival of a steamer from New Orleans, for which market they were destined. This store, under the management of Mr. Uncles, a gentleman to whose unvarying and obliging kindness I owe almost all of the comforts I enjoyed ashore during my stay on the island, is run in the interest of Minor C. Keith, Esq., of Port Limon, Costa Rica. Here one may obtain anything, from a paper of pins to a barrel of whisky, of which latter article Mr. Uncles, as he informs me, disposes of a considerable quantity. Cocoanuts form the chief currency.

St. Andrews was originally a stronghold of one of the numerous bands of Knights of the Black Flag who infested these seas, and evidences of their possession are still extant in the almost shapeless ruins of some old defensive structures. These can never have been very necessary for the safety of the buccaneers, however. Their security lay in the intricacy of the narrow channel leading into the harbor, and so well did *it* perform its duty that they were enabled to hold their island in peace long after the fate of their compeers in the neighboring harbors of refuge had warned them from their own evil courses and transformed the savage spirits who had rioted in the sack of many an unfortunate Central American town into the peaceful tillers of the soil, whose descendants still occupy the narrow land of their forefathers.

These number not *more* than 2,000, without exception people of color, and have in the course of years, thanks to the productiveness of their cocoanut walks, become, beyond a doubt, the wealthiest community among the smaller islands of the Caribbean. With no opportunity of dissipating the gains they draw from their natural, unfailing source of revenue, they have kept adding to their accumulation year by year, until the island is literally a mine of coined gold; for, with a fashion inherited from their piratical great grandfathers, they bury the silver dollars and golden eagles which the Yankee captains disgorge in return for their cargoes of fruit; each man's treasure house, as represented by an iron kettle, being in a convenient corner of his cabin, usually about a foot or more under ground.

The island is at present nominally under the Columbian flag, although practically its manners are more English than Spanish. The natives use no language save English, and the only jurisdiction—and that never touching any but very petty affairs—that I found exercised in the place was by a native of an English island, the Baptist minister.

There were only four horses on the entire island, I was told by Mr. Uncles, and further inquiry elicited the fact that but one of these could be obtained for a jaunt through the cocoanut groves.

Mr. Uncles accommodated me with a saddle. The owner of the horse, an old negro, in a check shirt and dungaree trowsers, barefooted, and with a ragged handkerchief twisted around his head, accompanied me—to see fair play for the horse, I presume. I ought to have had some friend to do the like for me, for what with a most distressing cough, and an altogether capricious way of breaking into a hard trot just when I began a sketch, and stopping to nibble the grass by the path when I was anxious to proceed, the brute almost worried the life out of me. The trifling circumstance of his backing me into a clump of prickly pears only deserves mention as proving the impenetrability of the skin of that particular breed of animals.

The road, or rather path, for it was nothing more, led us through a succession of the most delightful woodland pictures. Only one fact was noticeable—the utter absence of those cheerful little songsters never missing from our own forests. There is a proverb current, I believe, to the effect that in the tropics the flowers are scentless and the birds mute. In St. Andrews there seem to be no birds at all.

Some two miles from the shore, at the top of the barren hill, we came on a great white building, and beside it a neat little cottage, between which grew the same tall palm I had noticed from the harbor. The larger house was the church (Baptist), and the other the residence of the minister, Mr. Shepherd, who, in addition to his pastoral duties, acted as judge, law-maker, and American and English consul; all of this in consideration of his being the only white man, except Mr. Uncles, who is regarded as a visitor, it seems, on the island. I was hospitably entertained by the good gentleman, whom I surprised at dinner *en famille*.

After the meal we walked through his cane and potato-fields, and inspected a young plantation of cotton of very good quality, of which he seemed decidedly proud. This cotton was raised from seed distributed during the period of our civil war by the English Government in an attempt which, as far as the West Indies are concerned, was not successful, to find in her own colonies a substitute for the blockaded specialty of the Southern States. A visit to the interior of the church, which was as bare and monotonous as the exterior, and a glass of native rum, which was very good, and I bade good-by to my entertainer and took the road again.

The termination of the path at a group of fishermen's huts, some five miles further on, formed the limit of the day's journey. The fishermen were all out at sea, but the women and children did full justice to their prerogative of staring at a stranger; expressing their opinions of me with a freedom that was embarrassing, to say the least.

My keeper lingered behind here, and I was really in hope, as I turned down the beach, that he had deserted me, but he turned up again before I had half a mile the start of him, with an enormous living lobster in each hand, and his handkerchief full of great hard-shelled prawns, slung over his arm.

At one spot, where a point of coral rock extended, bare and brown, far out into the sea, we came upon the timbers of a great ship, wrecked here during the period of emigration to California.

The vessel, an old whaler, such as only too often was pressed into the transit service during the wild excitement of those days, was on her way to Greytown. It was in early June, at the end of the hurricane season, and she met her doom in the resistless fury of a storm which leveled every house on the island on whose coast her broken timbers rest. One who experienced the storm informed me that for three days it was impossible for any one to leave the shelter of a little valley, in which all who had been able to fly had taken refuge.

When they did explore the ruin they found the carcass of the unfortunate vessel high and dry, and the shore covered with bodies and the *débris* of the wreck. More than a hundred corpses were buried by the awe-struck natives, and to this day and for all time the story of the wrecked ship will remain a dismal fireside legend for these simple folk.

The graves, two long trenches, were pointed out to me in a grove of tamarind-trees, near the minister's house. There, amid the bright foliage, where the sun shines through the tree-tops with a tempered glow, the two long mounds are fast losing the contour which will very shortly no longer mark the spot where so much of aspiration and of hope, so many dreams of the treasures of the land of gold, lie in unfulfilled promise awaiting the Judgment Day.

With the exception of one or two small trading-boats this is the only wreck of which the island can boast; a fact which the owner of my Rosinante seemed rather to regret; for, from his comments on the scene, I have been led to infer that he regarded an occurrence of this kind as conferring an enviable distinction on the place, and I have no doubt that he would have considered my dead body as part and parcel of a stranded wreck with much more of respect than he did my living self.

The murmur of children's voices from an old tumble-down house on the shore led me to inquire the nature of the place.

The answer came from the schoolmaster himself, who, barefooted, but with a very clean, coarse hickory shirt and brown canvas trowsers, had been attracted to the door by the unwonted spectacle of a stranger on horseback. The children all crowded behind him, staring at me with eager eyes.

The poor schoolmaster was a negro, very gentle in his manner, and with a peculiar American accent, which I understood when he informed me that he was a native of New Providence. He had been sent to St. Andrews by the Society for the Improvement of West Indian Blacks, which has its headquarters in Kingston, Jamaica.

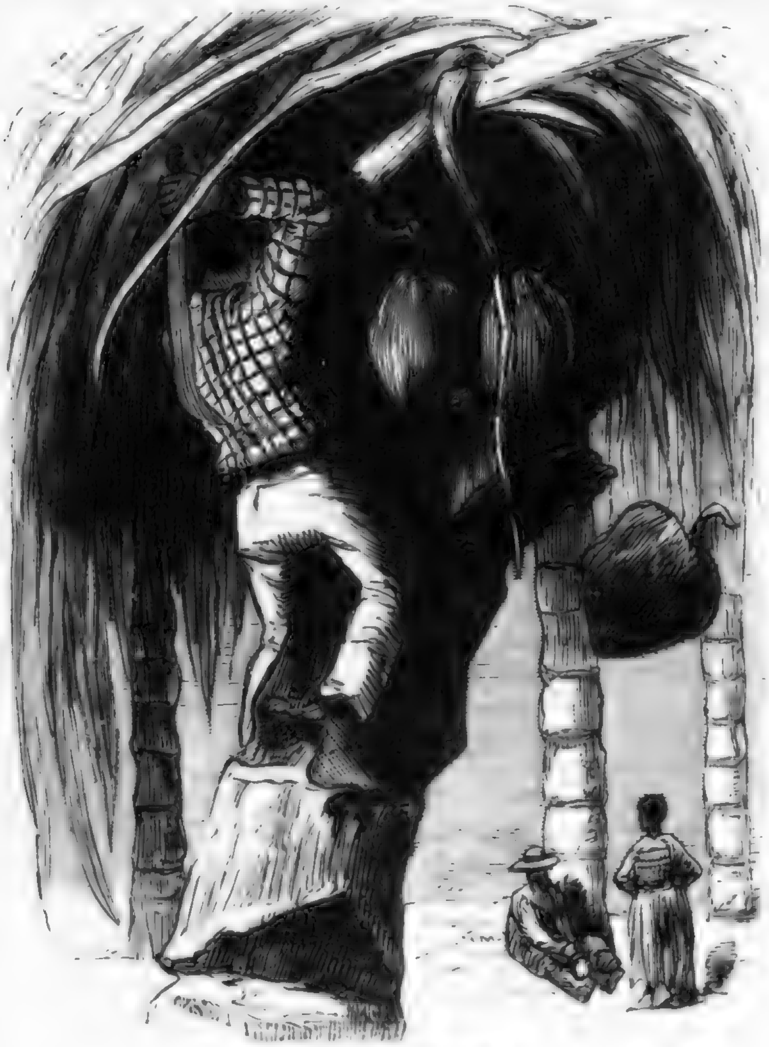
He had been exercising his profession on the island for nearly a year, supporting himself by the contributions of his scholars, whose parents, he said, provided them most liberally for the purpose. It is achieving a great victory over the prejudices of such a people to establish schools of any sort, adding as they do to the inherent indolence of all natives of the tropics that heritage of long generations of ignorance that bore such fruits in more civilized countries as the riots on the introduction of improved machinery into English mills, and schools into the West and South of France.

The course of instruction in the humble place is, of course, very simple. The alphabet and reading, with for one or two of the more intelligent pupils a *soupçon* of arithmetic, forms the curriculum, doing more good, perhaps, than the more pretentious round of studies in most of our own schools.

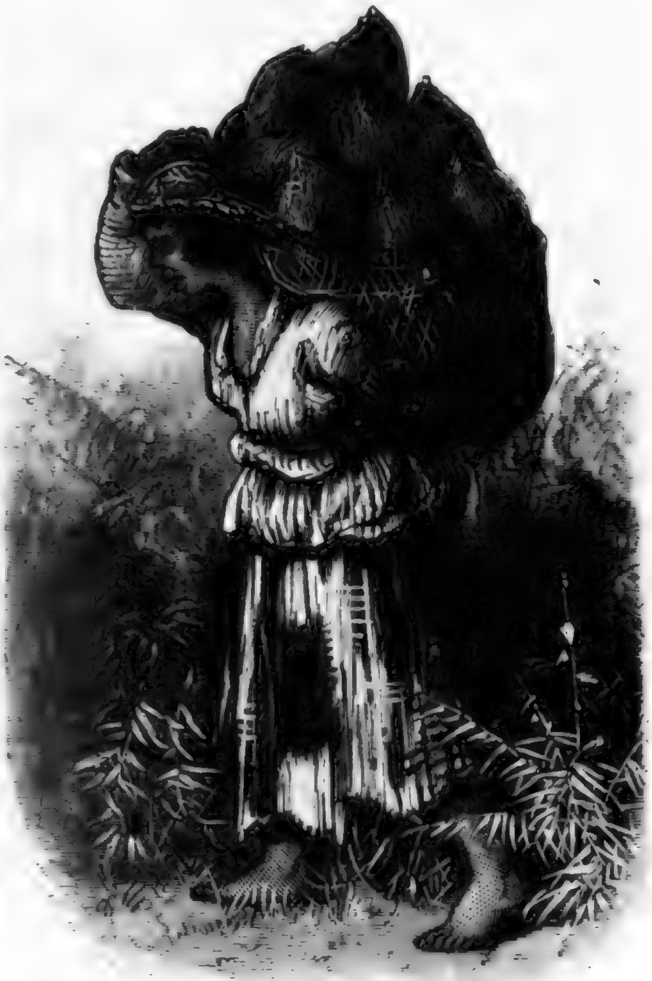
Some of the children's faces are inconceivably ignorant. The majority, however, are bright enough to promise a much more intelligent future for St. Andrews than in the old order it could ever have known.

"There are two schools besides mine here, sar," said the schoolmaster, "whar ladies from Kingston teach. We're getting along pretty well now, although at fust we found it

XUM



CUTTING COCOANUTS.



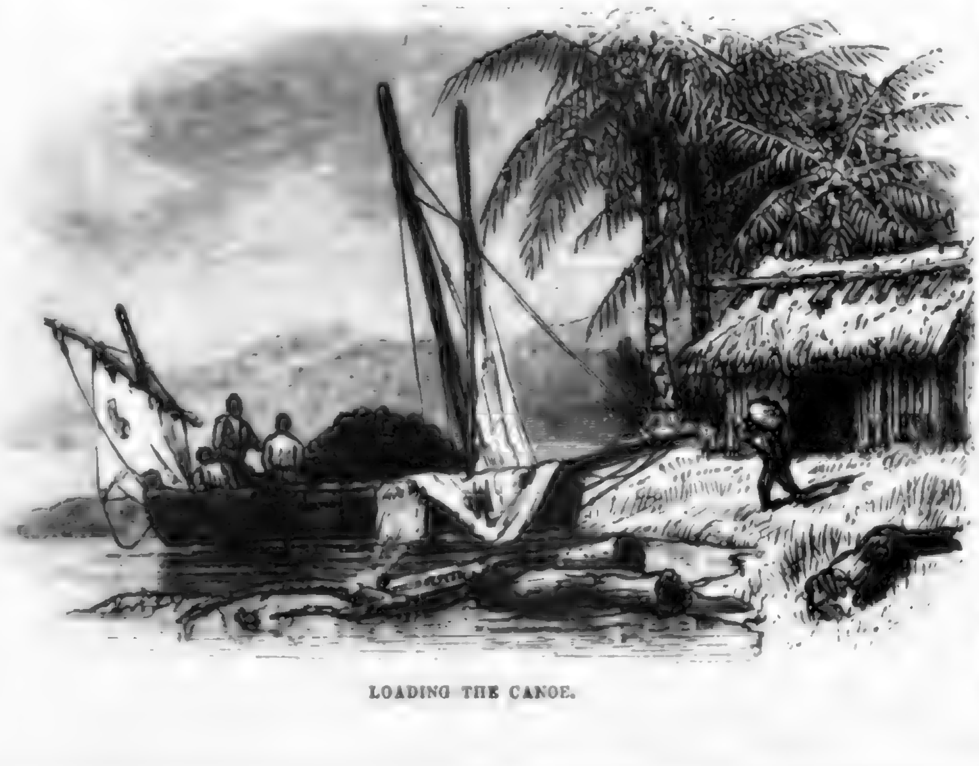
A SMALL LOAD.

very hard to keep them at their books. Their faders I don't believe ever saw a book before we came."

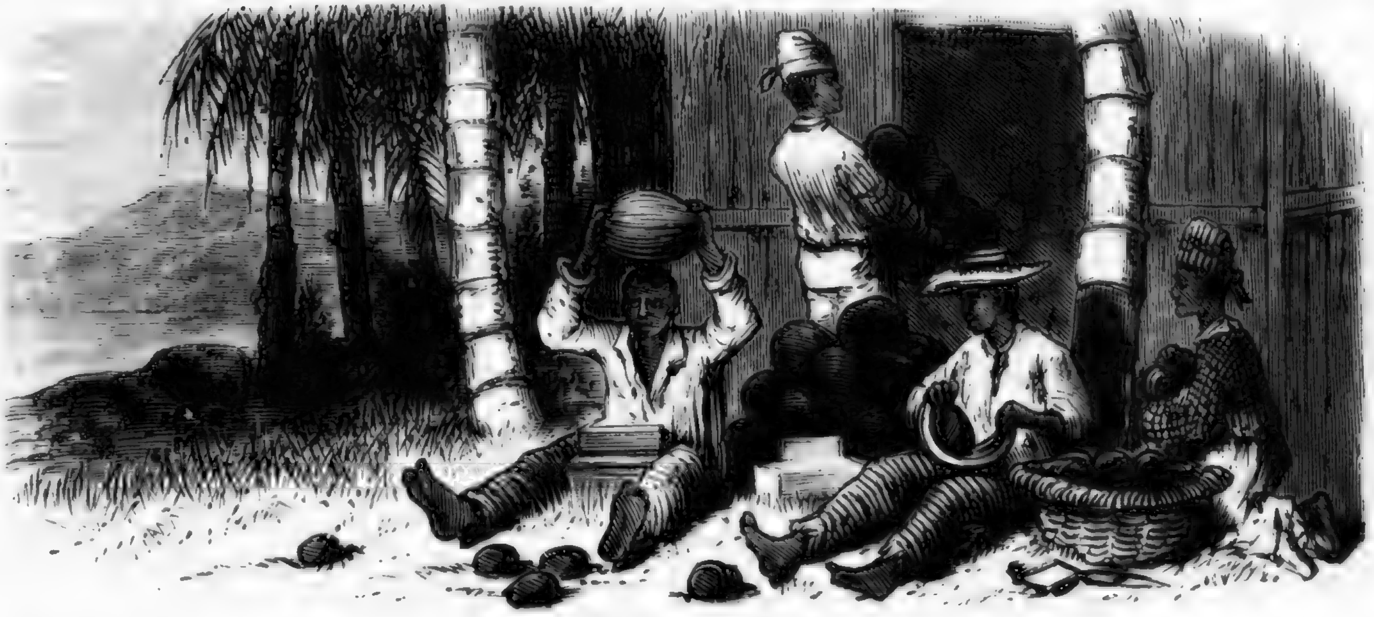
A shake of the hand and a cigar, and we started, the whole school following the master down to the beach to watch us. When we turned into the woods I saw him standing there among his pupils, in his coarse dress and in his humble faith a poor, weak man, but in his profession a pioneer of that great movement which is destined, in a later civilization, to sweep down the mighty barrier between the beggar and the crowned king. After leaving the beach the path wound in and out among the ringed stems of great cocoanut-trees, among whose branches the fruit clustered in incalculable quantities. The ground was covered with it, too. It lay in mighty piles awaiting transport to the store-houses on the beach, where the husk is removed and the fruit stored until it is shipped. At the least, this forest of cocoanut-trees is five miles in length, and one or one and a half miles broad; and some idea of the quantity of fruit grown may be obtained by the knowledge that each tree produces at least fifty nuts a season, and that in the whole extent of the forest no two trees are more than ten feet apart.

The soil on which these trees grow is the common dry sand of the beach. So dry and poor, in fact, that except the coarse grass and the running vines one finds on every beach in the tropics, no growth of any kind can thrive. The only evidence of the hand of man visible in the cultivation of the fruit is in the marks of knives on the stems of most of the trees. The natives assert, with how much truth I know not, that the occasional tapping of the tree improves the fruit both in quantity and quality.

We found the woods quite busy with men, women,



LOADING THE CANOE.



HUSKING COCOANUTS.

children, carrying the nuts from the heaps to the beach—the women bearing particularly heavy burdens in coarse nets, somewhat resembling very large cabbage nets, made of the fibre of the husk itself.

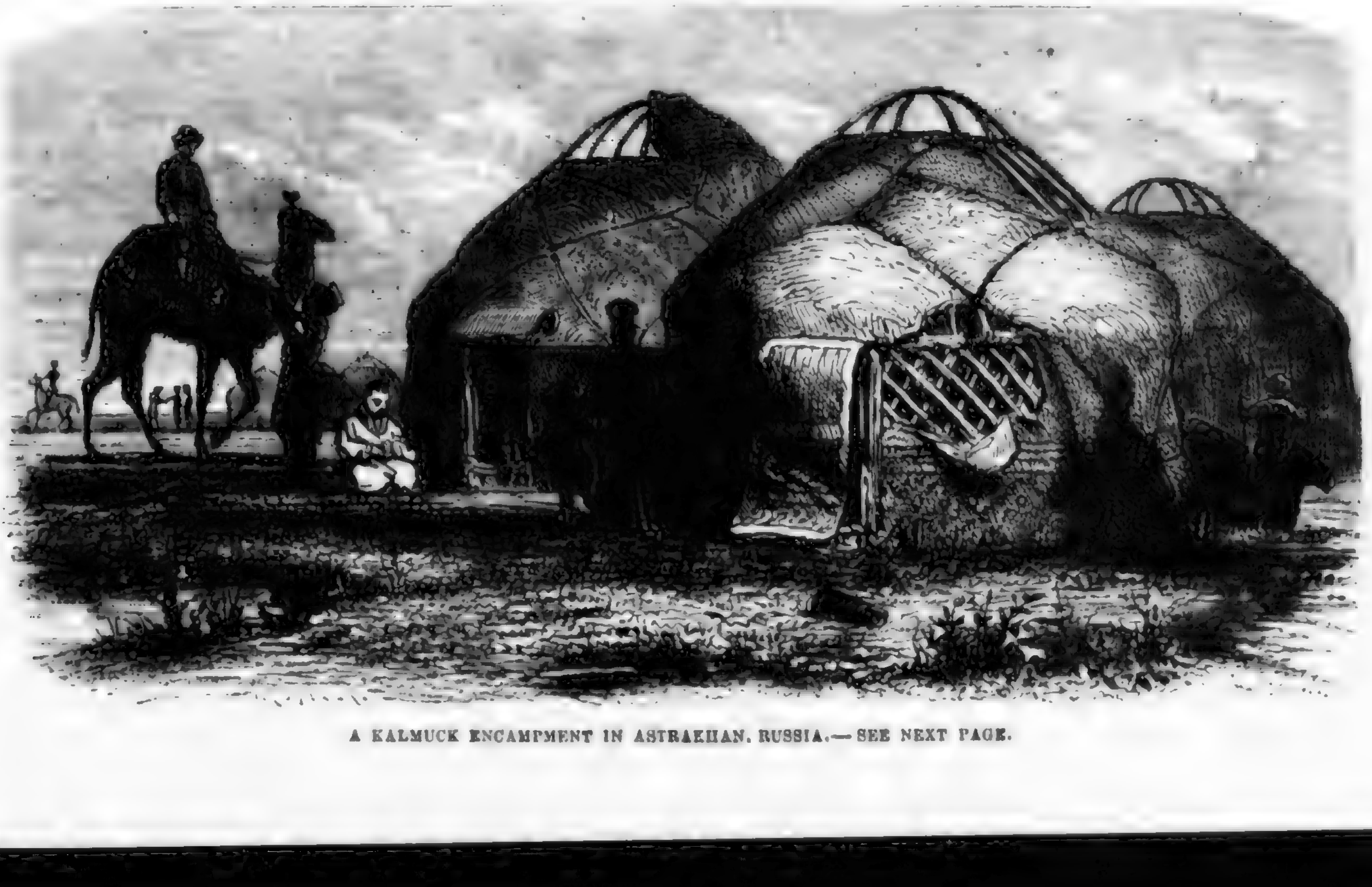
Several of the younger and more agile members of the community had ascended trees, knife in hand, and the thump, thump, thump of the fruit, as it was severed from the parent stem and fell into the sand with a dull thud, seemed familiar to my horse, who carefully avoided the scene of the cannonade, with a respect for the welfare of his bones which spoke well for his reasoning qualities. If one of the falling nuts had struck either of us it is pretty certain there would have been a disarrangement somewhere in our anatomies.

For the whole five miles the road wound through this rare beauty. The graceful stems of the tall trees on all sides of us, their foliage so interwoven that a ray of sunlight scarcely ever penetrated it; the picturesque figures bending under their loads or watching the progress of the stranger; the glimpse of the sea, dazzling white in the sunlight, occasionally to be had through the cool gray arches of the forest; a sense of luxurious quiet, born of the tropics and such as one experiences nowhere else, resting over and pervading all.

At one of the store-houses past which our circuitous path led us we found a group of negroes husking the nuts. They were seated on the ground before an old, tumble-down building, each with a pile of nuts, to which the women were constantly adding. Before them, between their legs, was an instrument, simply a piece of iron, perhaps nine inches long, slightly sharpened at the edge, and inserted firmly in a vertical position in a block of wood. Raising the nut with both hands, a single blow on this primitive instrument penetrates the husk to the hard shell, which a dexterous twist then lays bare.

Another method of removing the husk, which I afterward saw practiced, consisted simply in driving a pointed stake into the end of the nut by which it is attached to the tree. This blow, invariably well directed, splits the husk into halves, and the nut drops out.

When it is understood that an ordinary fruit-schooner of, say one hundred and twenty tons, will carry 100,000 nuts, the labor required in obtaining a cargo will be seen to be considerable. Yet not *one*, but at least a hundred cargoes,



A KALMUCK ENCAMPMENT IN ASTRAKHAN, RUSSIA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

are supplied from St. Andrews every season, and we find the products of this graceful isle in the markets of New York and Boston, New Orleans, Charleston, and Savannah, as well as in many a city of the interior, a valuable addition to that stock of delicacies dear to a good housekeeper's soul.

Nor is the benefit of this evidence of nature's bounty restricted to one point alone. It is meat and drink for the islanders. Pounded to a jelly, it serves as an invariable dressing for their meat. Its oil supplies in their housekeeping the place of our own Southern pine-knot. The husks furnish famous fuel, and from the fibre they make ropes and nets, and curious baskets and bags of every kind. The branches of the tree thatch their houses, and the leaves are woven into baskets, and even *walls* for the fishermen's huts.

When a vessel makes the island late in the day, an immense fire of cocoanut husks is built on a prominent point facing the channel, and with this as a guide the pilots unfailingly bring their charge through the tortuous passage. Yet Captain Wilber informs me that the entrance is one of the most dangerous in the West Indies.

The island appears to be entirely of coral formation. In the midst of the woods, two or three miles from the sea, one comes upon great masses of coral rock, rising out of the rich vegetable mold, and so rapidly does this coral form that the coast line of the island changes very perceptibly every year. Twenty years ago vessels anchored within half a mile of the shore. Now it is impossible to approach it, save through the channel, nearer than two miles.

Extending from N.E. to S.W., about seven miles in length and three or four in width, its shape is almost perfectly oval. On the west or lee side there is a reef half a mile from the shore, impassable even for fishing-boats, and as a consequence this portion is deserted for the east-side, where the inhabitants can use their canoes.

Considerable quantities of vegetables and fruit are raised in the two valleys of the interior, and sugar-cane, cotton, and pineapples are cultivated on the hillsides.

There are three vast groves of this fruit other than the one I have attempted to describe; it, however, is the most flourishing. Probably the freshness of the N. E. trade-wind blowing on the eastern side of the island infuses a hardier life into the trees than those on the sheltered side obtain. Whatever may be the reason, it is certain that the grove in question is the greatest both in point of productiveness and of longevity of the trees. For thirty years these trees have flourished, and the yield is as rich to-day as it ever was.

During our stay at St. Andrews the schooner's decks presented as animated a spectacle as one could wish. All day long, day after day, the canoes came and went, loaded to the water's edge with fruit.

In place of the soup-kettle, a great iron pot, full of tar, bubbled and seethed over the galley fire, and all hands and the cook were busy receiving cargo and "pitching the eyes" of the nuts. This operation consists in applying a dab of tar to each of the little round indentations at the small end of the cocoanut. The order to get under way came at last, and with our hold full, and our decks lumbered with baskets of bananas, pineapples and oranges, and wicker coops of fowls, for private consumption, we stood by the taffrail one pleasant Summer evening, watching the evening vapors closing in on St. Andrews, until the outline of the land quite disappeared.

All the discoveries made within the last century were ridiculed and treated with contempt by our forefathers; yet we are equally prejudiced and hostile to all those improvements proposed to us, which will in all probability be adopted by our children.

A KALMUCK ENCAMPMENT IN ASTRAKHAN.

The most interesting object to a traveler at Tsaritsyn, on the Volga, in Southern Russia, is the encampment of Kalmucks outside the town. They are dwellers in tents, which consist of a framework of sticks overlaid with skins and pieces of felt, rounded at the top, a hole being left in the centre for the escape of smoke. The people were dressed in long, dark caftans, bound round the waist with dingy red scarfs, but open in front so as to show their brawny, bronzed chests. Their boots were of red leather, and reached to the knee. Beneath yellow fur-trimmed caps long, black, elf locks hung down on both sides of their swarthy faces, which, by the broad, flat nose, projecting cheek-bones, and long, narrow, almond-shaped eyes, proclaimed their origin.

They are the remnants of the mighty Kalmuck horde that in the reign of Catherine II., urged on by one of those strange impulses to which Asiatics seem so prone, suddenly struck their tents, and ceased not journeying eastward till, at the end of eight months, they placed themselves under the protection of the Emperor of China. The few who remained in Russia, and their descendants, have always adhered to the Buddhist faith, and recognize the Grand Lama of Thibet as their head.

Their treatment of the dead is strange and revolting. The bodies are carried to a distance from the encampment, and left on the ground to be devoured by dogs. Then they keep watch, and if more than six dogs feed on the body, they hold the deceased in high veneration; if fewer, the family and the tribe feel that he has disgraced them.

The Russian Government has at last succeeded in suppressing this strange superstition.

THE HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

The remarkable fish depicted in the accompanying illustration affords a striking instance of the wild and wondrous modifications of form assumed by certain creatures, without any ascertained purpose being gained thereby. We know by analogous reasoning that some wise and beautiful purpose is served by this astonishing variation in form; but as far as is yet known, there is nothing in the habits of this species that accounts for the necessity of this strange shape.

The shape of the body is not unlike that of the generality of sharks, but it is upon the head that the attention is at once riveted. As may be seen from the figure, the head is expanded laterally in a most singular manner, bearing, indeed, no small resemblance to the head of a hammer. The eyes are placed at either end of the projecting extremities, and the mouth is set quite below, its corners just coinciding with a line drawn through the two projecting lobes of the head.

It is worthy of notice, that several of our commonest British insects—those beautiful dragon-flies belonging to the genus Agrion—have heads modeled on a very similar principle, and there are some exotic insects where this singular shape is even more exaggerated, the eyes being set quite at the end of long, lateral footstalks.

This species attains to a considerable size, seven or eight feet being a common measurement, and specimens of eleven or twelve feet having been known. Its flesh is said to be almost uneatable, being hard, coarse and ill-flavored. The hammer-headed shark produces living young, and from the interior of a very fine specimen captured near Tenby in 1839, and measuring more than ten feet in length, were taken no less than 39 young, all perfectly formed, and averaging 19 inches in length.

Several species of hammer-headed sharks are known, among which the heart-headed shark (*Sphyrnias Tiburo*), has the best developed head, and the broad-headed shark (*Sphyrnias láticeps*), the most so. Another species (*Sphyrnias Tudes*), thought to inhabit the Mediterranean, and the shores of Southern America, is intermediate between the two extremes.

The general color of this species is grayish-brown above, and grayish-white below.

BEGINNING, MIDDLE AND END.

By Jane G. Austin.

IT was just that hour of a golden Summer day when all the world has selected its occupation or its pastime, and an idler too idle even for pastime is apt to find himself alone and unamused—that is to say, it was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when Mrs. Clyde, strolling languidly toward the house, between the ranks of poppies and yellow lilies fitly illuminating the oldfashioned garden, stopped short at sight of a young man's figure listlessly leaning in the doorway and expressing in every line a profound *ennui*, or it might be a profound sorrow, for the two diseases are not always distinguishable.

"What a stupid time Percy Grant is having down here," said Mrs. Clyde to herself. "It will really be charitable for me to sit down and amuse him a little instead of reading, as I proposed." And then aloud, "You look lonely, Percy."

For they were first cousins; although bred in distant sections of the States, they had never met until now, by accident, at this quaint seaside farmhouse.

The young man started, a little surprised.

"Lonely! Oh no, thank you, Mrs. Clyde. But every one is out, and I am not strong enough yet for excursions, so I staid behind."

"Ah yes. You still suffer from that wound. Did not some one say it had broken out afresh?"

"Yes," said Percy Grant, briefly, for here was a young man who was not his own favorite topic.

"Well, come with me as far as the grove, it is only a step; and from the beach there you will get a view of the sea, the smell of the salt water, shade, flowers, and the whole beauty of the day, not to mention the society of your cousin Cathie, whom you choose to call Mrs. Clyde."

"Because I did not know that I might call her anything else," said the young man, smiling a little as he fixed his eyes somewhat keenly upon the pretty face before him.

It did not look like that of a sedate matron, being rosy and dimpled, and lighted by merry hazel eyes and the constant glint of white teeth between bright, curved lips; nor was the rippling, bronze-brown hair, or the *petite* figure, or the coquettish morning toilet, at all venerable, and yet it was now five years since pretty Cathie Wendell had, with her own free consent, become Mrs. Clyde, and the mistress of all the thousands represented by that honorable name.

Percy Grant, tall, swart, and more manly than handsome in face and figure, strode beside this little, fluttering morsel of womankind, and, for the first time, looked at her with interest—an interest finally resulting in the naïve remark:

"Well, then, Cathie, I am very glad that you are my cousin, and that you are going to allow me the privileges of that pleasant relation."

Mrs. Clyde opened her eyes.

"Oh, I don't remember any promise of that nature," said she, glancing up with a half smile.

"Didn't you say I might call you Cathie?"

"No. I said that you did call me Mrs. Clyde."

"And did not that imply that you were willing I should call you by your first name?"

"Well—perhaps yes."

"And is not that a privilege?"

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then pray enjoy it."

"Well, then, are you not giving me the privileges of a cousin?"

Mrs. Clyde pouted a little.

"I did not know you were a lawyer. I thought you were a soldier," said she.

"And so I am, but defense is as important a tactic as offense. I was defending myself."

"Against what, pray?"

"Against your evident intention of patronizing me."

Mrs. Clyde reddened to the roots of her rippling hair.

"What gave you such a notion?" asked she, somewhat indignantly.

"What, that you were about to patronize me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I read it in your step, in your air, in your voice, and in your eyes, as you walked from the garden gate to the porch."

"Absurd!"

"Not in the least. It was very good of you, too. You said to yourself, Here is a poor fellow all alone, and evidently bored to death with his own stupidity. He is a stranger here, and, moreover, my own cousin, so I will waste half an hour in putting him in good humor. And then you asked me to go out in the grove with you."

"And now I have more than half a mind to ask you to go back to your doorway," said Mrs. Clyde, more embarrassed than she often found herself.

"Don't say it unless you mean it, because I shall be sure to go if you do," said Mr. Grant, waiting for an answer before he seated himself upon the other end of the rustic bench, already half covered by Mrs. Clyde's flowing robes.

"You had better sit down," said she, carelessly; and the young man accepted the invitation.

For some moments Mrs. Clyde seemed fully occupied with the view spread before her eyes, and from the attention she bestowed upon the soft headland rising through its purple haze at the mouth of the harbor, she should have been well able to outline it for a topographical survey. But all of a sudden a bubbling laugh rippled over the bright, red lips, and she turned her gleeful eyes full upon her cousin.

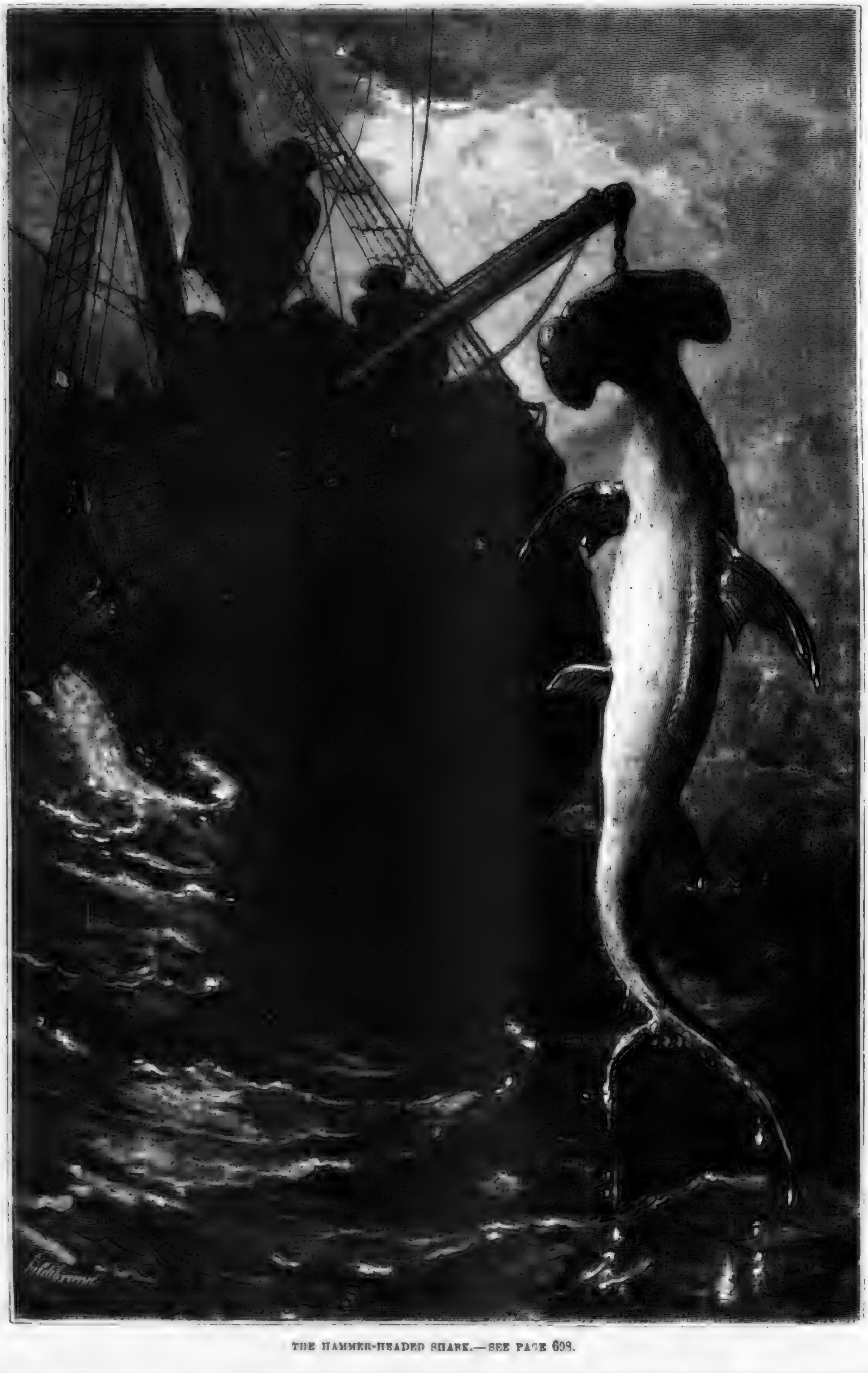
"I had a mind to be vexed," said she. "But I believe I'll laugh instead."

"I am happy to hear the decision, and hope I am not to be denied an explanation of its causes," said Mr. Grant, with tranquility.

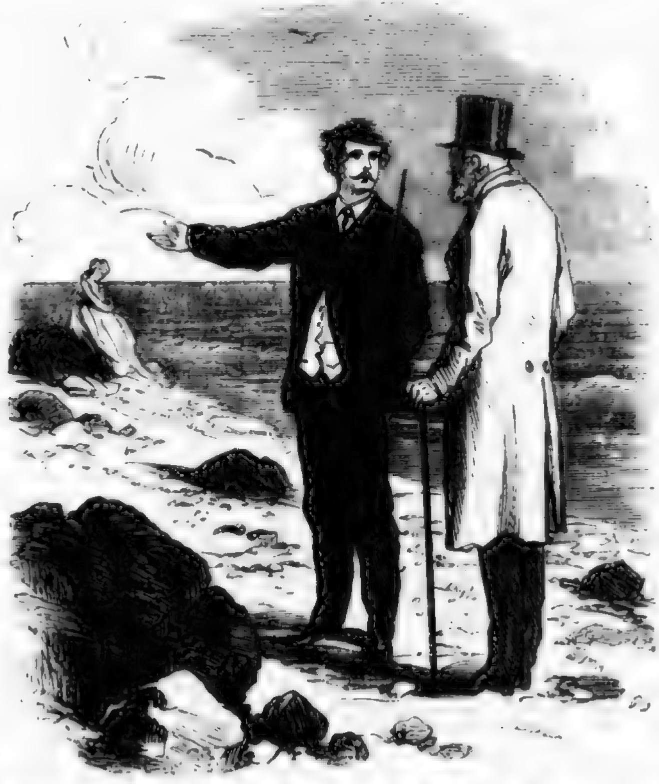
"Why, you are so different from what I imagined. I heard you talking politics and things with Mr. Marven, and religion with old Mrs. Winship, and then you looked so blue just now. I fancied you were—won't you mind?"

"I think I can bear it."

"Well, I fancied you were just a bashful, retiring sort of young man, with plenty of sense but not a bit of—well, of *savoir faire* about you. And then you turned the tables so suddenly upon me; and if I did imagine it possible to



THE HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.—SEE PAGE 698.



BEGINNING, MIDDLE AND END.—"'THAT IS THE LADY SEATED UPON THE ROCK,' SAID GRANT, GRIMLY."—SEE PAGE 699.

patronize you a little, I am sure you have effectually undeceived me."

"Thanks for your frankness. So, now that we have at last arrived at a fair understanding of the premises, we will proceed to get acquainted, if you still feel inclined, Cousin Cathie."

"More than ever inclined, Cousin Percy."

And the two chatted until the lengthening shadows and the returning boats and wagons showed that the interval between amusement and feeding had arrived.

That was the way it began; here is how it went on.

Three weeks had passed, and Mr. Grant, almost as strong as he had ever been, roamed discontentedly along the beach, looking for something without which he could not rest. At last he found it nestled in the crevice of a rock—something white and heavy-eyed, and very, very sad.

"Why, Cathie! you have been hiding yourself to cry. Naughty child! What is it, tell me, dear?"

"Oh, Percy!"

"Well, Cathie?"

"I have a letter."

"Yes. I saw them give it you at breakfast-table. Is that the trouble?"

"Yes. It is—it is——"

"From whom?"

"From Mr. Clyde. He will be here to-morrow to stay a few days and take me home."

Percy Grant threw himself upon the sand, and resting his head upon his hand, looked steadfastly out to sea as he asked:

"And will you be sorry to see him, Cathie?"

She did not answer. How could she? At last he said again, still in that low, choked voice:

"Cathie, will you be sorry to see him? You have never wished to speak of him, and I have never urged you, for since the first I have not liked to remember him. Now tell me something of yourself and him. I mean your real relations to each other. Can you, dear?"

"He is seventeen years older than I, and we were married when I was just eighteen. He has always been very good to me, as good as an indulgent father to a petted child, and I have loved him just as such a child should love such a father. I have been very happy, for I did not know that there was any more in life than that which I had at my command."

"And now you are waking up to know what the real joy of life means," groaned Percy Grant, hiding his face in the hollow of his arm, while the great, hungry sea, thundering upon the beach, summoned those two to consign to him for ever the idle dream they had dreamed upon the shore.

"And the worst is that, once waked, one never sleeps again," said Mrs. Clyde, drearily.

A long silence, broken only by the menace of the sea crawling inch by inch toward them, and exulting in his strength, beyond the power of human woe to break. At last he sat upright, and turned his dark, troubled face upon her, while he said:

"Cathie, we have both been wrong, but, thank God, it is not too late! Go back, child, to your gay, bright life, while I go back to the work which is better for me than pleasure. Forget the dream we have dreamed here by the sea, and when we meet again it shall be as friends and cousins—nothing more. Shall it be so?"

He took her hand, but as its soft, clinging touch met his, dropped it, and clinched his own.

"Oh, Cathie!" groaned he, and hid his face.

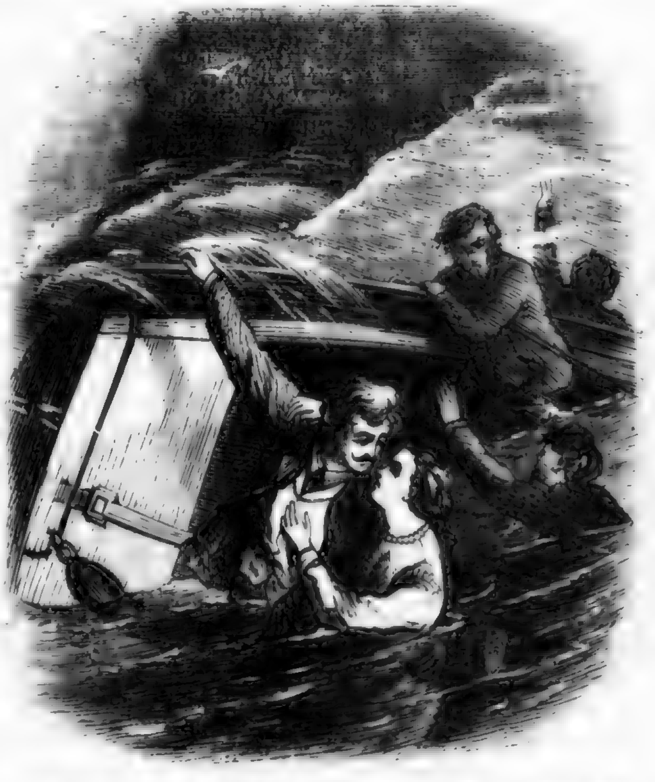
"God forgive us both, Percy; but I cannot, I cannot!"

"Darling! How can I be strong if you will not help me? I am but a man, and oh, Cathie, you know that I love you!"

She did not speak, but bending low her head, hid her face in her hands, while her slight figure shook like the reeds upon the shore.

Angry with himself for having spoken the words he had determined not to speak, and yet longing to speak yet fonder ones, Grant sprang hastily up, and strode down toward the sea until the incoming wave slid to his very feet.

A step along the beach caused him to turn and face a tall, gray-haired gentleman, who, cane in hand, walked the shingle as if it had been the pave of Wall Street. With the



BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END.—"THEN GRANT, GRASPING HER STILL WITH ONE ARM, FOUGHT BRAVELY WITH THE OTHER TO THE BOAT."

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courtesy of such places the two gentlemen saluted, and the stranger spoke.

"A nice place this for a seashore, sir. Pray, can you tell me whether Mrs. Clyde has passed this way?"

"That is the lady seated upon the rock," said Grant, grimly, and watched while the gray-haired gentleman stepped briskly up the beach, calling cheerily:

"Catharine, is that you?"

Watched with eager eyes her start and sudden look toward them both, her tremulous greeting, and the kiss offered by the husband and mechanically received by the wife. Then he sauntered down the beach, with a poor assumption of carelessness, leaving them to return together to the house.

That is how it went on. Here is how it ended:

"This is my cousin, Mr. Grant, of whom I wrote you, Mr. Clyde," said Catharine, the next morning, introducing the two men, who shook hands and professed themselves delighted with the opportunity of becoming acquainted.

"My wife has told me what good care you have taken of her, and you must accept my thanks," said Mr. Clyde. "She is not much used to being thrown upon her own resources, as she seemed to be here, until your arrival."

"It is I who am under obligations to my cousin, sir," replied Grant, coloring in spite of himself at such thanks. "I was ill and lonely, and she took compassion on me. She has been very kind."

"She is always kind. The most amiable little Catharine I ever knew," said the husband, with fond pride, as he smoothed the rippling hair off his wife's drooping head.

"Oh, Mrs. Clyde, we are going for a sail to the Outer Light; won't you and Mr. Clyde join us? Grant, you will go, won't you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Bellows. Would you like to go, Mr. Clyde?"

"Certainly, dear, if you would, and your cousin will accompany us."

Percy hesitated, began an excuse, met Cathie's pleading eyes, and consented. Half an hour later the party assembled on the little pier, a gay, laughing, chatting crowd of young men and women, the oldest matron not over thirty, and all the men but Mr. Clyde under that age.

"Who is the skipper? Isn't James going?" asked some one, as the boat came alongside.

"James is away fishing, and we have to depend on our own resources. Hammond understands sailing the boat, however," said Bellows.

"I don't like the responsibility of sailing it with so many on board," remonstrated Hammond; but as no one heeded or answered him, he said no more, and taking the tiller, got his little craft off shore, and headed for the open sea in a very creditable manner.

"Now let us be jolly. Here are books, luncheon, a guitar, cards, and, if the ladies permit, cigars and pipes," announced one of the young men, inspecting the heap of *impedimenta* thrown beneath the little fore-deck, by whoever brought them aboard.

His companions were not slow in accepting the challenge thus offered, and in a few moments every one was intent upon his or her favorite scheme of amusement, and all laughing, talking, arguing, and exclaiming at once.

"Kitty, if you don't mind, I believe I will go and have a quiet pipe on the bows, where the wind will carry off the smoke. Grant, why don't you and my wife try that game of chess now, that you were speaking of this morning, with the patent pocket-board?"

"Certainly, if Catharine likes to play," said Percy, who had been apparently intent upon some object far out at sea ever since they left the shore.

The board was set, and the game began, as thus:

"I must leave this to-night, Cathie. It would kill me to stay another day."

A low, quivering sigh, and upward glance, and Mrs. Clyde placed her queen in front of her opponent's castle, while she said:

"I shall go myself on Monday. Cannot you wait until after that?"

"Cathie, you have no mercy."

"But to stay here when you are gone! And I cannot ask him to give up his few days of recreation after urging him to come."

"But, Cathie, think of the added torture to me of every day in which I linger here. To go is pain, but to remain is misery. Cathie, I wish that my wound had proved mortal. I wish I had been left dead upon the field."

"Hush, Percy, hush! You frighten me with such terrible words."

"It is not a terrible thing to die, Cathie. It is worse to live as I must live after this."

She slowly raised her eyes and looked full in his with such a flood of tender meaning that he could scarcely resist the mad impulse to snatch her to his heart and claim her his before all the world. But honor, and conscience, and the strength of a man's will stood him in good stead, and he only repeated more desperately:

"I leave this to-night, Cathie, and God only knows when we shall meet again, but not until I can take your husband's hand without the feeling of Judas at my heart."

"How is the game going, Mrs. Clyde!" asked some one, passing across the boat to pick up a handkerchief fluttered away by the rising wind.

Both players glanced at the board, noted its strange confusion, and with a sudden movement Grant allowed the wind to seize it and whirl it overboard.

"Gracious! there goes your board!" exclaimed the spectator, who had not had time to see the position of the pieces before they were sacrificed.

"Never mind; it is only pasteboard, with paper men. One of those pocket contrivances," said Grant, anxious to shield Cathie's burning face from observation.

"Pity to lose it, though. Do you understand our boat, Grant?"

"Very little. I should not like to undertake sailing one for any one but myself."

"The same with me; but, in my humble opinion, Hammond knows still less. He almost capsized while going about last time, and the wind is freshening every moment. I'm afraid we're in for a squall."

"We had better give up the expedition, then, and put back before it is too late," said Grant, looking anxiously at Cathie, who listened without appearing to.

"I'll speak to Hammond," and the male Cassandra made his way aft to the spot where Hammond, surrounded by a host of pretty girls, was trying to enjoy their society and manage the boat at the same time, but who succeeded in neither.

But at the first suggestion of giving up the expedition and returning home, the pretty Privy Council upraised its voice, declaring loudly against such pusillanimity, and so reviling the suggester that he was fain to retreat to his own little party, who sat gravely watching the gathering clouds, the uncertain course of the boat, the sails, now slacking until they almost filled aback, now so suddenly filled as to careen the little craft nearly to her beam-ends.

Percy also noted these points with a steady and comprehensive eye, glanced through the careless, merry groups of revelers, and turned to Cathie with a face of strange meaning.

"It is not a terrible thing to die, I said, dear," repeated he, softly.

She looked wildly into his face.

"Why do you say it now, Percy? Are we likely to die?"

"We are very likely to meet with a serious accident. No one here is capable of managing the boat, we are far from shore, and the wind is rising every moment; we shall have a thunder-storm upon us in fifteen minutes. Cathie, are you afraid?"

She covered her face with her hands for one moment, then raised it pale and radiant.

"No, Percy, I am not afraid. But should it come, and should you be able to save any one, let it be *him*, not me. He must not die and me live—that would be worst of all."

"He shall not die if I can save him, Cathie," said Grant, in a low, deep voice, and she, petted darling though she had always been, neither wondered nor grieved at his speaking no word of saving her.

By this the crisis had come. The pleasure-seekers, suddenly aroused to their danger, became as unreasonable in their alarm as they had been in their carelessness, and by their exclamations, their conflicting advice, and the sobs and tears of some of the women, so confused the helmsman, already sufficiently alarmed, that he lost such self-command as he had hitherto preserved, and as a sudden furious gust from the approaching thunder-cloud swept down upon him, he suffered his sails to be taken aback, and the next instant the boat lay capsized upon the waters, which swallowed, almost without allowing a moment for resistance, nearly every member of the reckless crowd who had sailed out of port as gay and thoughtless as if each held undoubted assurance in his own heart of happy years to come.

Mr. Clyde, lulled by the motion of the boat, the sunshine and his pipe, had dropped asleep, and only woke to find himself struggling in the black and foam-lined waves, the air about him ringing with shrieks and groans and wild exclamations. His first thought, his first word was, "Cathie!"

She was within a few feet of him, battling as we all do at the last for the life we have so bemoaned and longed to leave.

An arm was thrown about her, a gasping voice was in her ear:

"Darling, he shall be saved!"

Then she saw that it was Percy, and that he grasped in his other hand an oar. Carrying her with him, he made his way toward Mr. Clyde, who, as he rose from his first wild plunge, again cried in an anguish of love and terror, 'Cathie! Cathie, darling!"

"Catch this oar! Cling fast, for rescue is at hand. Do not leave it!"

So panted Percy Grant, pushing the oar into the old man's failing grasp. He caught it blindly, and clung, still moaning, but very feebly now, "Cathie! where are you, Cathie?"

Then Grant, grasping her still with one arm, fought bravely with the other toward the boat, to whose edge two or three half-drowned wretches were now clinging. Exhausted, dying, he reached it, and seized her hands to place them upon it, but she, her white face close to his, her eyes bright and clear, her lovely lips smiling serenely, whispered:

"It is not a terrible thing to die, dear love!" and clung fast about his neck.

He drew her to his heart, he kissed her lips for the first, last time, he unclasped his fingers, crisped with a death-grip upon the edge of the boat, and smiling in each other's eyes, clasped in each other's arms, they went down together; the wild waves rolled over the spot where they had sunk, and they rose no more.

Rescue was at hand, as Percy had said. Even in the moment of destruction his quick eyes had caught the glint of a distant sail skimming down toward them.

It was the fisherman who should have held the helm of the ill-fated boat, and who, recognizing her from a distance, and noting her wild career, had made for her in spite of the bursting storm.

He was in time to rescue three out of the merry party of eleven. Among those was a gray-haired man, clinging almost senseless to an oar, who, as he was drawn from the waters, half unclosed his glazing eyes, and feebly murmured, "Cathie, is it you?"

But he lived, and recovered health and strength, and even cheerfulness. He was wont to say, "She was a darling child, scarcely a woman, I think, except in her constant affection toward me. I shall always believe she gave up her own chance of life to save mine. I am quite sure she could have grasped that oar which some one pushed within my reach. Why she did not, except that she left it to me, I cannot tell. I suppose now I never shall know. And that fine young Grant, too. Strange, strange that those two fresh, strong young lives should have been lost and mine saved. Very strange."

Nor did he ever know, or could any one tell him, that those two had died because death is not so terrible as life, and is the true solution of life's weary riddle.

"LACROSSE."

The only game, save the savage pleasures of the war and the chase, which the white man found the red man of North America enjoying when he landed on these shores was the Indian ball game known among the Five Nations by a name which had nearly as many consonants as there were players, "Tekentshikwaheks," and among other tribes by the more mellifluous appellation, "Baggatway."

The sport commended itself to the Indians by its simplicity of aim and its wild rush and excitement. They found in it the divine fury of combat, and its trial of endurance and muscle gave it a zest and importance which no mere trial of skill, no quieter sport could command. The early travelers among the Indians say that the utter wildness and fury of play in the original game surpasses anything ever before or since recorded of any field sport. In its exercise the grave and taciturn red man became as noisy and hilarious as an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. Certainly no other game of the kind has so tragic a story as is connected with this, for it is associated with one of the saddest episodes of our colonial history, that massacre of the British garrison at Fort Mackinaw, which was the first fruits of the conspiracy of Pontiac.

On the 4th of July, 1763, the Ojibywas assembled in large numbers before the fort and invited the garrison to witness the game of "baggatway." The gates were thrown open and the officers and men lounged about to see the sport. The Indians, under pretense of driving the ball through the goal next the gate, gathered their whole force of warriors under the walls of the fort, and at a given signal rushed in and murdered every man in the garrison. This deed of blood has given "Lacrosse" a place in history which happily no other field sport possesses.

The capabilities of the game were early seen and appreciated by the white settlers in Canada, and they quickly seized upon it for their own. It continually grew in favor, and eighteen years ago, on the first "Dominion Day," it was formally adopted as the national game of the Dominion

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of Canada. Civilization has made strange work with it, and now it differs materially from the wild sport of the warriors of the five nations. From a rough pastime it has become a regular and even scientific game, though it yet retains many of the characteristics which brought it into so great favor with the red men. With change of manner has come change of name. The hook-like stick used in tossing the ball reminded the French settlers of the pastoral crook, the bishop's crozier, and so they called the sport *le jeu de la crosse*, the game of the crozier. By the English-speaking people this title has been shortened to Lacrosse, the name which the sport now bears.

CONDORS ATTACKING A CALF.

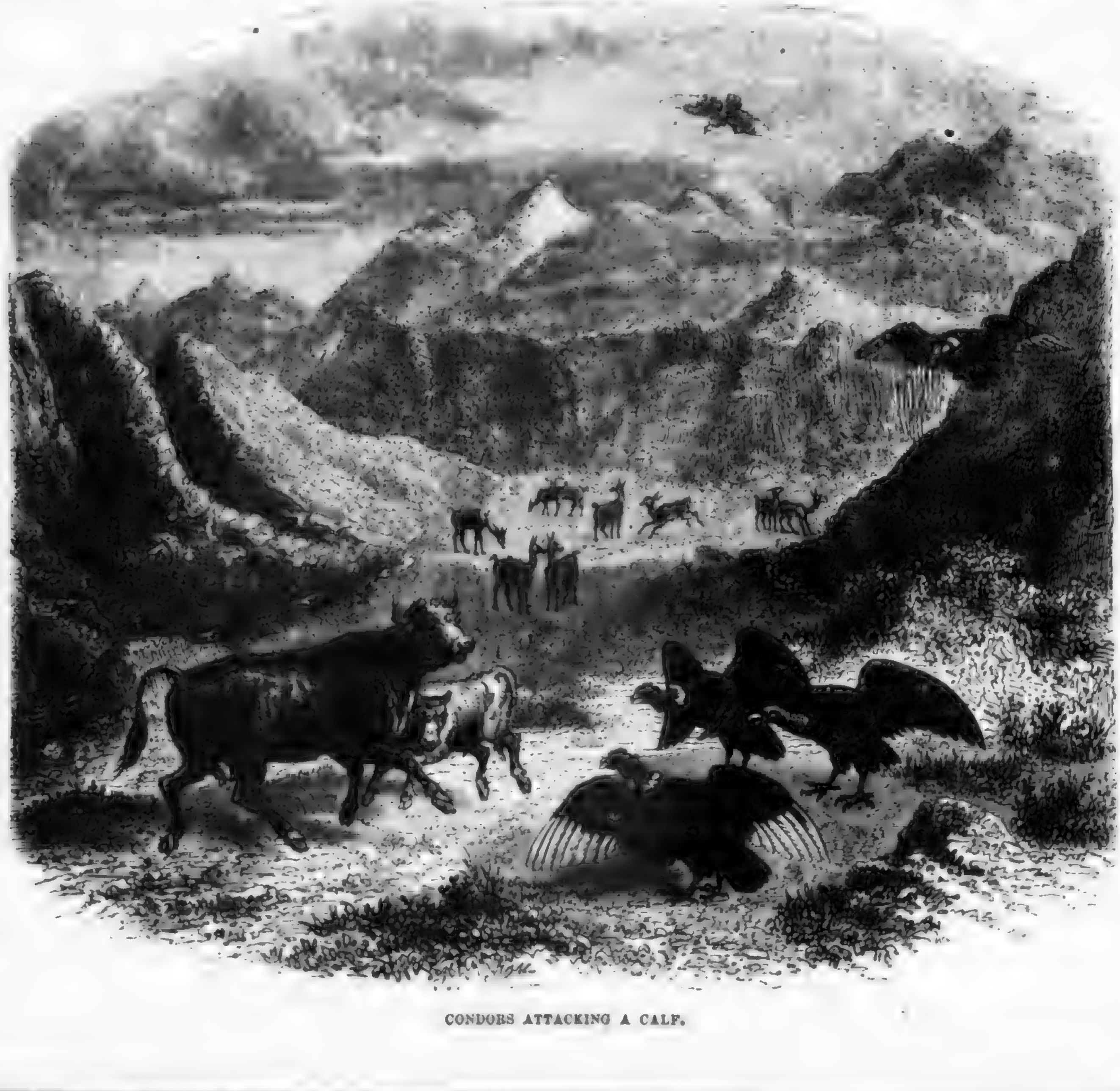
The old stories of condors carrying off buffaloes and human beings have long been exploded, but these animals, in their fierceness and strength, do not hesitate to attack even man.

When they attempt to capture a calf or the young of the llama, the condor does not generally attempt it alone; and the animal falls beneath the blows of a mob. Such a scene is depicted in our sketch, where several have attempted to secure a veal dinner, but have aroused a stern protest from the matronly cow. The fight is a curious one; the timid calf can render no assistance, and the powerful *buitres*, some of them with wings spreading to fifteen feet, are as adroit as they are strong. They will circle around, approach, retire and threaten, till one diverts the attention of the cow long enough to permit another to dash at the eyes of the calf; or with its powerful beak lay open the belly. Once disabled, the calf is soon abandoned by its dam, and becomes a prey to the assailants.

The general color of this bird is a grayish black, but the adult bird exhibits a large white patch on its wings, and the secondary feathers of the wings are tipped with white. Around the neck is a beautiful white downy collar or ruff of soft feathers. The male has a fleshy crest, extending down over the beak. The female disdains a nest, and lays her eggs on the bare rock.

In the province of Huarochirin there is a large natural funnel-shaped excavation, about sixty feet deep, with a diameter of about eighty feet at the top. A dead mule is placed on the brink of the precipice. The tugging of the condors at the dead carcass causes it to fall into the hole; they follow it with greedy haste, and, having gorged themselves with food, are unable to rise from the narrow bottom of the funnel. Tschudi saw the Indians kill at once, with sticks, twenty-eight of the birds which had been thus entrapped. In a somewhat similar manner condors are caught in Peru, Bolivia, and Chili, as far as their range extends, and are frequently brought to Valparaiso and Callao, where they are sold for a few dollars to the foreign ships, and thence conveyed to Europe.

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.



CONDORS ATTACKING A CALF.

EVENING ON THE LAKE.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued.)

THE marquis and marquise talked a good deal on their way to Les Sapinières, but Johnny did not join in much. One miserable thought after another came to occupy his mind. He did not wake to outer things till the coachman drew up suddenly at the turn into the avenue, in obedience to the energetic beckonings of M. le Curé de Sonnay, who was walking up the road with two or three peasants straggling behind him.

"Madame," said the Curé, arriving breathless at the carriage-door, "you are going to the château ?"

"Mais oui, M. le curé."

"Mme. la Comtesse is not there. I have just met her driving off with mademoiselle sa nièce to Rochemar, to carry the sad news."

"Ah, mon Dieu ! And you have heard nothing more ? No trace has been found ?"

The curé sighed and shrugged his shoulders.

"We are all in confusion. Auguste could not discover at the station that any one who could possibly be mademoiselle had left by train last night. They say that an English gentleman did leave, which makes it even more mysterious ; for if M. Wyatt is gone away by himself, where are we to look for mademoiselle ?"

"And they were seen walking away together from the château ?" said M. de Valmont.

"Oui, monsieur. Where are you, Mère Chapin ? Mme. la Comtesse has forgiven you, so we must not say much, but it was your fault that they had time to escape."

"Ah, dame," said the little shepherdess, with a gesture of despair, when the curé turned to her, looking as severe as his natural benevolence would allow, "M. le Curé says it was my fault. And how could I know ? How could I tell that the English gentleman meant any harm, walking straight down the road with mademoiselle sa cousine ?"

"Go on," said the curé, sternly. "You know that ought to have shown you that all was not right."

"Mademoiselle was crying as she walked," said La Chapin, looking up at Mme. de Valmont, and nodding her old head violently. "She did not look at me, but ce monsieur came up to me and said a few words."

"What did he say ?" said Mme. de Valmont, impatiently.

"I am going to tell Mme. la Marquise. He said, 'Allons, Mère Chapin, you are going straight home, n'est-ce pas ? You are not going to the château, to tell the people there that you have met me walking in the avenue ?' 'Mais non, monsieur,' said I ; 'who would have thought of it ! Is it my affair if monsieur and mademoiselle choose to walk out in the dusk ?' 'Not at all,' said he ; 'and so you are going to forget all about it. Here is a little present for you.' And he gave me a twenty-franc piece."

"Méchant !" muttered the curé.

"And that did not make you suspect something wrong, ma bonne femme ?" said M. de Valmont.

"Dame, I don't know, M. le Marquis. It was not the first money that the gentleman had given me. He is very good to the poor. I only thought that I had a piece of very good fortune, till they came to wake me up from my bed to say that mademoiselle was gone."

"But how did she go ?" exclaimed Mme. de Valmont. "She could not walk to Carillon. Was any carriage seen about the place, do you know, M. le Curé ?"

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"Madame, the only carriage that passed through the village yesterday evening was that of Mme. la Baronne d'Yves. I saw it myself as I came from the church; she was in it herself. She stopped at the house of the poor woman Robert, to whom she has been very charitable. Her goodness to the poor is a marvel."

"Indeed," said Mme. de Valmont. "Well, we will not follow Mme. de Saint-Hilaire to Rochemar, and there is no use in going to Les Sapinières. We will go to Carillon. You will come with us, M. Johnny?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Morin, drive to Carillon. Adieu, M. le Curé."

The priest lifted his broad hat, and then stood with a sad face, looking after the receding carriage. He had a very sincere affection for the little demoiselle, who had always been so dutiful to him and so good to his people. The change in her lately had not escaped him, and he had been looking forward with anxiety to the departure of these English cousins, who could teach her nothing good. But the real result of their influence was much more dreadful than any of his vague dreams. Certainly, it was not much that earthly care could do to keep a wandering soul in the right way. The old man murmured a Pater and an Ave as he stood still on the road.

While the carriage rolled swiftly on its way toward Carillon, Mme. de Valmont told her two companions what reasons she had for a faint suspicion that Mme. d'Yves might somehow be concerned in Marie's flight.

"Your brother is acquainted with her," she said to Johnny, "and as I drove to Les Sapinières on Monday I saw him talking to her in the road. Then I overtook that poor child in the avenue. She seemed altogether in a strange humor, and talked among other things of the charity and goodness of this Mme. d'Yves. If I had dreamed of this—ah, how I wish I had talked more to her, and discovered all!"

"Do not trouble yourself with regrets," said her husband. "We may yet be in time to do some good. I agree with you—this Mme. d'Yves is a woman without scruples, and would certainly be ready to help in anything of this kind. Still, I should like to discover her motive."

"That is easy enough," said Mme. de Valmont. "She would do anything for revenge on Mme. de Rochemar. If it had not been for her, she might probably have established herself in society. Do you see?"

"Is it not wonderful how these ladies understand each other?" said M. de Valmont to Johnny, lifting his shoulders and eyebrows in astonishment.

His wife laughed.

"This is no time for joking, *mon ami*," she said. "The least I mean to do at Carillon is to discover what Mme. d'Yves knows of Marie."

"If Frank went off by train last night, and left her behind, she herself may be with Mme. d'Yves," said Johnny.

"So much the better. I shall find that out, and not leave Carillon without seeing her," said the marquise, decidedly.

Morin pulled up at the entrance of the town and looked round for orders.

"To the château," said M. de Valmont.

It was a wonderful thing to see one of the best known carriages in the neighborhood going full tilt through the narrow lanes that led to the river, and on down the poplar avenue to the front of the old château. People came out to stare. The washerwomen, ever busy in their little creek, stopped their work, and stood up with wet, shining arms, quite forgetful of their good manners, and incapable for the moment of anything but a prolonged gaze. The place itself was perfectly silent; the flowers bloomed against the rough old walls; the towers trembled on the broad, rippling stream. The carriage stopped in front of the great gates, which were tight shut, as well as the little postern-door beside them. M. de Valmont got out and pulled the bell that hung beside this door. It rang and resounded all through the place. Then there was silence again. They might have arrived at an uninhabited castle, or at least an enchanted one. Mme. de Valmont sat looking at the gates, as if she expected them to open of themselves, and Johnny, who felt as if all this was a horrid dream, stared mechanically at the card she held in her hand, "Mise. de Valmont." He read the letters backward and forward five or six times. Then the marquis came back to the carriage-door.

"We might as well have inquired at the station on our way," he said. "The whole family may have started for Paris this morning."

"I do not think so. I believe they are here," said Mme. de Valmont. "You had better ring again. Wait—we will get out, so that there may be no unnecessary delay."

Again the bell pealed, louder and longer than before. The door was suddenly opened by a footman, who looked rather incongruous, standing in that twelfth-century postern. Mme. de Valmont walked forward so decidedly that he was obliged to fall back, and allow her to pass into the little, dark courtyard under the old gateway.

"Mme. d'Yves is at home?" said she. "Take these cards to her, and tell her that the Marquise de Valmont begs the favor of a few minutes' talk."

The man bowed. "Par ici, madame," he said, and led the way up the corner staircase to the *salon*.

"We will stay here, mon cher," said the marquis to Johnny. "Mme. de Valmont will manage that lady better by herself."

CHAPTER XXI.

LOUIS DE ROCHEMAR.

WHILE Mme. de Valmont was waiting in the little Parisian *salon* for its owner, who did not seem inclined to appear, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire and Agnes were just arriving at Rochemar.

Agnes almost forgot her own consternation and shame at Frank's behavior in the admiration she felt for her aunt. Not one harsh word had passed the old comtesse's lips against Marie, the child she had brought up; whose weak and delicate youth she had tended so carefully, whose happiness she had studied, who had been for so long the one object of all her thoughts and doings. After the first anxiety, when the truth was too plain to all eyes, she was very silent; she poured out no blame on any one. When the old shepherdess came, with tears running down her withered cheeks, and penitently confessed the meeting in the avenue, begging her mistress to forgive her for her stupid silence, the comtesse looked at her sadly, and stretched out a kind hand.

"Do not distress yourself, ma pauvre femme. It is not your fault. They would have escaped in spite of you. Do not spread this news about the country," she added, addressing the group of servants. "Now go to bed, all of you. Good-night, Agnes."

On Wednesday she was down early as usual. When Agnes joined her she was just come in from the yard, and was standing in the *salon* with her hat on, and her stick in her hand. Peloton sat at a little distance, looking at her. He might well look, Agnes thought with a sudden shiver, as she caught the first glimpse of her aunt in an opposite mirror. There was a stoop in her upright shoulders, the hand that held her stick trembled, and her usually placid face looked worn and haggard. Sleep had been far from her eyes that night, it was plain enough.

"Bon jour, ma chère," she said, turning quietly to Agnes as she came in. "Will you put on your hat, and go with me by-and-by to Rochemar?"

"Yes, ma tante," said Agnes faintly. Then she came forward, took the old woman's hand and kissed it, and looked up into her face through suddenly falling tears. "I don't know how you can speak so kindly to me, or how you can endure the sight of me, when my brother has been so wicked, so ungrateful ——"

"I like justice myself," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "This affair makes you unhappy enough, I can see that. You are not responsible for other people's doings. I was a foolish old woman, it seems, to trust Frank as I did; but who would have imagined that you had no suspicion?"

"Suspicion that he dreamed of this? No, indeed. I knew that he was very fond of Marie, and that her engagement was a trouble to him."

"So did I. He confessed all that to me last Sunday. What falseness! I was utterly deceived. A character, too, that seemed so open and so gentle. Now if it had been John! There is something odd and reserved about John."

"Ah!" cried Agnes, "indeed you do not understand them. Johnny has an absent manner, but he is truthful, sincere, unselfish, honorable. Poor Frank—one cannot wish to blame him any more, but he has always had a way of thinking of himself first. He never cared very much how he got what he wanted, or what pain he gave; but this is beyond anything I ever dreamed of."

"Not much chance of happiness for my poor Marie, with a temper like that," said the comtesse. "She has chosen a sad fate for herself. With her peculiar character, it was necessary that her husband should be very amiable—patient, unselfish, compassionate. I knew that very well, and I had found a person who had all these virtues. Poor Louis! They are happy at Rochemar this morning. I cannot wait for them to come here. I must go and tell them the heart-breaking news."

So in the course of that sad morning they climbed the hill to Rochemar. As Auguste stopped his horses under the high arched entrance of the *cour d'honneur*, somebody in a velveteen coat came forward into the gateway. A short, dark-complexioned young man, with a grave countenance, and a black moustache, and small, pointed beard.

"There is the marquis. Ah, que c'est navrant!" sighed Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

M. de Rochemar came up and opened the carriage-door, and offered his hand to help her out, his face suddenly brightened and transfigured by a very sweet smile.

"Here I am, returned at last, madame," he said. "I hope to pay you a visit this afternoon."

"We will talk of that presently," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I am charmed to see you looking so well. Let me present you to my niece, Mdlle. Wyatt."

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," said the marquis, bowing. "I have heard of you already from my mother, and of messieurs vos frères too. I hope to make their acquaintance."

"Merci, monsieur," said Agnes. "I am afraid we are all going away at once."

"Ah, I hope not," said M. de Rochemar; and then he offered his arm to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who was walking very feebly into the house. "May I ask for mademoiselle your granddaughter?" Agnes heard him say, as she followed him.

"No. I have something to tell you—but your mother must hear it too."

"Dear madame, you frighten me."

"Have a moment's patience."

M. Louis said no more, but took her into the *salon*, where his mother appeared immediately, hurrying to meet them with delighted exclamations.

"But where is our angel? Where is the Flower of Anjou? You have not had the heart to leave her behind?"

"You ask me where she is, madame," said the old comtesse, supporting herself on her stick, and leaning with the other hand on the back of a chair. For a moment she seemed unable to say anything more; she looked from Louis to his mother, and shook her head.

There was something in her manner so solemn and so terrible that the lively Mme. de Rochemar stood for an instant as if she was turned to stone. Then she glanced at Agnes, and shrieked, striking her hands together.

"Ah, mon Dieu! What has happened? Mademoiselle is crying. Is she dead, then, our angel!"

"Madame, I entreat you, tell us the worst at once," said M. de Rochemar. As he spoke he went up to his mother and took both her trembling hands in his. "Calm yourself, ma mère."

"Listen, then," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "She is gone. She left Les Sapinières last night, and Heaven knows that I would give all I have to be able to tell you where she is now. We have lost her."

"Did she go alone?" said M. de Rochemar, turning very pale, but stilling his mother with an affectionate pressure of her hands.

"No. With her English cousin, Frank Wyatt. Agnes, mon enfant," said the old woman, turning suddenly to her niece, "this is painful for you. I should not have brought you here. But your brother's fault is not yours."

"No, indeed," said M. de Rochemar. "But I am grieved and shocked to think that——"

"Ah, I cannot bear it!" cried his mother, throwing herself into a seat, and bursting out into a passion of hysterical crying.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, still leaning on the back of a chair, stooped forward and covered her face with her hand.

"Come with me, ma très-chère," said Louis, tenderly, putting his arm round his mother. "Pardon, madame; I will come back to you in a moment."

"Ma tante, would not you sit down?" said Agnes, when the mother and son had left the room together.

"No," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

But when the marquis returned he brought forward an arm-chair, and gently insisted on her taking it. Agnes was obliged to do the same, and then he stood still for a moment in front of them. Agnes could see that he was very much moved, and scarcely knew whether she felt more pity or admiration for this man, whose joyful hopes had met with such a downfall, and who could yet command himself, putting aside all appearance of resentment, or even surprise, and be ready with steady tenderness to dry a weak woman's tears.

"Have we been mistaken all this time?" he said. "My mother gave me to understand that Mdlle. Marie accepted me of her own free will. Was not that the case, madame?"

"I assure you that it was," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "This terrible thing is as great a surprise to me as to you."

"And the English gentleman," said M. de Rochemar, with an apologetic glance at Agnes—"did she know him before? Was it, perhaps, a long, hopeless attachment?"

"No, indeed. She never saw him till after she was engaged to you. I had the greatest confidence in him—so had every one else. It must be confessed that they were much together, and that he occupied himself a great deal with her amusement. But that, you know, in England, is

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the way with young people, especially if they are related to each other. Still, I should have been more watchful. It was my fault."

"I fear that cette pauvre demoiselle must have suffered very much before she felt herself driven to such a step," said M. de Rochemar. "Had I only been here sooner I might have seen it, and withdrawn myself. I would not have stood in the way of her happiness."

"You are too generous," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I can only hope that you may in time find a wife more worthy of you. I know that Marie has thrown away her happiness. There is no trust to be placed in a person who could do as Frank has done. He has lived in my house, won my confidence, and then stolen away my only treasure."

"When did it happen?" said M. de Rochemar. "Have you any idea where they are gone?"

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire told him all the sad story, going through the circumstances slowly and emphatically. The marquis sat down, frowning, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Ma tante," said Agnes, suddenly coming forward, "I believe it was all my fault. I might have prevented it."

"How, my child?"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said Louis, looking up at her. "It is most likely that no one could have prevented it."

"But listen to me," said Agnes. "Frank told me one day, some time ago, about his affection for Marie, and that he believed she cared for him. I told him he ought to go away. He would not hear of that. I suppose I ought not to have held my tongue and let things take their course, as I did; but I trusted him. I was sorry for him; but, of course, I thought he was perfectly hopeless."

"You acted quite naturally, my dear," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I trusted him too, and did very much the same. When he spoke to me on Sunday, as I have told you, Louis, he offered to go away at once, if I thought it better. I begged him to stay. We have made a sad mess of it among us, but certainly I was the blindest and the most to blame. The thought of being allied with you was a great happiness to me, and I am sorry indeed to give it up. You, perhaps, already feel that it is fortunate for you. It will not be long before my poor Marie finds out her mistake—deceived like all of us, but the most terribly of all. I had better not stay here," she said, getting up. "I should like to know how your mother is, and then my niece and I will return home. Is the carriage there?"

"Do not think of leaving us yet, I beg of you, madame," said M. de Rochemar. "We cannot remain in this state of miserable uncertainty. Surely you wish to know where Mdlle. Marie is gone, and what she is doing? I understand that you have not even any proof that she has left Carillon. When our friends leave us in this way, we cannot at once lose all interest in them."

"That is true enough," said the comtesse, wearily. "But how are we to find out these things? I thought we could only wait for a letter. She is not so unnatural as to leave me long in suspense."

"I hope not; but three or four days may pass before the letter comes. We must try and ascertain something in the meanwhile. We will make no public inquiries; but I have friends enough at Carillon to find out anything I want to know. Will you let me carry out my little plan?"

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had sat down again, and was looking up wistfully into the grave face opposite her, darkened by the African sun, and now hiding all deep feeling under a quiet, matter-of-fact expression. The marquis was certainly a strong contrast to the tall, graceful, refined-looking Frank Wyatt; yet there was a soldierly dignity about him, a real naturalness and unaffected honesty which did not really lose in comparison with the careless, easy openness of Frank. Art often beats Nature in these things, and it is only a connoisseur who can always distinguish between the copy and the original.

"Then what do you want me to do?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"I want you and mademoiselle your niece to stay here and take care of my mother, while I go to Carillon. My poor mother cannot be left alone."

"I will do as you wish. But listen to me a moment. It is very wrong that you should do this. You ought to have nothing more to say to us. You have been treated in the most dreadful way by this girl, and you still care what becomes of her? Let somebody else take all this trouble. It is not your place."

"Madame, I did not think you wished to give me up as a friend. Say nothing more about it, I beg. I have known Mdlle. Marie for many years, and I think no one has a better right to take an interest in her."

Louis came forward, and kissed the old lady's hand; then he made a low bow to Agnes, and left the room without saying any more.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire rocked herself backward and forward in her chair, and sighed deeply once or twice.

"Well, Agnes, what do you think of him?"

"Ma tante, there is something about him that makes one think of the old paladins."

"You are right. We have not many such in the world now. He is like his father, who was the most chivalrous gentleman in France. Ah, Marie, thou little stupid one, what a parti hast thou thrown away!"

M. le Marquis de Rochemar muffled himself up in a large scarf, for the air was cold that October morning, jumped into his dog-cart, and drove off at a great pace. He had not a very clear idea of what he was going to do, but of one thing he was pretty sure—that he would succeed in finding out whether Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire and her English lover had left Carillon station; and if so, by what train.

CHAPTER XXII.

EN CACHETTE.

Frank Wyatt had made one great mistake, as the cleverest people sometimes do, perhaps fortunately for their less brilliant fellow-creatures. If he wished to keep his stolen prize, he should at all risks have carried it off with him at once. To leave Marie to her own reflections, shut up for so many hours in the Château de Carillon, deprived of the excitement of his presence, and with nothing to do but to wait and think things over, was about the most stupid thing he could have done.

She found herself almost imprisoned in a small, cell-like room, where Mme. d'Yves, her hostess or jailer, was constantly looking in upon her, with nods and glances and scraps of encouragement that jarred dreadfully on the little demoiselle. The first sign of reaction, which came on so early as Tuesday night, was a return of all her former prejudice against Mme. d'Yves and her black eyes. She hated her, and would scarcely answer when she spoke to her, quite forgetting how grateful she ought to be for the ready good-nature and hospitality which had made her elopement such an easy affair. Madame d'Yves remarked to her husband that she hoped M. Wyatt would be able to manage the young lady; she was quite beyond her.

Things got worse as the night went on. The wind howled round the old towers and turrets, the river splashed and gurgled, and Marie, wide awake with excitement, fancied all sorts of ghostly noises in the château, to which she was paying her first visit after such a strange fashion. She thought it was very wrong of Frank to bring her to such a place as this, and to leave her in the charge of a woman like Mme. d'Yves. Then came a flood of repentance. What nad she been thinking of? How could she have done it? Cruel, wicked, ungrateful girl, to leave her poor grandmother in such terrible anxiety! What was her grandmother doing now? Not sleeping her own, healthy, peaceful sleep, Marie was quite sure. And then she pictured all the search to herself, the uncertainty, the hunting far and near, the crying and bewailing over the lost child. Ah! could that be the wind, that melancholy noise? it was like somebody crying. Marie crossed herself, and then suddenly felt that she had no right to do that, while she was deliberately committing this dreadful sin. She almost heard her grandmother calling, and then she got up and tried to open the door. It was locked, but she shook it, and cried, "Grand'mère, grand'mère!" Only the moaning wind answered her; that sad cry could never reach her grandmother's anxious ears. There was nothing for it but to lie down again and cry very bitterly, so gradually sobbing herself into a sleep broken by dreams and sudden starts of terror.

In the morning Mme. d'Yves unlocked the door herself and brought in a cup of coffee. She found Marie already dressed, and walking up and down the room like a captive creature, her face very pale, and her eyes hollow and worn.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," said Mme. d'Yves, who looked smart and agreeable in a rose-colored peignoir trimmed with white lace. "You have slept well, I hope. *Tiens!* you are dressed already. I wonder you troubled yourself to get up so early."

"Thank you, madame," said Marie. "You are very good. I have not slept at all."

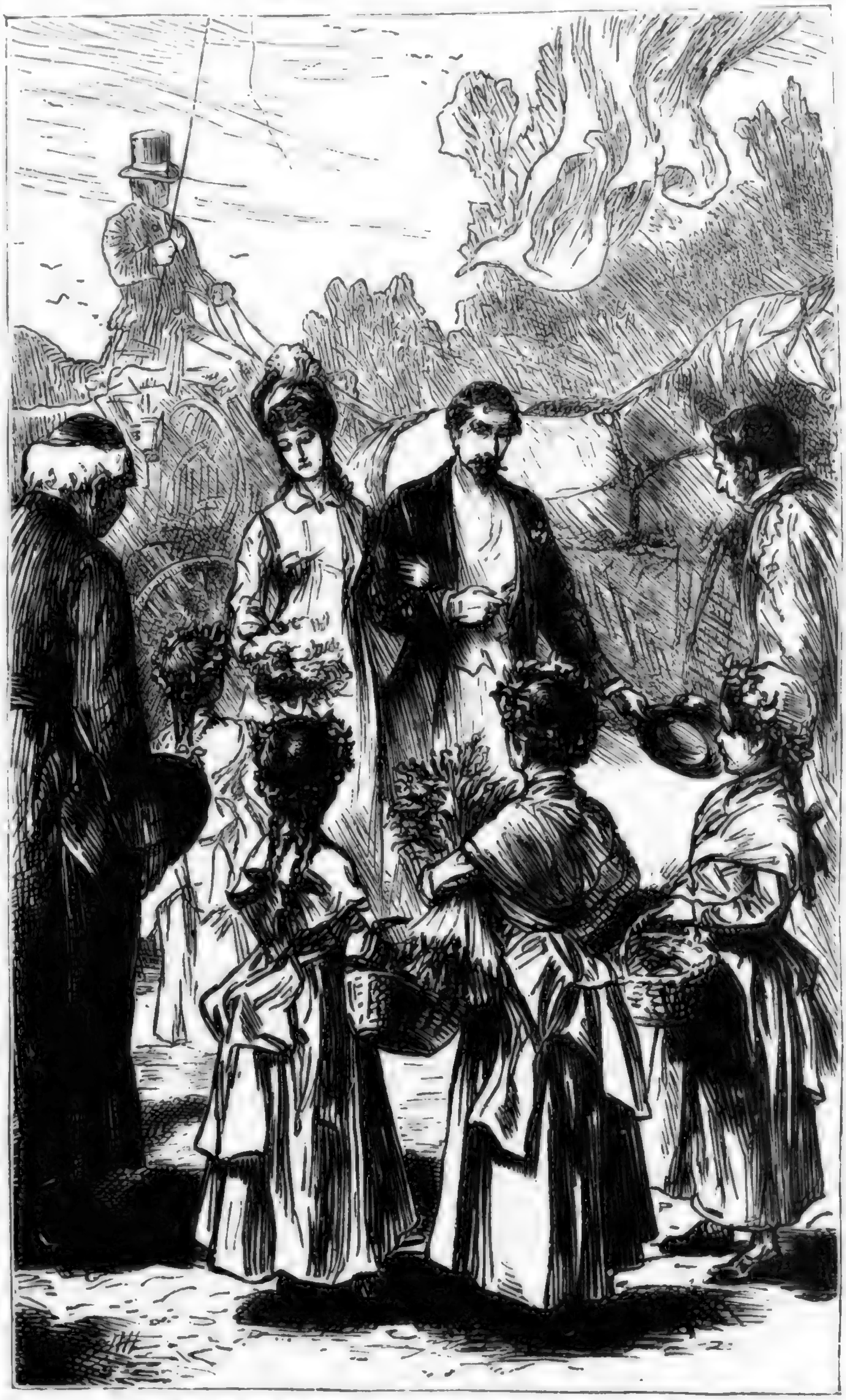
"Indeed! what a pity! That was really unwise, mademoiselle, considering the journey that is before us. However, you must rest yourself during the day."

"Why did you trouble yourself to do that, madame?" Marie said, pointing to the coffee.

"I thought I should like to see how my charge found herself this morning," said Madame d'Yves, showing her teeth in a cheerful smile. "I do not wonder, myself, that you feel upset. Such things don't happen every day, and they are seldom thoroughly pleasant at the time."

"I never went through anything half so dreadful!" said Marie; at which her hostess laughed.

"Allons, mademoiselle, you have not had much to do for yourself. No jumping out of the window, or riding twenty miles, or hiding in woods, or any of those difficulties that one expects on these occasions. Everything has been arranged for you easily enough. I will say for these English gentlemen that they are very considerate. If you had



THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—PRESENTATION OF THE WEDDING GIFTS.

only heard the long discourses that M. Wyatt used to make to me on the subject. He was so unhappy, and I pitied him so much, poor fellow, that I was obliged to help him. And I think I may say that we arranged the affair very cleverly between us."

"You did, indeed," said Marie, but her tone of voice was anything but grateful.

"To be sure," said Mme. d'Yves, "we are not safely through with it yet. We have to get to Paris; but the worst part is over, now that you are with me. And once in Paris, let them search for you!"

"Ah, mon Dieu!" cried Marie, suddenly sitting down, and hiding her face in her hands.

Mme. d'Yves stood and looked at her, with her hands folded on her peignoir, till one or two long sobs shook the small, stooping figure, and tears began to steal through the stiff, slender fingers.

"Allons! voyons! what is there to cry about, mademoiselle? One would think everything was going wrong, and that you were to be taken back home and married against your will. It is a bad compliment to ce pauvre monsieur, who has gone off to Paris to prepare for you. Or perhaps it is that the time seems so long. Bien! I am very sorry, but we cannot possibly start till this evening. Not so many hours, after all. Have a little patience, and do not cry, *ma petite*. It is a pity to spoil your pretty eyes for no reason."

In the course of her consolations, Mme. d'Yves advanced quite close to Marie, and stooped over her, gently touching her soft, dark hair. Marie started and shook off the touch, regaining her self-command with a sudden effort, and her hostess retreated several steps, staring at her. She was puzzled, not unnaturally, and perhaps resolved that this should be the last time she would give any help in the love affairs of a young lady of the noblesse.

"Madame," said Marie, standing up, "do you really wish to be kind to me?"

"You ask me that, mademoiselle?" with an expressive shrug.

"Then will you send a message for me to my grandmother? It makes me miserable to think how anxious she must be. Just a few words, to tell her that I am safe and well, and that I will write to her from Paris. She will die of anxiety if she hears nothing."

Mme. d'Yves screwed up her mouth, raised her eyebrows, and looked very grave.

"You should have thought of all that before, mademoiselle," she said. "As for sending a message, it is far too dangerous. I could not possibly do such a thing. Why, how should I get you away to Paris, if your grandmother knew you were here? She supposes that you are already hundreds of leagues away. Do not you see that your safety lies in the fact that no one suspects me? Be a little reasonable, *je vous en prie*."

"I wish I had never done it," said Marie. She stopped for a moment, and looked round at the narrow walls of her room with a sort of desperation. "I am like a prisoner here. I cannot get out, or do anything I choose. What will become of me?"

"Mademoiselle," said Mme. d'Yves, shaking her head, "forgive me, but you are too impatient. I am sorry you find yourself so uncomfortable here, but it was part of the plan that you should be carefully hidden in my house for a night and a day. It was done to please you, and if you complain, it is of the fate that you have chosen for yourself. It is absurd for you to think of going out to-day. I gave my word to M. Wyatt that I would keep you safely, and I assure you that I mean to do it. Take my advice and be contented."

Marie only answered by something between a sigh and an exclamation of rage. Mme. d'Yves left her to recover her temper, and went away to her husband with uplifted hands and eyes.

"Quel diable de caractère! That poor Englishman! I pity him with all my heart."

It was two or three hours after this that Mme. de Valmont arrived at the château. When she had waited some minutes in the *salon*, listening to every sound, and moving uneasily from window to window, M. d'Yves came in, bowing, with his Panama hat in his hand. His wife would have the honor of attending madame instantly. In the meanwhile might he offer his services? Was there anything he could do? First of all, he begged that madame would sit down.

"It is not worth the trouble, monsieur," said Mme. de Valmont. "I have only a few words to say to Mme. d'Yves. I must apologize for such an early visit, but the affair is urgent."

"And I cannot give you any assistance, madame?" said M. d'Yves.

"I suppose you have heard of the melancholy flight of Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire. Can you give me any news of her?"

M. d'Yves muttered an exclamation or two, shrugged his shoulders, and looked impenetrable.

"What news do you expect from me, madame? To be sure I have heard—so has the whole country, I suppose. Such things make a noise when they happen in good society."

"I want to find out where the young lady is now. Can you give me no help, monsieur?"

"Help, madame! Nothing but conjecture. Let us see; can they have reached England by this time? Or, perhaps, they might choose to go in some other direction. Poor Mme. de Saint-Hilaire! It must be a trial to her, but it will be a lesson never to trust the English."

"The English are very good people," said Mme. de Valmont. "Such men as this are the exception."

"C'est possible. You have driven from Lauron this morning, madame? May I venture to offer you breakfast? It will be ready in a few minutes."

"Merci bien, monsieur. We must return at once. Perhaps I need not trouble Mme. d'Yves this morning," said the marquise, glancing impatiently at the door.

"Pardon. She will be here in a moment. If you would have the goodness to sit down."

Mme. de Valmont was not unwilling to wait, for she had a sort of idea that Mme. d'Yves might have some information that her husband either did not know or did not choose to tell, and that it would be a pity to go away without trying all sources.

So she condescended to take one of the elegant little chairs, and to admire some handsome china which M. d'Yves brought forward for her inspection, little thinking how near she was to the object of her inquiries.

All this time M. de Valmont and Johnny were waiting in the little courtyard. They stood talking in the inner archway, which led into the garden, still gay and bright in Autumn beauty.

Johnny was interested by the curious old, gray mass of buildings, and walked a few steps forward into the garden to have a better view of them.

"They could hide twenty people in these queer old towers," he said to M. de Valmont.

"All sorts of strange things happened here in the Revolution," said the Marquis. "There are rooms that one cannot discover from outside. Look, do you see that little loophole close to the corner of the wall, half hidden by the gateway? I wonder what sort of place gets the light through that. Wait for me here. I must speak to the coachman;" and he walked off, while Johnny lingered and looked up with curious eyes at the rugged walls and turrets that rose above him.

Suddenly a little white thing fell on the pavement at his feet, and he stooped instinctively to pick it up. It was a piece of paper, wrapped round a brooch that Marie often wore, with a few almost illegible words scribbled on it:

"JOHNNY, I am shut up here. I shall die. Come and let me out."

"O, by Jove, what does this mean! What have those confounded French beggars been doing to that little girl!" ejaculated Johnny. "Now how am I to get at her?"

A moment's inspection of the neighboring wall showed him a little narrow door in the recess between this turret and the next. He seized the iron ring that served as handle; the door was unlocked, and opened easily on the foot of a winding stone staircase. Up this Johnny sprang, turned into a twilight passage on the right, and found himself close to a door, of which the key was in the lock. He knocked, and there was a stifled cry inside. The handle was turned and shaken, and then came an eager voice—"Make haste, make haste, open the door!" Johnny wrenched the key round, and flung the door open. The next moment Marie was clinging to his arm.

"Where did you come from? Oh, I heard your voice, and another voice that I knew. Who was it? Did you come to look for me?"

"It was M. de Valmont," said Johnny. "Yes, we came to look for you. Mme. de Valmont is in the house with Mme. d'Yves."

"Ah! then she has been telling lies, and saying that I am not here. That dear Mme. de Valmont! Where is she? Take me to her, Johnny."

"Yes, you had better come to her at once," said Johnny. "You poor little thing. what have they been doing to you? Come along. Mind how you go down these horrid stairs. There, keep hold of me, and you will be all right."

"Yes, yes," said Marie, as they hurried down. "But where is my grandmother? Have you seen her? Is she here?"

"No. Mme. de Valmont will take you home."

Mme. d'Yves had not yet appeared in the *salon*, and Mme. de Valmont was getting a little tired of admiring the china, when she heard hurried, uncertain steps coming up to the door.

Fortunately for M. le Baron's beautiful Sèvres, she had just had time to put down the cup she was holding, when Johnny and Marie dashed into the room together.

"Ah!" cried Mme. de Valmont.

She rose up suddenly, and held out her arms to the poor little prodigal, who ran into them without even seeing that there was anyone else in the room. Johnny went quietly and looked out of the window. M. d'Yves pulled his moustache, stared from one to another, and muttered to himself. Another door opened, and Mme. d'Yves, elegantly dressed, and smiling, advanced into the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

MME. DE VALMONT disengaged herself gently from Marie's embrace, and made a low inclination to Mme. d'Yves, who returned it with one equally formal. Then there was a moment's silence, broken by Mme. d'Yves, who began in rather a weak voice.

"Tiens! Mademoiselle has changed her mind. I understood that she wished to hide herself. I beg your pardon, madame, for making you wait so long, but I was unavoidably detained. I am charmed to see you. Bon jour, monsieur," with another curtsey to Johnny. "It is monsieur votre fils, madame?"

"No, madame. It is a friend of mine. Will you have the goodness," said Mme. de Valmont, turning to Johnny, "to see if the carriage is there?"

Johnny bowed and left the room. M. d'Yves was standing in a corner, making faces. In obedience to a glance from his wife, he went out after Johnny. Marie stood half behind Mme. de Valmont, and Mme. d'Yves politely begged them to sit down.

"Merci, madame," said the Marquise. "My little affair has arranged itself, you see. I came to ask whether you could give me any tidings of Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire. Monsieur votre mari appeared quite unable to do so. You see I am satisfied, though at the same time very much astonished. Did you come to this house of your own free will. my dear Marie, or what is the meaning of it all?"

"Yes, madame, I did. I was very wrong, and I am very sorry," answered Marie, in a low voice.

"Does mademoiselle intend to pursue her journey to Paris this evening?" asked Mme. d'Yves. "If not, perhaps she will be good enough to write to M. Wyatt that she has changed her mind. I will not say that a letter will be quite equally welcome with herself, when ce monsieur meets us at Mont-Parnasse. But we will hope that he is a philosopher, and will receive it with resignation. What do you say, mademoiselle?"

"Allow me to answer for you, Marie," said Mme. de Valmont. "Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire is obliged for your hospitality, madame, and for the interest you take in her affairs. She has now, however, placed them in the hands of her own friends, who will arrange them as she wishes. She is responsible for her actions to no one but to madame sa grand'-mère. Permit me also to remind you that kindness may sometimes be injudicious and misplaced, and that a person who allows herself to forward a flight of this kind is acting a part which must lower her position amongst honorable people."

Mme. d'Yves's eyes flashed, but she was afraid of Mme. de Valmont, who on occasions could put on the dignity of an empress, and who as she stood there, tall, fair, and grave, was something like a beautiful reproving angel. It was indeed as if little Marie's *ange gardien* had suddenly swept down amongst the dark crew who had seized upon her, and taken her at once into safe shelter and care. Mme. d'Yves shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head expressively.

"Bien, madame," said she. "Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire is of course perfectly free to do as she pleases. At the same time she must allow me to say that when a thing is half done, the wisest course is generally to carry it through. She cannot think that she has improved her position in the neighborhood by this little adventure. M. Wyatt's disappointment is, of course, nothing in her eyes—though Heaven alone knows why she consented to run away with him, if she meant to turn back in the middle. But she should remember that an affair like this is not very soon forgotten—that former arrangements may not so easily be renewed, especially when a family has the pride of all the fiends——"

"Pardon, madame," said Mme. de Valmont, flushing slightly. "Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire's position in the neighborhood will be taken care of by those on whom it chiefly depends. It is quite unnecessary for you to trouble yourself about it."

"Madame, I am charmed to hear you say so. And I am not even to take a message to M. Wyatt, mademoiselle?"

"I shall write to him myself. I am much obliged to you, madame," answered Marie.

She scarcely knew what she was saying, and was only conscious of a wonderful rest and peace in Mme. de Valmont's protecting presence. She was going back to her grandmother, and at the present moment that was all she cared to think of. The fear, the excitement, the heavy load that lay on her poor little conscience, seemed suddenly to be taken away. The stinging words of Mme. d'Yves, which had called that color to her friend's cheeks, made no impression on her ears. She only just knew that Johnny appeared at the door, followed by the footman, who announced that the carriage was ready; that there was a great exchange of courtesies with Mme. d'Yves; that Mme. de Valmont put her arm round her, and half carried her downstairs.

"Good-morning, dear mademoiselle," said M. de Valmont's cheerful voice in the archway. "What do you say to this?" he said to his wife. "Johnny and I think that he shall hire a horse at the Faisan, and ride off at once to Rochemar, while we go straight to Les Sapinières."

"Madame!" exclaimed Marie, looking up with a flushed face and tearful eyes. "Why to Rochemar?"

"Ma très-chère, your grandmother is there. When we passed through Sonnay this morning we heard that she was gone."

"Ah!"

"Yes, a very good plan," said Mme. de Valmont to her husband. "If there is a horse at the Faisan that will do."

"We must ask. Johnny, get inside with the ladies. I am going on the box."

"Thank you, monsieur," answered Johnny; "I am going to walk;" and he set off at once.

"Stop at the Faisan," said M. de Valmont to the coachman.

The Hôtel du Faisan was a long, white house, with green shutters, standing on the northern side of the chief "place" in the town. Opposite it was the quaint little market-hall, and all round were shops. Some carts were standing in the square, and people were moving backward and forward across the open space. From the church-tower behind the houses the bells were ringing, as M. de Valmont's carriage came up to the nearest lane and stopped on the uneven pavement in front of the inn.

Marie leaned back in the carriage and hid her face, feeling as if all the passers-by must be looking at her. Neither she nor Mme. de Valmont spoke. Morin jumped down and went into the yard to ask about a riding-horse, and as they waited there a dog-cart came in at a fast pace from the opposite side of the square, and its driver pulled up close to them.

Little Marie, in her exhausted state, with only one conscious feeling—the wish to see and be seen by no one—did not at first understand at all what was going on; but her kind guardian bent forward with a flushed and eager face, and M. de Valmont leaned from the box, stretching out his hand to Louis de Rochemar, who had sprung down at once and come forward, hat in hand, to the carriage. The few words that passed were in so low a tone that Marie did not hear them; but a movement of Mme. de Valmont's, as she nodded and smiled to her old acquaintance, roused her a little.

She peeped at her face, and, puzzled by what she saw there, looked further and met Louis's eyes. Of course she knew him at once, and yet scarcely realized who it was, looking at her so kindly, with so much sorrow and affection, and a sort of longing self-reproach. Mme. de Valmont watched the young man's face with incredulous pleasure. In spite of her dignified rebuke to Mme. d'Yves, she was not without a lurking fear that Marie might have destroyed all her prospects in life by this distracted adventure; however, if M. de Rochemar did not think so, no one else's opinion mattered much.

Marie herself seemed to be in a dream, from which in another moment she partially waked, and blushing crimson all over her pale face, turned aside to hide it in the darkest corner. Just then Johnny came up, and Morin appeared from the stable-yard with discouraging news about horses. When M. de Valmont introduced Johnny to the Marquis de Rochemar the sailor bowed very gravely; but Louis held out his hand.

"You are going to Rochemar, monsieur," he said, "in search of Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. Allow me to offer you a seat in my dog-cart. I am going back at once, and shall have great pleasure in driving you."

"C'est ça," said M. de Valmont. "As for ourselves, we will make the best of our way to Les Sapinières. Listen, Johnny. Tell madame votre tante not to be anxious or to hurry herself. Mme. de Valmont will stay till she comes. In fact, we shall invite ourselves to breakfast."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAUDSLEY.

Of course every one knows that England as a country to live in is safe, dull, humdrum, matter-of-fact and uninteresting. In an ordinary English existence it is very seldom that anything happens unexpectedly, while across the Channel there is an electric current of uncertainty always in the air. It is charged with revolutions. You never know when your house may be burnt down, or when you may have to pack up on five minutes' notice and fly for your life. There are all sorts of charming little excitements, too, in the course of one's daily affairs, which are impossible in a well-regulated English house, where everything and everybody goes on as if wound up by machinery. Still, very strange and unexpected things do sometimes happen to people.

So Johnny Wyatt thought, as he stood at an open window one August morning, and looked out across a lawn with glowing flower-beds in the shade of some tall elms full of rooks' nests. Some letters were lying on the breakfast-table, directed to Captain Wyatt, most of them invitations from people in the neighborhood.

It was the old Maudsley dining-room, where Johnny had never intruded himself much in his uncle's time, but where he was now master and at home. The old man had been dead about eight months, and had made a new will in his last illness, not long after reading a paragraph in the papers headed, "Distinguished Gallantry of a Young Naval Officer."

Some disaffected natives, somewhere in the East, had contrived to get possession of a British gunboat, and had seized and imprisoned her crew, who would certainly have been murdered, if a certain young lieutenant, with twenty men at his back, had not stormed the place, routed several hundred natives, and brought the boat and her crew back in triumph.

It was that old-fashioned kind of courage which people call foolhardiness now-a-days; if it succeeds it is lauded to the skies, if it fails it is well laughed at. It is seldom found in men who consider their lives things of much value. Johnny, as you know, had little of this instinct of self-preservation; and it was an adventure which just suited him, rather more dangerous than anything he had gone through before. He came off with honor and glory, and got his promotion on the spot. Also, on his uncle's death, not many weeks afterward, it was found that this quiet old man,

A FARMYARD SCENE.

occupied as he was with his own sorrow, had been able to measure his two nephews rightly. Frank's legacy of £5,000 was not sweetened by a paragraph in the will which explained Mr. Wyatt's change of intentions regarding the two brothers. A report of Francis's adventures when abroad in the previous Summer had reached his ears, he said, and had convinced him that his was not a character to be trusted with large estates. He had, therefore, resolved to make Johnny his heir; thus showing his respect for simplicity, unselfishness and bravery.

So it came to pass that Johnny, thinner and darker and older-looking, stood in his own dining-room window, and stared at the rooks' nests, while Frank, his leave being long ago at an end, was gone to join his regiment in Canada.

"Good-morning," said Agnes, coming into the room. Her brother turned from the window, and they sat down to breakfast. "What a number of letters! and here is a French one for me. I thought the aunt was never going to write to me again."

"Don't you want to read it? I'll do the coffee," said Johnny. "Most of those others are invitations from people who did not think me worth speaking to when I used to come here years ago. Mrs. Ashwood—do you remember her? I always used to think it would be the grandest day in my life if I could only get her to look at me when she shook hands. I used to look hard in her face, but she was always glancing on to the next person."

"Yes; I hate people who do that," said Agnes. "But you will have attention enough now, never fear. After all, you were only a little middy in those days."

"No; I was a lieutenant. She did it the last time I saw her, four years ago."

"Did she?" said Agnes, absently, already absorbed in the long, closely-covered sheets of her French letter.

Johnny poured out the coffee, and then opened a newspaper.

"Hallo!" he cried out, after a few minutes.

"What is it?"

"Moreau & Company have come to smash. That great ship-building firm at Brest."

"Well?" said Agnes, vaguely.

Johnny glanced up under his long eyelashes with a slightly wondering smile. Was it possible that any one's memory could be so short!

"Did you never hear of them before?" he said, patiently.

"Brest! Ah, to be sure; you went there with M. de Valmont. I had quite forgotten the people's name. Are they quite done for? What a pity!"

"You heard all about them at the time," said Johnny. "Don't you remember? M. de Valmont had a very large share in the concern; in fact, I believe he was one of the partners. Good gracious!" and Johnny leaned his head on his hand with an air of immense depression.

Agnes looked sympathizing, and hoped M. de Valmont was so rich in other ways that this would not make any serious difference to him. Then her eyes wandered back to her letter.

"Do you care to hear what my aunt says? There is something about them——"

"Go on."

"'I know you must have been glad, my dear Agnes,' said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, after some affectionate sentences at the beginning, "to hear of Marie's happy marriage, and to know that my long anxiety about her has come to an end at last. I fear you must have thought during the last two years that both she and I have neglected you sadly. You heard of her illness, so long and so serious, that those who loved her were afraid her health and strength were entirely lost, and that her nerves could never recover the trial they had gone through. That she did recover at all was entirely owing to the generosity and tenderness of M. de Rochemar. You will understand what I mean by generosity. He never alluded to the past; but when the poor child was able to come down-stairs, he asked me to allow him to do what he could for himself. His success was as complete as it was deserved; and even in England, I assure you, you could not find two people who love each other more sincerely. Mme. de Rochemar and myself are very happy in the fulfillment of our wishes. I will now give you a little account of the wedding.'"

"Won't that keep?" Johnny suggested at this point. "I thought you said there was something about the De Valmonts."

"We shall come to that directly. I'll spare you the wedding itself—you can read it afterward; but the reception at Rochemar must have been really lovely. My aunt went there to stay with Mme. de Rochemar, and there were a great many other people staying there; M. and Mme. de l'Allier—I remember them; don't you? My aunt says: 'The people worked fifteen days, preparing triumphal arches; and though Rochemar is such a little village, nothing could have been prettier or more perfectly done. Louis and Marie arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, on a most beautiful day. They got out of their carriage at the first arch, where four little girls in white and wreaths of flowers presented each a tribute to the bride. One had a live partridge in a basket, representing the game of the country; the second had a basket containing a cream cheese and a pot of milk; the third a bunch of grapes and a small sheaf of wheat; and the fourth a large nosegay. The Maire and the Curé made speeches, to which Louis replied. There was a double line of National Guards of a hundred men each; and in the midst of all this I went, with Mme. de Rochemar and her friends, to meet the young couple. We then set off to walk to the château in procession; Louis and Marie first, then ourselves, the Maire, and the Curé, and then the soldiers following. At the entrance of the château there was another triumphal arch, where we took leave of the Garde. In the *salon* the young girls of the village were awaiting us to present their nosegay, and they made a very pretty speech. Then we dined, whilst a band played on the terrace; and all the village people sat down to an outdoor feast. In the evening the whole of the avenue was illuminated, and there were banners flying in every direction. People came from Carillon and all the neighboring villages; and we walked about till nearly midnight amongst constant cries of "Vive Monsieur le Marquis!" "Vive Madame la Marquise!" You will believe that I have seldom spent a more delightful evening. I thought several times of you, my dear Agnes, and wished you could see the charming scene. You always took an interest in our people, and their behavior on this occasion would have convinced you of their kind, affectionate, and gentle nature. Marie has, of course, been received most cordially by the whole neighborhood. She has one great grief, however—which is mine also—that we are likely very soon to lose our dear friends M. and Mme. de Valmont. I fear he has been getting into difficulties for some time past. Several of his speculations have failed, and now he is involved in the bankruptcy of some great shipbuilders at Brest. They talked of selling Lauron, but I hope it is only to be let, and that their circumstances may improve by and by. They will, at any rate, leave it in September, and go to Tours for a time, till they can arrange their further plans. Their son Max is married to Mdlle. de Pontmercy, and now lives in Paris. Pierre and Cécile are at present with their parents.'"

"Not married!" exclaimed Johnny, under his breath.

His sister paused and looked up.

"I need not read any more, for you won't listen to it," she said. "Not married, I suppose. But, dear Johnny, for pity's sake, don't let us have any more of those French entanglements. I am sure we had a lesson to keep out of them. And now that you are so well off, and could marry some charming English girl, who would make this a really happy home for you! Do consider. I daresay you would have no better success than you had before."

Poor Agnes! In the history of mankind, is there an instance of the wisest sisterly counsels having any effect on a brother who was in love?

"Suppose you have some toast, and don't talk about it," Johnny suggested.

He did not say a word about his intentions; but Agnes was painfully aware that all the invitations were declined, that the tidal-service in Bradshaw was being carefully studied, and that she might as well arrange to return home at her earliest convenience, leaving Maudsley in the care of the old housekeeper, who, with all her fellow-servants, already worshiped the Captain, as they called him.

CHAPTER XXV.

VESPERS AT LAURON.

I DO not think it even occurred to Johnny to go respectably to his aunt's house, and from thence pay a correct visit to M. and Mme. de Valmont. As Lauron was his object, he found that the only natural course was to take the shortest way, to travel day and night till he got as near to it as the railway would bring him. This end of his journey was not Carillon, but a little town on the other side of the country—a small, clean, smart place—where he found a good inn for breakfast, and hired the master of the inn, his shaky wagonette, and old white horse, to take him on the three or four leagues to Lauron. M. Célestin did not find his passenger very communicative, and after some efforts at conversation took refuge in whistling and talking to his horse. It was impossible to be agreeable to a wooden-headed Anglais, who sat half asleep, with his head bent and his arms folded, and seemed to care for nothing, not even politics. It was Sunday, and as they approached Lauron the bells were ringing for vespers.

"Did monsieur wish to go to the château?" Célestin inquired. "The family might very likely be at church. Not many more Sundays for them in their own old church."

"They are going away soon, then?" said Johnny.

"Mais oui, monsieur. In fifteen days or so."

Johnny woke and looked about him, as they crawled up the hill to the village in the broiling sun. There were the meadows, now burnt and brown; there was the river, and the well-remembered mill. On the other side were the heathy wilds, running away to the woods, where he used to shoot with those jolly French sportsmen two years ago. What changes since then! He had been to the other side of the world; and it was a wonder that he had brought his life back with him. Little he had thought of ever wanting it for such a purpose as this. In that case he was not sure that the blacks would have been so welcome to it. A sudden glimpse through the trees and houses of the irregular street showed him the château, great and stately as of old, the August sun burning down on its high-peaked roofs and massive walls. All the trees and woods about it looked brown and shriveled after the long, hot Summer. They were fading, like the fortunes of its owner. Johnny stopped his driver at a turn in the street where a narrow lane led up to the church, and asked him to wait at the inn a little further on till he heard of him again, which would be in an hour or two. He was not sure whether he should want to go back that day or not. In the meantime he left his portmanteau in Célestin's charge.

As he walked slowly and thoughtfully up the lane, he saw a barber's shop open on the other side of the road, and stood still and read the inscription on the sign, with a vague notion that his own locks would be the better for a little snipping. They grew more plentiful than ever, and would curl, though he did his best to brush them out straight. The legend was inviting: "Ici on embellit la jeunesse Ici on rajeunit la vieillesse." Johnny wavered for a few moments; but as he stood looking the church-bell stopped, and he resolved to go on at once to the church. What could an inch more or less of hair signify, when she was there? And who could tell that this would not be his very last chance of seeing her? So this young sea-king, with his dark face and waving red-brown wig, went on up the lane to the churchyard, where groups of blue blouses were turning in under the rich archway of the Romanesque tower.

When Johnny followed them in, out of the blazing sunshine, he could at first see nothing but a confused crowd of white caps and blouses; but as his eyes got used to the dim light, he spied out the marquis's seat by our Lady's altar, with the white statuette and the pretty light-blue covering, and in it two ladies in hats, and the dark, close-cropped head of a young man.

Johnny had taken the nearest chair to the door, and as he sat there, while the monotonous chanting of the vesper psalms went on, horrible misgivings began to crowd into his mind. After all, had he not been a great fool to come here without some more certain knowledge of the circumstances? It would be a most extraordinary thing, he now began to think, if two whole years had passed, and Mdlle. de Valmont was neither married nor engaged. Especially as, so long ago, there had been some idea of a good match for her. Johnny could not see that young man's face. He supposed it was Pierre. But if it should not be Pierre! and if, just from the stupidity of not making inquiries beforehand, he should only have come there to make a fool of himself! He was within an ace of getting up and leaving the church as quietly as he had entered it, but somehow he stayed where he was.

After the *Magnificat* he remained kneeling till some of the people were gone out, and raised his face just as the party from the château were passing. Mme. de Valmont rustled gently by without seeing him, but he stood up and met Cécile face to face. She did not smile, but it was not the first time that he had seen that sudden flash of life and joy in her eyes. Pierre—for it was no one else—was looking another way, and did not see him, neither did he hear the vesper thanksgiving that rose to his sister's lips as she crossed herself with the holy water: "Nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Domino."

Johnny followed them out slowly into the bright churchyard. One of his misgivings was gone already—that which would persist in reminding him, all through his journey, that the parting between Cécile and himself had not been such as quite to promise a happy meeting. The violets—and that courtesy of hers, which seemed to change their relations so entirely, and to put him in the position of a rather inferior acquaintance. But there were instincts underlying these recollections which gave him confidence, though he did not himself know where it came from. Now he knew—I believe he had really known it all along—that Cécile was unchanged and unchangeable.

"We never forget," she had said to him that wretched morning. And he was quite sure that if anybody else had a superior claim upon her, that look of frank and happy surprise would never have been given to him. He saw that she was speaking to her mother and brother, and heard one or two astonished exclamations. Then Pierre came hurrying back to meet him, while the ladies stopped and turned round at the foot of the churchyard steps. The village people looked on, while Johnny, with his hat in hand, went forward to Mme. de Valmont, who was waiting for him with an anxious flush upon her face.

Johnny thought, as she welcomed him to Lauron, speaking with a little unevenness in her voice, and looking at him almost wistfully, that in all his travels he had never seen a more charming-looking woman. She thought that her old friend had grown rather grave and conventional in manner. But Cécile knew that it was the same Johnny, only if possible more deeply in earnest, who took her hand and just raised his gray eyes half shyly to her face.

"You have been a long time paying us your promised visit," said Mme. de Valmont, as they walked away together toward the château. "Do you know that you had very nearly lost your chance of seeing Lauron again ?'

"Yes, madame ; so I heard," answered Johnny.

"I suppose you are come from Les Sapinières ? We were there yesterday, but Mme. de Saint-Hilaire did not expect you. You took her by surprise."

"I have not been there at all. I came across country to Vèze, and got a fellow with a wagonette to bring me on here. I hope M. de Valmont is well ?"

"Very well, thank you. We shall find him at the château."

"Maman," said Cécile, suddenly, "I am going with Pierre to Nicole's ; we shall overtake you presently."

"And in the mean time," said Mme. de Valmont, "I shall hear all the wonderful adventures of M. le Capitaine. We have a great deal of respect for you now, monsieur. You are a hero. Yes ; we saw you in the newspapers."

"I am very sorry, madame," said Johnny.

"He must tell his adventures over again to Pierre and me," said Cécile.

"Pardon, mademoiselle !"

It was all just like old times ; the gentle, friendly teasing and quiet, sincere compliments of the marquise ; her daughter's look of half-sympathizing fun. Their misfortunes seemed to have no effect whatever upon these people, except perhaps on Pierre, who stood by silent and with a rather grave face—but he had never been demonstrative.

I am afraid an English sailor showed a great want of principle and patriotism to feel such relief in his escape from Englishwomen and all their angles to these graceful-mannered people, on whom no outward circumstances seemed to have any power, and who could smile and say pretty things in the depth of misfortune quite as naturally as when they were the leading ladies of the neighborhood. Cécile and her brother turned into Nicole's yard, and Johnny walked on with Mme. de Valmont, into the pleasant shad [illegible] the avenue.

"You are not much changed," she said, looking at him kindly. "But do you know that I am very angry with you ? How could you risk your life so foolishly ?"

"It was not for nothing," said Johnny. "And my life would not have been much loss to any one if I had left it behind. But it seems determined to stay with me, though I am sure I don't know why."

"You are a foolish child, and very ungrateful, if you do not believe that your life is valuable to any one. But I am very glad to see you again, just the same as ever. Why did you not write to say that you were coming ?"

"I don't know, madame," said Johnny. "I thought I should go on to Les Sapinières, but I came first to see how you all were."

This was not much of an explanation, but Mme. de Valmont was wise enough to appear satisfied."

"We have had great changes since you were here," she went on. "You have perhaps heard that my son Max is married to Stéphanie de Pontmercy, the most charming girl in the world. We are all devoted to her. She has a good fortune, and they have an apartment in Paris, where they spend most of the year."

"That must please M. de Pontmercy," remarked Johnny. "He was very fond of your son Max."

"Yes," said Mme. de Valmont, with a little sigh. "Max was considered a good parti. And I suppose you will go to Rochemar to see your cousin Marie. That dear child has made a most suitable and happy marriage."

"I was very glad to hear of that. If it had not come right, I don't think any of us could have ventured into this part of France again."

"There was certainly no shadow of blame attaching to you, my dear Johnny," said Mme. de Valmont, with all her old kindliness. "On the contrary, it always pleases me to think that you and I between us brought the poor little thing back. Where is your brother now ?"

"With his regiment in Canada," said Johnny. He hesitated, and smiled a little. "There was a great deal in his last letter about a young Canadian lady."

"Well, I sincerely hope that he will make a satisfactory marriage and settle down at last," said the marquise.

She did not seem at all inclined to talk of her own family or their affairs, and made no further allusion to leaving Lauron. But her manner to Johnny was as kind as possible, and as they were getting near the château, he thought he must seize the present opportunity to ask his fate once more. If it was still the same, it would be no use to stay there and torture himself in sight of what was unattainable. Neither could he bear to go on to Les Sapinières. He would take Célestin and his carriage back to Vèze at once, and go home to England as fast as steam would take him. In the meantime he was far too much in earnest to use any polite circumlocutions, and bolted headforemost into his subject.

"Madame, I see that Mdlle. Cécile is not married yet. May I ask if she is engaged ?"

"Well, no, she is not," said Mme. de Valmont, with a little hesitation, and, grande dame as she was, coloring like a girl.

"I have not forgotten what you told me before," said Johnny, "about manifest impossibilities. But perhaps you know, madame—you may have heard—that I have got a great deal that I never expected or deserved ; and though it is nothing for her, compared with what she might expect, forgive me for asking whether it is still so impossible ?"

Johnny stopped short, feeling that he was making a dreadful mess of it, and that Mme. de Valmont was laughing at his awkward blunders.

"I suppose I am a fool for letting myself think of it," he said, rather sadly. "I always was, and always shall be. Of course you have the same objections that you had before—a different country and all that. But please tell me at once, because, if you say no, I can run down the village and be off. I could not bear to see her again."

"Wait a moment," said Mme. de Valmont, putting out her hand. For once she seemed to have a little difficulty in finding words as Johnny stood before her, with earnest, entreating eyes fixed on her face. "You have told me something, and now I have something to tell you in my turn. And it is this—that for the last two years you have been the trouble of my life."

"How, madame ?" said Johnny, in a low voice.

"In this way. Cécile has had several excellent offers, all of which she refused without any good reason. As soon as any gentleman was proposed to her, the unfortunate man became the object of her strong dislike. Now I promised her once that she should choose for herself, and therefore, though you may be sure that I remonstrated, I could do nothing more. It was not till we heard of your heroic conduct last year that I discovered—though I had my suspicions before—who it was that stood in the way of all these gentlemen. So, you see, I have reason to be very angry with you. Now that you feel yourself justified in coming back to ask for her again, I can only say, speak to her yourself, like a brave Englishman, and, if she says yes, I can promise you that her father and I will not say no. After all," Mme. de Valmont went on, smiling, with tears in her eyes, "it will be only paying the debt she owes you." Johnny kissed her hand without saying anything. "Yes," she said, "you are both good, and you will be very happy."

Johnny followed Mademoiselle de Valmont into the garden that afternoon, and found her gathering pink clusters of late roses in the shade of the old colombier. A very large hat shaded her fair hair and her pale face, which flushed a little as she heard a step approaching. She turned round and smiled a silent welcome.

"Mademoiselle," said Johnny, in his slowest and gravest manner, "don't you like violets better than roses?"

"I know *you* do not," answered Cécile.

"Then, I wonder why I have kept a dead one for two years," said Johnny, holding out a square, brown hand, with a gray, flattened violet lying in the palm. "Yes, I must confess, I took it after you were gone. Will you forgive me?"

"I was very foolish. I must ask you to forgive me," said Cécile, gently.

"Then you have not forgotten it?"

"No."

"You have thought of me sometimes? Your mother said I might come and tell you how I have always loved you with all my heart. Do you care for me enough to leave your country and all your people? Am I asking too much?"

Johnny Wyatt is not by any means universally admired, and many people since that day have wondered how in the world he managed to gain the affection of this young French lady, with her beauty, refinement and nobility. They were not there in the old château garden when the dead violet lay between two clasped hands, and Cécile told her English lover, perhaps not exactly in words, that he could not ask too much, for life had long ceased to be life without him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A LITTLE MARQUISE.

ONCE more a full moon was shining on the Château des Sapinières, such a moon as shone there when Johnny saw it first. He reminded his aunt that it was exactly two years from that day. Madame de Saint-Hilaire smiled, and answered him kindly, but yet sighed a little, for it seemed to her that she had struggled through a good deal of trouble to the fulfillment of the plans of that day.

Marie's first engagement and its consequences were not very pleasant recollections, however well things might have arranged themselves since. But she was obliged to forget past trouble in sympathy with the happy party who came to dine with her that night.

All the rooms were lighted up, and doors and windows stood open on the terrace, where the younger people sat and wandered about in the moonlight. In the *salon* the comtesse entertained her elder guests, M. and Mme. de Valmont and Mme. de Rochemar. Peloton, after bestowing all kinds of endearments on the younger marquise, had finally established himself on the end of her train, as she sat in a low chair on the terrace. She and Cécile had a long talk here together, before Louis, Pierre and Johnny came out of the library, where they had been playing billiards. Then they all laughed and chatted together. The sound of their merry voices came in at the *salon* windows, where Mme. de Valmont was telling her friends some interesting news.

"Ma chère!" cried Mme. de Rochemar, ecstatically, "I never heard anything that delighted me more. Then we are not going to lose you, after all. Let me go and tell Louis at once."

"Wait a little," said Mme. de Valmont. "He will not be long without knowing. Cécile has told Marie, and now Johnny is there, and it cannot be so well talked of in his presence. It is all his doing—is it not, *mon ami?*" she added, turning to her husband.

"Certainly," said M. de Valmont. "He has advanced the money to help us through the present difficulty. He spoke first to Pierre, and then came to me and offered it, in the most generous manner. He has behaved throughout like a gentleman. I may confess to you, mesdames, that I am proud of my future son-in-law."

"I am very happy," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "to be connected with the families of both my best friends."

While the party in the *salon* were thus congratulating themselves and each other, Marie got up, rousing Peloton from his resting-place, and tapped Johnny on the arm with her fan.

"Let us take a little walk," she said. "I want to speak to you."

"I shall be charmed," said Johnny.

"Mon petit Louis, you and M. Pierre must entertain Cécile, and not let her run after us. Come along, Johnny. You and I have our little secrets that nobody else must hear."

She made him come down the steps, and they walked slowly along together toward the tourelles and the avenue. For the first minute or two she was silent, and an owl flew across among the trees with a melancholy hoot, almost close to them.

"Listen to the chouettes," said Marie. "They always make me shiver."

"It is a horrid noise," said Johnny. "Well, madame, what have you to say to me?"

He thought Marie was even smaller and paler than she used to be, and that her appearance was not improved by the rather magnificent style of dress which she had adopted to please her mother-in-law. But she certainly seemed much more uniformly happy than in the old days; there was a sort of careless content in her manner, the peevishness was gone, and to her husband and his mother she was always affectionate and gentle. She did very well as a great lady, and yet Johnny wondered how any one could compare her for an instant to Mdlle. de Valmont, in her plain white muslin gown.

"I have given you all my congratulations," said Marie, opening and shutting her fan as she walked. "I am not going to praise Cécile. You know that I think her perfect, and hate you very much for taking her away. However, as they are to stay at Lauron, I suppose you will be often there; and you must come to us at Rochemar. I want to know—have you heard from your brother lately?"

"I had a letter this morning, forwarded from home. I was telling your grandmother all about him. He is going to be married."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; to a Canadian lady, a Miss Terry. She is very pretty and very poor. Frank says they will have at first something of a struggle. I can't say that I envy the young lady," Johnny added, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know that you need say that," said Marie. "If she loves him enough, they will do very well. I was going to tell you that he wrote to me not long ago, a very nice, kind letter. He knew afterward, just as I did, that what we

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did once was very foolish as well as very wrong. We did not really understand each other—we should never have been happy. I know now that I should have been very wretched. Poor Frank! I shall write to congratulate him now in my turn."

"What will M. de Rochemar say?"

"What are you thinking of? He saw Frank's letter, and will see this. Johnny, remember that you and your wife must know each other's thoughts if you are to be happy. Louis and I understand each other perfectly."

"I will not forget your advice, madame," said Johnny, with a grave little smile.

"I mean to have Agnes to stay with me one of these days, if she will forget all the trouble I gave her," said Marie, as they returned toward the terrace.

M. de Rochemar came down the steps to meet them, with a white shawl on his arm.

"It is not so warm now, *ma petite*. You must put this on. My mother thinks the air is fresh enough to shrivel up her flower."

"Merci, mon ami," said Marie, gently, submitting to be wrapped up. "It is a poor, pinched little flower at its best."

"Are you there, my children?" cried Mme. de Rochemar, appearing at the door.

Marie took her husband's arm and went to her. There they stood talking together in low tones, in the broad light that streamed out on the terrace.

Pierre walked off to play with Peloton, and Johnny and Cécile lingered at the top of the steps.

"Do you know what happened this day two years?" said Cécile.

"Certainly," said Johnny. "I met two ladies going into that old church at Le Mans. And do you know what I said to myself when I saw them?"

"No, indeed, Johnny. What was it?"

"Here she is."

THE END.

THE JAGUAR.

Closely resembling the leopard in external appearance, and in its arboreal habits, the jaguar seems to play the same part in America as the leopard in the transatlantic continents. It is a larger animal than the leopard, and may be distinguished from that animal by several characteristic differences.

In the first place, the tail is rather short in proportion to the size of its owner, and when the animal stands upright, only just sweeps the ground with its tip. Across the back of the jaguar are drawn two or three bold, black streaks, which are never seen in the leopard, and which alone serve as an easy guide to the species. The spots, too, with which its fur is so liberally studded, are readily distinguishable from those of the leopard by their shape and arrangement. The leopard's spots are rosette-shaped, and their outlines are rounded, whereas those of the jaguar are more angular in their form. But the chief point of distinction is found in a small mark that exists in the centre of the dark spots which cover the body and sides. In many instances this central mark is double, and in order to give room for it, the rosettes are very long in proportion to those of the leopard. Along the spine runs a line, or chain, of black spots and dashes, extending from the back of the head to the first foot or eighteen inches of the tail.

It seems strange that such powerful creatures as horses should be reckoned among the prey of the jaguar, for it would seem unlikely that the muscular force of the animal could be equal to the task of destroying and carrying away so large a quadruped as a horse. Yet such is truly the case; and the jaguars commit infinite havoc among the horses th band together in large herds on the plains of Paraguay. jaguar has been known to swim across a wide river, to kill horse, to drag it for some sixty yards to the water side, t plunge it into the stream, to swim across the river with it prey, to drag it out of the water after reaching the opposite bank, and, finally, to carry it off into a neighboring wood.

The natives of the country where the jaguar lives assert that even when two horses have been fastened to each other, the jaguar has been known to kill one of them, and to drag off the living and the dead horse in spite of the strength of the survivor.

The favorite food of the jaguar—when he can get it—is the flesh of the various monkeys. But to catch a monkey is not the easiest task in the world, and in general can only be achieved by leaping upon the prey from a place of concealment, or by surprising the monkey while sleeping. Sometimes it is fortunate enough to get among a little band of monkeys before they are aware of the presence of the dreaded foe, and it then seizes the opportunity of dealing a few fierce strokes with its terrible paw among the partly-awakened sleepers, thus dashing them to the ground, whither it descends to feast at leisure on the ample repast.

Peccaries are also a favorite article of diet with the jaguar, but he finds scarcely less difficulty in picking up a peccary than in knocking down a monkey. For the little, active, sharp-tusked peccary is more swinishly dull than is usual even with its swinish relatives, and, being too thick-headed to understand danger, is a very terrible antagonist to man or beast. It seems to care nothing for size, weapons or strength, but launches itself as fearlessly on a jaguar or an armed man as on a rabbit or a child. So, unless the jaguar can manage quietly to snap up a straggler, he has small chance with a herd of these warlike little pigs, which, if they caught a jaguar among them, would cut him so severely with their lancet-like teeth, that he would ever repent his temerity, even if he escaped with his life.

One of the easiest animals to obtain is that huge and timid rodent, the capybara, which is not sufficiently swift of foot to escape by flight, nor agile of limb to bound out of reach of its enemy, nor furnished with natural arms with which to defend itself against its assailants. Should it take to the water, and so endeavor to elude pursuit, the jaguar is in nowise disconcerted, for he is nearly as familiar with that element as the capybara itself, and thus seldom fails in securing his prey.

When the jaguar strikes down a large animal, such as a horse or a deer, it performs its deadly task in a very curious manner. Leaping from some elevated spot upon the shoulders of the doomed animal, it places one paw on the back of the head and another on the muzzle, and then, with a single tremendous wrench, dislocates the neck. With smaller creatures, the jaguar uses no such ceremony, but with a blow of the paw lays its prey dead at its feet.

Watching a turtle as she—for it is generally the female turtle that is made the jaguar's prey—walks riverward, or seaward, as the case may be, after depositing her eggs under a slight covering of earth, there to be warmed into being by the genial rays of the sun, the jaguar springs upon the creature as it is slowly making its way to its familiar element, and with a quick and adroit movement of the paws, turns the turtle on its back. There the poor reptile lies helpless, and waiting until its captor is pleased to consummate his work by killing and eating the animal which he has thus ingeniously intercepted.

The jaguar needs no saw to cut through the bony shell, nor lever to separate the upper from the lower portion, nor knife to sever the flesh from the bones, for his paw stands him in the stead of these artificial instruments, and serves his purpose right well. Tearing away as much as possible of the softer parts that lie by the tail, the jaguar inserts his supple paw, armed with its sharp talons, and scoops out, as neatly as if cut by knives, the flesh, together with the vital organs of the devoted chelonian.

The eggs of the turtle are nearly as important to the jaguar as is the flesh of the mother turtle herself. After inverting the maternal turtle, the jaguar will leave her in her impotent position, and going to the shore, coolly scoop out and devour the soft, leather-covered eggs which she had deposited on the sandy beach, in vain hopes of their seasonable development by the warm sunbeams.

Birds are simply struck down by a single blow of the jaguar's ready paw; and so quick are his movements that, even if a bird has risen upon the wing, he can often make one of his wonderful bounds, and with a light, quick stroke, arrest the winged prey before it has had time to soar beyond his reach.

As to the fish, the jaguar watches for them at the water side, and as soon as an unfortunate fish happens to swim within reach of the spotted foe, a nimble paw, with outstretched talons, is suddenly thrust forth, and the fish swept out of the water upon dry land.

In the countries where the jaguar most abounds many tales are rife respecting the strength, agility and audacity of this fierce animal. When the earlier settlers fixed their rough, wooden huts in the recesses of the American forests, the jaguar was one of their most persistent and relentless foes. Did they set up a poultry yard, the jaguar tore open the henroosts and ate the fowls. Did they fill their stables with horses, the jaguar broke their necks, and did his best to carry the heavy carcasses to his forest home. Did they establish a piggery, the jaguar snapped up sow and litter; and, in fine, it was scarcely possible to secure their live stock so effectually that it could not be reached by this ravenous beast. The only resource was to kill the jaguar himself, and so to put an effectual stop to his depredations. But there are many jaguars in a district; and for a term of years the toil of ridding the country of these fierce marauders was a most arduous one. However, perseverance and indomitable courage gained the day at last, and the jaguars were forced to retire from the habitations of man, and hide themselves in the thick, uncultivated forest land.

REMEMBERED!

By Annie Thomas.

They had lived down in the Hollowdene House for at least two years before the time at which I take up the story of their lives, and during those two years they had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with a single inhabitant of Dene. They were a curious pair, people said. Each with a tale to tell, doubtless. But what that tale might be—whether it was of love or lamentation, of murder or mystery, of sin or only of sorrow, could not be easily divined.

They were a curious pair, truly, this Mr. and Mrs. Lawler, as they called themselves, though their servants hinted that they had doubts respecting the authenticity of the name even. Just a few trifles in the house were marked with initials, and the initials certainly did not stand for James and Annie Lawler, as this odd pair of recluses chose to sign themselves.

The man was a dark, saturnine-looking fellow enough. Ill-looking, those people called him who see no beauty in a face that is devoid of all fun and frankness. But just a few women were found to declare that this dark, gloomy, slightly sorrowful face had a strange, wistful, appealing beauty in it, that was far more interesting than the bright, brave beauty of the wife. Indeed, the lady was rather regarded as a nonentity by the more æsthetic portion of the Dene public—"a pretty nonentity," with just sufficient of the winning power about her to have successfully beguiled a clever and very superior man into a marriage with her.

All sorts of speculations were rife about the Lawlers. They were well off; so much, at least, was certain; for the fact that master never hesitated at drawing a check, however large a sum missus might ask him for, had leaked out through the servants, and flooded the village, so to say. They were young, handsome and well-educated, and she, at least, seemed blithely gay and happy. Why, with all these elements of popularity about them, should they persist in this irritating and perplexing seclusion? Dene asked itself this question over and over again, and still no answer came from the denizens of Hollowdene.

At length, when they had been resident in the place about two years, the shadow of a change seemed to be creeping over them. They ceased to return all bows and salutations with the cold, cutting courtesy that had hitherto marked their demeanor. They even accepted a few invitations to dinner and supper, and Mrs. Lawler took counsel with one or two of the village matrons as to the style of party which she should give as a return for all the hospitality which had been shown to them.

"For two years," she said, "Mr. Lawler had been suffering from one of those painful forms of indigestion that invariably produce low spirits. But he was better now—much better, and not at all likely to suffer from the return of his foe." So the wife spoke, brightly and cheerfully, and the Dene people began to declare that she was a charming, self-sacrificing creature, and very much to be pitied as the wife of a man selfish enough to bury her alive because he himself suffered from dyspepsia.

They made up now for their former lack of sociability. Hollowdene House soon became the scene of a series of wonderfully well-devised and successfully carried out festivities. Mrs. Lawler's receptions, and Mr. Lawler's little dinners speedily acquired a local fame. The lady was discovered to be the reverse of a nonentity, and the husband to be the reverse of a misanthrope. The only thing that seemed odd about them still was that they never spoke of any old friends. If they had only sprung into existence on the day they came to dwell at Dene, they could not have been more utterly free from the possession of any relics of persons of the past than they were now.

Two or three times some of the more adventurously curious spirits of the place ventured to hazard a few remarks relative to this singular fact. But the remark only brought the answer from Mr. Lawler that "life was too short for him to talk of what was over," and from Mrs. Lawler, that her "memory was so bad that she should forget even her kind friends at Dene if she was away from them for a week."

These debonair rejoinders were unanswerable as they were unsatisfactory. But still the Lawlers were so delightful, now that they had come out of their shell, that it would have ill-beseemed the most inquiring minds in the place to seem other than content and at rest concerning the incidents and situations that adorned the probably unblemished pages of the back numbers of their past.

July was a gay month in Dene. There were croquet tournaments, and archery meetings, and picnics without number, and every householder acted as if he or she held it to be his or her bounden duty to have friends from afar staying with them while there was something going on. And pretty Mrs. Lawler—fascinating, light-hearted, brilliant

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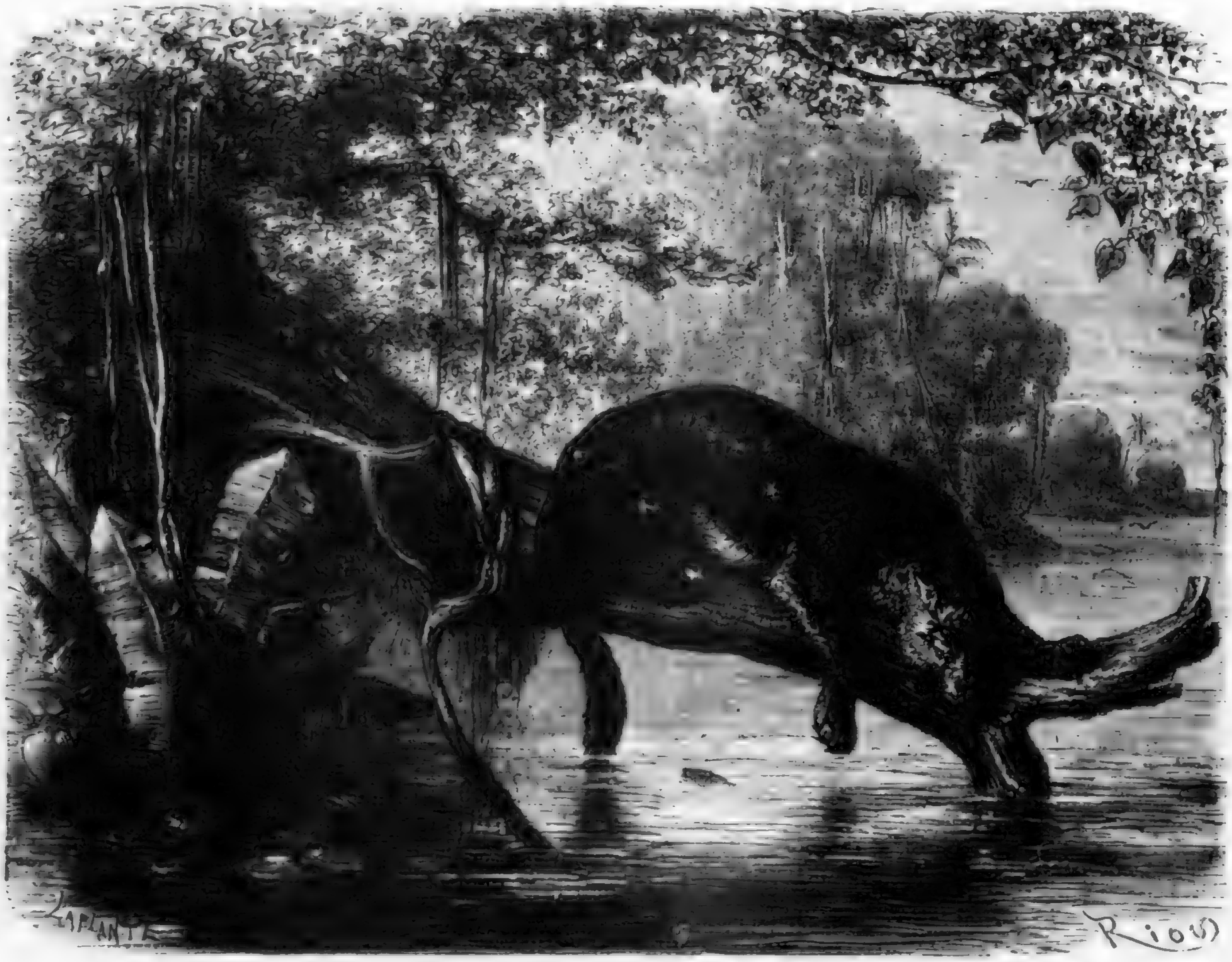
Mrs. Lawler—was one of the keenest votaries of the pleasures that were going.

A pretty woman, one that can be described in black and white, too—a somewhat rare charm in a *really* pretty woman, be it understood. For your really pretty women, the ones who sway men most strongly and wildly, have this about them, as a rule, that their chiefest winning power consists in being indescribable. But Mrs. Lawler was not a beauty after this order. She had a finely outlined, *svelte* figure, swelling bust, slender waist, rounded arms, and graceful, bending throat—white and firm, this latter, as a marble pillar. Then, her head was set on straight and well, and she had the trick of holding it up with a pretty imperiousness that made her the empress of many an unwary man's soul. It was wreathed about with hazel-brown hair, this head, and the great star-like eyes, that gleamed out from beneath the cloudy locks that always lay upon her forehead, were hazel-brown too. Altogether a bewitching woman in appearance, gifted with the deeper witchery of making the best of her appearance, and of seeming to offer it up as a meet and proper offering to any man to whom she might be talking.

Do you marvel, reader, at Annie Lawler, the beautiful, bright, young married woman being the idol of the set from whom she had stood aloof so long? Do you wonder that her croquet parties should have been the best attended, the least wearisome, the most successful altogether of all that took place in Dene? Why, the sight of her meant success. She was success embodied. What an unjust thing fate was, men said, to have condemned this social sun to such a complete eclipse for two years!

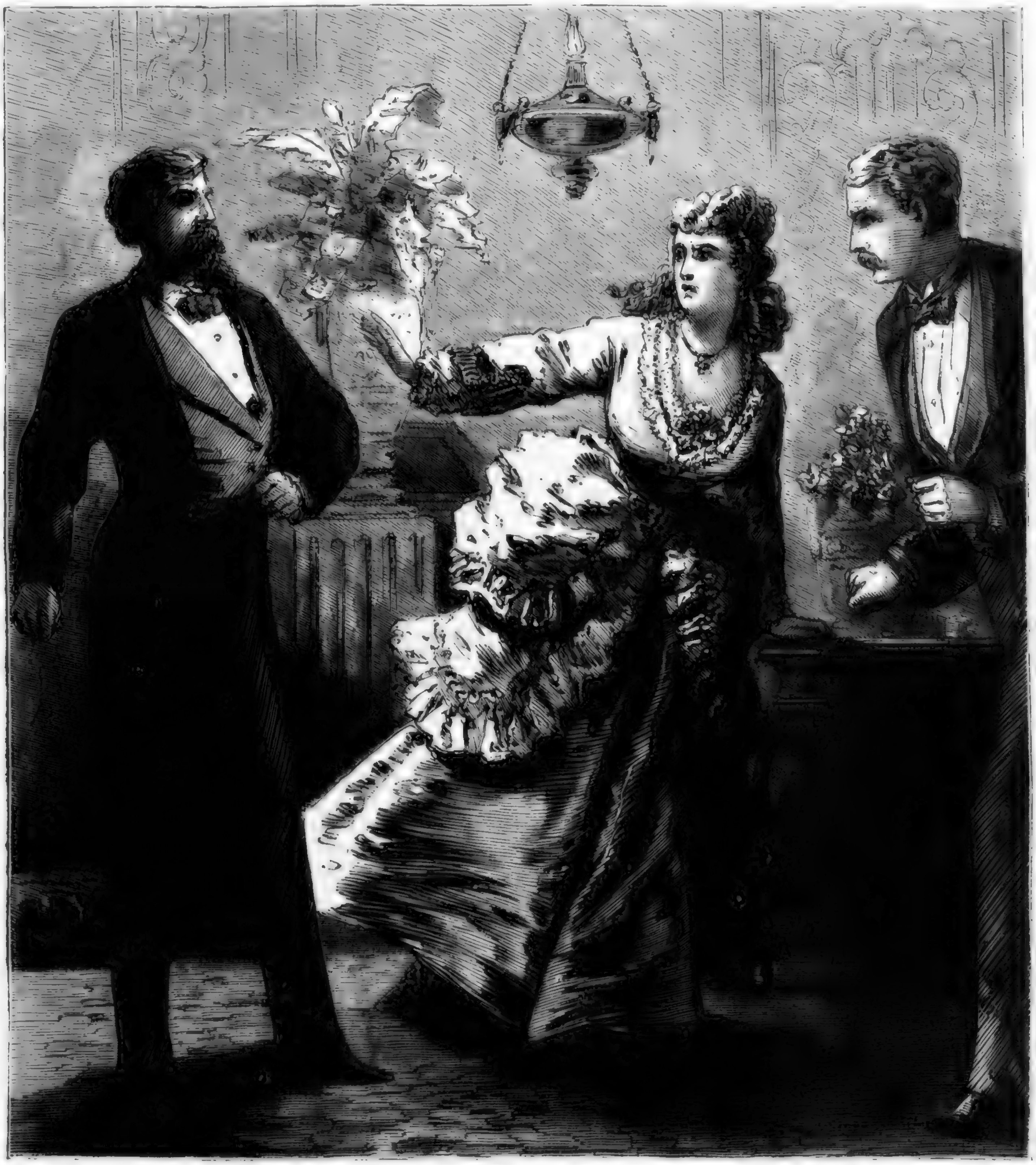


A JAGUAR FISHING.—SEE PAGE 718.

She had devised a very original party for the evening of the 30th of July. The Hollowdene gardens were extensive enough to be called grounds, consisting as they did of two gardens and a rambling shrubbery, and all through the month that had passed glow-worms had been shining from the depths of the wood, and illuminating Mrs. Lawler's mind with a new idea. At length she carried it out. She would have a glow-worm party! Invite a number of people, and then let them stroll about, each with a chosen one, to search for and gather up these living stars, and, finally, place them in a heap of animated fire in the centre of the lawn, "where they shall help to light our supper-table," she said.

The evening came, and the guests with it—a number of them being strangers. It was like a scene from "Boccacio," that glittering group of well-dressed, handsome, happy men and women. The moon shone softly through the silvery haze that the heat had caused, and the shade in some parts of the grounds was intense with the soft, sultry intensity shade rejoices in in July. Many a love-word was breathed low that night, and many a young heart beat high with hope and passion. And the fair young hostess was blessed with fervor for this brilliant scheme.

She herself appeared to be engrossed with her duties as hostess, and her journeys in search of glow-worms were, consequently, brief ones. A few faithful satellites followed her about, helping her to arrange the countless vases of gorgeous hot-house blooms with which she had decorated her supper-tables; and amongst these faithful followers of hers was one man, whose face had not been clearly revealed to her yet in the moonlight, but whose voice and manner struck her as being very perfect, very charming, and polished, and well-bred. "If he looks as well as he speaks," she thought, "and if he is going to stay here for a time, Dene won't be so dull for me as it has been lately. Oh, dear, how happy those women must be who haven't the gnawings of an everlasting longing for attention and sympathy eating into their hearts!"



REMEMBERED.—"WITH A SHRIEK THAT ECHOED THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR, AND REACHED THE EARS OF THE GUESTS, THE CROUCHING FIGURE IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM SPRANG TO ITS FEET. 'NOT THAT—NOT THAT—YOU NEVER THOUGHT THAT, LEO!'"

Suddenly the stranger came nearer to her. She had not caught his name clearly. When he had been introduced to her, and, with a sudden impulse of coquetry, when he came to her side, she exclaimed, as she took his offered arm:

"What absolute strangers we are! How funny it is that we should be standing alone in a wood by moonlight, that my hand should be resting on your arm, and yet that we should know nothing of each other."

"Life is full of even stranger events than these," he whispered, and some impulse made her bend forward and try to scan his face. The shadow from his hat prevented her seeing it clearly; but she seemed satisfied, for she drew herself up again, and, pressing his arm, she said:

"Don't speak in suppressed tones; they always make me nervous. I like everything that is frank and outspoken, and, as I want to continue liking you, you must please to be these things."

"You speak as if you liked me already," he said, in a monotone.

"And so I do. My likes and loves are hearty, sudden, and——"

"Evanescent," he interrupted.

"No, no, no—lasting I was going to say; but I am a married woman, and I must not discuss the subject of love with a stranger; at least, the world would judge me harshly if it heard me; but you, *you* will not judge me harshly."

She spoke in a sweet pleading, and he felt her hand tighten on his arm. A shudder passed over him. Could it be that he feared this woman's witchery, or could it be the night air chilling him, sultry as it was?

"I will not judge you at all," he said, at last. "I will only look at you, and try to remember that I must leave you soon."

"Not soon. Dene is a quiet place, but strangers find it a pleasant place to spend the Summer and Autumn in. The friends with whom you are staying are friends of mine, and we have incessant intercourse with them. Don't say you'll leave Dene soon."

"What brought you to Dene, Mrs. Lawler?"

"My husband's desire. I hate the place."

"And he likes it?"

"Well, it suited him while he was in bad health."

"Has he been in bad health long?"

"How low you speak!" she said, pettishly; "it's an affectation, surely, that suppressed voice. My husband was ill for two years, and during those two years I suffered a martyrdom of seclusion."

"But your married happiness made up for all things," he whispered.

"Who has talked to you of my married happiness?" she asked, in a half-startled tone.

"No one has talked to me of it; it is patent."

"You have not seen me with my husband yet," she pouted, and half withdrew her hand; but he caught it, and replaced it more firmly.

"Don't take it away, Annie."

When he called her that, she halted suddenly. There was a marvelous, a mystic charm to her in this man's manner, although she had not seen him clearly yet. But, despite this charm, she shrank from him when he addressed her by her Christian name.

"My marriage is a sufficiently happy one for me to feel that no man save my husband should call me Annie," she said, gravely. "Am I not right?"

"You are right," he replied.

"Then, why don't you pay me the compliment of saying, 'Forgive me,'" she laughed, recovering her spirits as abruptly as she had lost them.

"We will talk about forgiveness by-and-by. I wanted to hear how 'Annie' would sound from my lips. It is long since I have uttered that name."

"Is it a favorite name of yours?" the woman who was longing for sympathy and change asked, softly.

"It was once."

"And she who owned it ——"

"Did not hallow it," he said, sternly. "We won't talk about her—we will only talk of you."

"Some people say that 'Annies' are all alike, all of one type," she said, trembling.

"The one I knew had black hair and eyes, with golden gleams in them," he said, softly, and he laid his other hand on hers, and she looked up into his face with a sigh that had a sound of relief in it.

"It is time for me to go back to the lawn. My glow-worm hunters will be coming back hungry, and we must have supper."

"How many couples will date their happiness or misery from this night's entertainment."

"Ah, but you know 'young blood will have its course.' When I was a girl, I would have risked the possible misery that might ensue, for the sake of the positive happiness of an hour with the 'thee' of the day."

"With the 'thee' of the moment, you should say, rather: for your loves could not have been lasting."

"I wish you wouldn't assume to know so much about me," she said, quickly. "I see what it is, you go in for studying psychology, and you make mistakes."

"I shall never make a mistake about you again."

"That is right; then I forgive you for calling me Annie just now, and for hinting that I am fickle, and have been a flirt; and now, back to the lawn; and do, do, promise me that you will stay in Dene for a few weeks."

They went back to the lawn, and the brilliant hostess gave the signal for a trumpet to be blown, to recall the wandering guests, and for lamps to be brought out.

"You will support me on my left, my unknown squire, will you not?" she said, winningly, in a whisper.

And he shook his head, and said:

"No, he must face; no side view could content him."

Clearly, at last, he was revealed by the light of the lamps. A tall, stalwart, handsome man, with a careworn brow, and sad, deep eyes. A young face still, and yet the hair that grew somewhat scantily about his temples was gray. Poor fellow! He has seen some terrible tragedy enacted very near him, was the thought of most of those who gave him a thought at all.

As he moved away from her, Mrs. Lawler's blithe gaze followed him, recognized him, and changed to a stare of such dismay, that her husband sprang, eagerly questioning, to her side:

"Annie!—Annie!—my precious darling—what is this?" he asked.

And she only answered:

"He is alive!—he is here!"

"Where?"

She pointed to the retreating figure.

"He must be got away! Command yourself! Has he been here long—have you spoken to him?"

"We have been in that wood for half an hour, and I was blinded, and did not know him. Oh! James!—the fabric that I have raised at such a woful price, will it all fall down, and be utterly destroyed?"

"What was the price, my wife? You told me that he died! If you believed it, darling, he will not blame you more than I do. Nerve yourself—remember your guests—be your own brave self."

These words are easy to say; but, ah! how hard it is to follow the counsel they contain, when the heart is like a stone, and the head is swimming, and the eyes are dim with the tears they dare not shed. The poor, pretty, guilty woman had the courage of a lioness; but she quailed now, as that stranger-guest took his seat at the other side of the table and began gazing at her steadily. All her pretty manner, all that witching way of hers, fled, and she shook and stammered pitifully as she strove to fulfill her duty as hostess. Pale, plain, and frightened, she sat there, waiting her doom; and Memory made a Hell for her.

At length she saw that in the stranger's face which told her that her doom was coming; and presently one of her servants brought her a sealed envelope. Piteously, imploringly, she looked at the stranger opposite, and he signalled to her to open it without delay. She did so, and read the one word, "Remembered!"

With a moan so faint that it might have come from the lips of a sleeping infant, she rose from the table, and a dozen eager friends were about her at once. Was she ill, was she faint, was she tired?

"No," she spoke, with horrible calmness; "I am only mad!"

Then they fell back from her, and she passed on into her house with her husband, and presently the stranger followed them into the sumptuous little boudoir that was no sanctuary to her now.

It was a striking tableau. Rich oriental cloths, and shawls, and rugs were lying about on the chairs and sofas and floor, giving warmth and voluptuous color to the room. An astral lamp, burning clear and bright, hung from the ceiling. Flowers, passionate pale lilies, and sensuous hothouse blooms, filled the air with fragrance. A piano was open, and upon it were strewn a number of simple English ballads. Her carving-tools, her fret-work saws, her silk embroideries, and her books and writing-materials—all suggestive of the graceful, busy life she led—were scattered about in profusion. And, in the midst of it all, she crouched. half sitting, half kneeling, on a chair, her husband by her side.

"Take that lie from your head, the first thing," the stranger said, aloud, as he entered; and she looked up dumbly, and clasped her hands, but he only replied, "Take it off, I say!"

"You shall not dictate to her!" Mr. Lawler cried, in sudden wrath; "if you are the man she fears you are, you still have no right to dictate to her—no justice on your side in being harsh to her. What are you made of, man, that you can attempt to bruise this already bruised heart? She thought you dead. Is it not agony enough for her that, thinking this, she should have married me?"

"You poor, beguiled fool!" the stranger said, more gently; "my poor brother in misfortune, do you believe in her to this extent? Well, the revelation will be the harder for you. This woman tried to murder me—thought she had done so until to-night."

With a shriek that echoed through the night air, and reached the ears of the guests, the crouching figure in the centre of the room sprang to its feet.

"Not that—not that—you never thought that, Leo!"

"I knew it," he said simply.

"You did not, you could not—it 'was not' to be known! How can you know that happened which never did happen? You have been more cruelly deceived than ever I deceived you. Weak as I have been, I stopped short of that wickedness. My sin against you was far less than I thought, if you have lived thinking this of me!"

In a moment they had changed places, and she was the accuser now. But he recovered himself, and said:

"That fair hair bewilders me—take it off! When I see you as I knew you, I shall be the more easy to convince that I have been deceived about you."

Then she put up her hand and loosened a spring, and the bright, wavy, hazel-brown, that all Dene admired so much, came off, and left her head covered with soft, dark tresses, cut short, like a boy's.

"Why, if you believed me dead, did you deem it necessary to disguise yourself?" he asked. "When you married me, years ago; when I believed in you as the most innocent girl in the world; when I was ready to make any sacrifice to secure your happiness, you were not more beautiful than you are now. Why did you put on the fair hair, then? It could not add to your beauty; there must have been some other motive."

It was hard to explain it all, but she did, at last, make them both understand the truth, or, at least, some part of it. It seemed that, four years ago, this Leo Hunter and Annie, his wife, had been as happy a pair as the sun ever shone upon. But some cloud of irritability had settled over the husband's spirits, and the wife had been out a great deal without him. In society she met a man who had a poet's soul, and a poet's tongue, and his sympathy became dangerously sweet, and she woke one morning to know that he was going away, and that she loved him.

Simultaneously with this discovery, her husband was taken with a sharp, sudden illness that demanded incessant care and watchfulness; and, feeling herself unequal to the task, she secured the services of a second-cousin of his, who had always feigned a sisterly regard for him. One night—the night before James Lawler was going to leave England—this cousin came to the wife, and told her that Leo Hunter was dead. In the madness of passion and excitement, the unhappy woman left her home, and sought that of the man she loved—the man who was leaving.

"Take me with you, or I shall die!" she prayed. "My husband is dead; there is none between us now; be as merciful as fate has been; take me with you."

He obeyed her, and the next morning they were married—married, and far away, by the time Leo Hunter recovered from the long swoon into which he had been deftly thrown. When he came back to life, the soft hand that was holding his brow, the tender voice that was wooing him back to life, seemed doubly dear to him. He looked up in gratitude, and saw, not his wife, but his cousin.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Gone! Be grateful that she is gone. See the parting draught she gave you. She left, thinking you dead; she came and told me you were dead; and, when I came out of the agony that statement caused me, she was gone; a few drops more of this (and she tapped the poison-bottle), and you would not have been here to despise the Jezebel, and cast her out from your heart."

So he was made to believe that she, his wife, had sought to murder him, and had fled, believing that her attempt had been successful. And she, poor, wretched, half guilty creature, was left to believe that he was dead, and she was free.

It was then that they went down to Dene. Her spirit was so shattered, that she could not brace herself up to bear the shortest sea voyage, and the life of a town half maddened her.

"In solitude only can I find peace," she said to the man who looked so saturnine, and was so soft-hearted. "If I met any one who knew me before, and who, perchance, might discover that I married the morning after my first husband died, I should die with shame. I must alter myself—for your sake I must never be known."

This was their secret, then; and now, after she had thrown off its bondage, and struggled back into the semblance of peace and joy again, it had all come to light. Leo was alive again, and she—what was she?

"What will become of us all?" That was the question she asked when she had told her tale, and forced them both to believe it. "I ask nothing for myself from either of you. I only ask this of you"—and she turned to the man who had been the lover and husband of her youth—"that you spare him all he can be spared; do with me what you will; punish me privately; humiliate me to any extent; only avoid publicity for the sake of a man who never wronged you, and who has suffered as bitterly from his connection with me as even you have suffered. What will become of us all?"

It was a passion in tatters, indeed, pleading thus. The two men, each agonized as only men who love and are wronged can be agonized, stood there, helpless and powerless to answer to her appeal.

"We must do something—ay! something—but what?"

To "act—act in the living present," is a great gift. Women, I verily believe, have the greater power of doing so. Now, at this horrible juncture, when they were, one and all, so harassed and distraught, the woman was the only one who could control herself into a consideration for the immediate events of the day.

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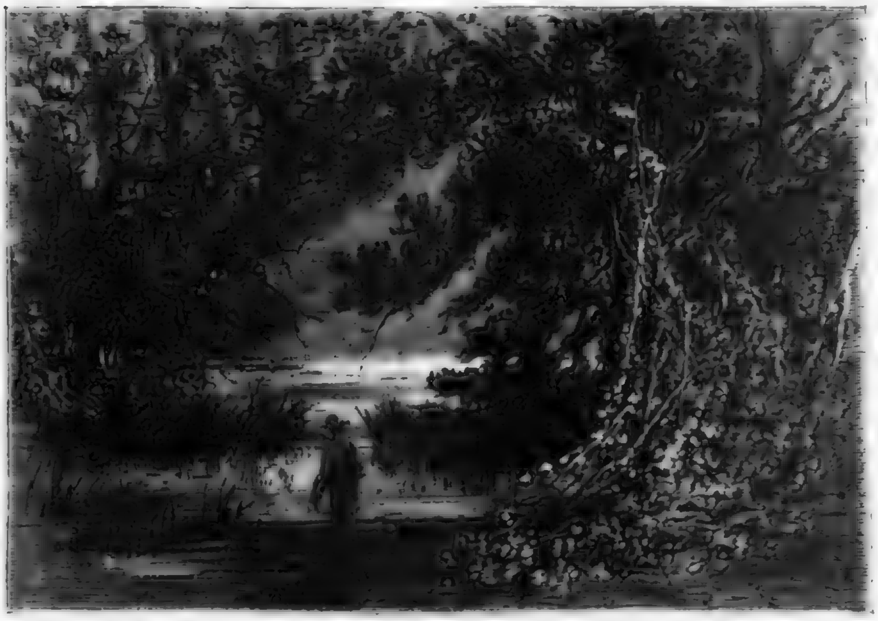

REMEMBERED.—"HE STUMBLED AND FELL, WITH A LOUD CRY, INTO A MINIATURE LAKE THAT WAS EMBOSOMED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOOD."

Once more she put what her husband had called the lie upon her head, and went out amidst the astonished people, who had, in the meantime, eaten their supper.

"A terrible trouble has come upon us," she said—"a trouble that will take us away from you at once, and that is of a nature to make me pray that you may never hear of us again. But, before I say good-by to you, I should like to hear that your last experience here has been a pleasant one. Let me be well remembered by all of you, at least."

"What a winning witch it is!" the stranger said to himself, as he stood watching her. "What a winning witch it is; and not a bad woman, either, if only she could have loved me! As she could not, what evil fortune brought me here? Poor little thing!—if I could only spare her now!"

He walked away to think over the subject. The generous, good fellow, who had never meant to revenge himself, and who pitied her now, even more than he pitied himself.

"I will get the divorce as soon as possible," he was saying to himself, "and then she can marry him, and I'll go off to some torrid zone, where what is left of life will soon be burnt out of me. Oh! heavens! what fools win lightly and hold as nothing, we men, who started thinking ourselves wise, would give our lives to keep!"

What an impenetrable wood it was, and how utterly bewildering, now that the moon had gone behind a cloud for the nonce. He stumbled, and plunged, and then fell, with a loud cry, into a miniature lake that was embosomed in the middle of the wood. Some fair, treacherous bindweed caught about his feet, and, slight as its bonds were, he could not break them. He had but time to compare them to those Delilah wove, before he dreamt away into unconsciousness, and then straightway into death. When those whom his cry had reached came to him, he was quite lifeless, and must have been so for several minutes, they said; and, as he was a stranger, the tragedy of his end was soon forgotten.

But she, of whom his last thoughts were kind, made the place where he died a holy spot, for she built a chapel there, and taught the children that were born to her to pray their sweetest prayers by the grave that was marked by a plain stone, and the one word—

"Remembered!"

Artifice will for a time conceal the most glaring errors. Superficial adornments are rarely tangible.

IMPULSE, OR INSPIRATION.

"If one could only get hold of a thread which would be strong enough to bear the strain of a long pull," said my friend Mrs. Melton, as we sat together in her pleasant little library, endeavoring, as women sometimes will, to explain away or account for certain phenomena in themselves unmeasurable, and utterly at variance with so-called scientific laws.

I say, as *women* sometimes will, because, so far as a necessarily limited observation has permitted me to examine, I am free to say that men generally pass over the wonderful and weird in life with a laugh, or a shrug of the shoulders, and, ten to one, without an attempt even to arrive at the causes of mental phenomena.

My companion was a study in herself. She wasn't the least bit in the world pretty, and by no stretch of the imagination could she be called ugly. She was tall and graceful, with large gray eyes, a broad and rather high forehead, projecting in the region of ideality, a head exceedingly well developed in the moral and intellectual, a straight nose, large mouth, and very beautiful teeth. Critics declared that her face lacked animation. This was probably the case, but those who knew her best, and understood the depth and force of her character, very soon forgot this defect, if defect it could be called, in the sweet dreaminess and almost angelic expression which, under all circumstances, her countenance wore.

Mrs. Melton thought and wrote a great deal—talked very little. Ordinary conversation did not interest her, and in such she never joined; but let some one touch a metaphysical or speculative chord, and the earnest woman responded at once.

We had been talking about impressions, and sudden convictions, and the shadows of coming events, and trying to discover for such a scientific or natural cause, when Mrs. Melton made the remark which opens this chapter.

"If one could only get hold of a thread which would be strong enough to bear the strain of a long pull, one might at least unravel the skein, and understand its complications; but my thread always breaks, and, before I know it, the end is lost.

"If one could only comprehend one's moods even, just think what a stride that would be toward knowledge! Let me tell you," she continued, an expression more pensive than usual stealing over her features—"that is, if you are not already tired of the sound of my voice—

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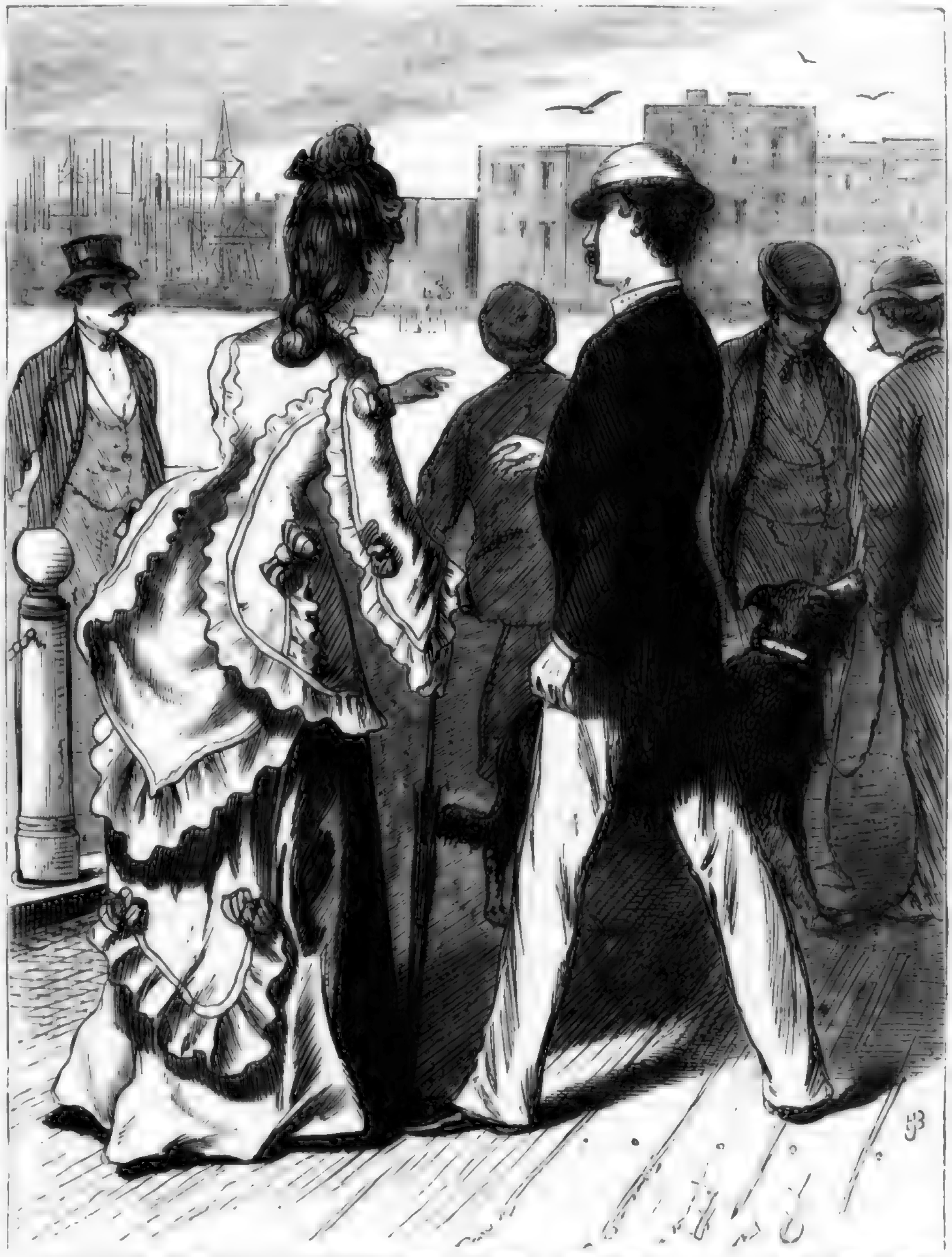
an experience which drifted into my life a few days ago, the troublous effects of which I have only just been able to rid myself of. I am almost convinced that I haven't quite finished with it yet.

"Since my earliest remembrance I have been strangely attracted or repelled, not only to or from those I am thrown in social and daily contact with, but with those I meet in the street, in car, stage, or ferry-boat.

"I have told you of those things before, but you do *not* know how I have struggled the greater part of my life to crush these sensations, which I was aware would not stand the test of honest inquiry, and which were as impossible for me to describe as my friends to account for.



IMPULSE, OR INSPIRATION.—"I DREW VERY NEAR TO NO. 1, TOUCHED HIS ARM, AND REPEATED WHAT THE STILL, SMALL VOICE SUGGESTED."

"I will give you this last history, not only because it is the most recent, but because it goes a little further into the weird and incomprehensible than anything which ever happened to me.

"About ten days ago, as I took a seat on a Fulton Ferry boat, bound for New York, my attention was attracted to a fine-looking young gentleman opposite. He evidently knew nothing and cared nothing for his surroundings. He was on his way to New York, that was all, and, while making the trip, was utterly oblivious to conditions. There was a haughtiness to the curl of his lip, and an occasional quick glance right and left, which I could not reconcile with the general tired and almost pleading look which seemed to be the natural expression of the man's face.

"Now, ask yourself how you should have felt had you been in my place! For myself individually, I was no more attracted to this man than to any other gentleman or lady in the cabin, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my eyes from his face.

"No, there was no animal magnetism about it," as I suggested the probability of accounting for the attraction in that way. "No, it was *not* that. It was something outside of him, and equally removed from me.

"An inner voice, or perception, or something, which is just as indescribable, as the rest, whispered—now, mind, I do not say *seemed* to whisper—'Watch him carefully, and do as you shall be led.'

"We were just pushing off from the dock, when a man sauntered lazily through the cabin, and as he caught sight of the gentleman I was so busily watching, approached him familiarly, extended his hand, which the other one grasped, and then took the nearest seat beside him.

"Strangely enough, this newcomer seemed to arouse all the fury there was in my nature. I think really that I could have looked on while that man drowned, without so much as a quiver of my nerves. He was clothed like a gentleman, had the air of a gentleman—that easy, indifferent, nonchalant manner which is so thoroughly artistic, and oftentimes so fascinating. But, oh, the restlessness of those black eyes!

"Not a movement escaped me. As No. 2 took his seat, I noticed No. 1 glance down at his own shirt-front, and carefully and almost stealthily draw together his own coat, as if preparing himself for an emergency.

"'Hiding his diamond shirt-studs,' whispered the inaudible voice. But why? I wondered. Surely he could not be afraid that his companion would steal them? Not that certainly; but what could that movement mean? No. 2 was disgustingly familiar. Each time that he came, in the course of his conversation, to an exclamation point, which was very frequently, he came down with a slap upon the knee of his companion. For a while No. 1 seemed to be deliberating whether he should submit to it or not. The

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knitting of the brows and compression of the lips showed more plainly than words the rebellion of the proud spirit.

"This was finally evident to No. 2. For a second a demoniac smile lit up his countenance, and, crossing his legs in an indifferent sort of way, like an indolent man thoroughly satisfied with himself and the whole world, he leaned his head slightly toward his companion, and, with a careless shrug, uttered a few words, which brought the hot blood in a gust to the face of his companion, fading away as quickly, and leaving the poor fellow as pale as a corpse.

"But, ah, what a long apprenticeship he must have served to duplicity! No. 2 could not read his countenance as I did—his position forbade that—so he had no means of observing any effect from his communication but the wonderful *sang-froid* which immediately followed. As a piece of acting, Booth could never have equaled it. After that, No. 1 led off in conversation, No. 2 evidently not a little muddled as to the effect of his last remark.

"I knew the shot had told; but no words can do justice to the joy which I felt when I discovered that No. 2 was not aware that he had brought down his game.

"The boat struck the pier, and the two gentlemen arose. I followed, as well aware that I had a part to play in that drama of real life as that we are sitting talking the matter over this morning. It was full two minutes before the boat got fairly in, and during that time the attention of No. 2 was arrested by a large Newfoundland dog, which he appeared to examine with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I drew very near to No. 1, touched his arm, and repeated just what the still small voice suggested:

"'That man has lied to you about the letter. She never wrote it. If you go with him to-night, you are lost.' As the last words fell from my lips, the excitement which had upheld me from the moment of my entering the boat seemed all at once withdrawn, and I was compelled to lean against the railing for support.

"'Good God, madame!' he whispered, 'what do you know? Who are you?'

"Hush!' I entreated, pointing to No. 2, still busily engaged measuring the shaggy Newfoundland. 'Remember what I have said, and govern yourself accordingly.'

"No. 2 came lazily forward, passed his arm, with a slight, caressing motion, through that of his companion, and the two sauntered off together, No. 1 apparently indifferent to all the world.

"Now, just observe the peculiarity of my position. Suppose that man had followed me, and demanded to know what I meant, and where I got my information, what should I have said to him?"

"But he *didn't?*" I ventured to suggest.

"No," she replied. "He went his way, as if nothing had happened out of the ordinary course."

"Well, that was ordered also, no doubt," I found myself saying.

"Well, perhaps," she answered, dreamily.

"Then, you think that this circumstance will have to be accounted for through so-called spiritual agency?"

"I do not admit that, although I do admit that everything, so far, in the way of explanation, has fallen far short of satisfying my reason.

"But let me proceed with my story. For three days and nights this strange episode haunted me, not so much because I felt that, in this instance, I had made myself in a way ridiculous, but because I realized that, in order to prevent such occurrences in the future, I should be compelled to remain most of the time at home; and even here, to tell the truth, I did not feel particularly safe. If one can be of service to one's friends, by advice, suggestions, or warnings, let them be never so strange or weird, we then could find much to admire in such a phenomenon; but to go traveling round the earth, compelled, against every sense of propriety and delicacy, to obey a superior will, is something which I felt strongly inclined to rebel against.

"Day before yesterday, I awoke in the morning entirely free from all anxiety. The unpleasant features of the past seemed so utterly insignificant, that I wondered at myself for ever having worried about them. I decided to go to New York and spend the day with my sister at the —— Hotel. You remember, of course, how bright the morning was, and as I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat, it seemed to me that nothing ever described by poet or artist was so wondrously beautiful as this glorious East River. The Bay of Naples was nowhere in comparison. Oh, for an artist's skill to convey to the world some idea of this grand centre of beauty and civilization!

"Oblivious to contiguous surroundings, I stood drinking in the calm loveliness of the scene, when, all of a sudden, I was called to a practical sense of my position by a light touch on my arm, and a very gentle, 'Good-morning, madame.'

"I turned to see No. 1 gazing down into my face, with a pair of eyes which a new-found happiness and peace had made as radiant as the eyes of an angel.

"I smiled back—who could have helped it? Yet, I was just as clearly myself as I am this minute, and remarked:

"'You seem happier than when we last met!'

"'Happier!' he repeated. 'Why, my dear woman, you have been my salvation! You know, of course, how strangely Hattie has behaved in this matter between Harcourt and me.'

"I smiled again, thinking, perhaps, it was not best to undeceive him, and he continued:

"'Well, that letter, which you assured me Hattie had no hand in, was a perfect *fac-simile* of her handwriting, and every sentence was composed in her usual terse and telling style. In this she accepted his addresses, and denounced me as an adventurer—a man utterly unworthy of trust. The only time in my life that I was ever fully under the influence of liquor, Harcourt, after arranging everything to suit him, dared me to play a game of bluff. I have no recollection of anything that happened that night, excepting my terrible debt to Harcourt. He had won, of course, every time; and Heaven only knows how long we played, or how the game footed up. I was obliged to accept his figures, and, in order to cancel this indebtedness, was compelled to sacrifice an amount of valuable property given me by my father, and even now I owe him almost five hundred dollars. As it happens, I am possessed of a few thousands which, according to a strange stipulation, are not convertible for several years yet into cash.

"'Had it not been for this wise provision, I should have been a ruined man. He understanding this, and wishing to get the whole property into his clutches at the end of the allotted time, has since haunted me like a shadow, urging me all the while to play, and bring back my luck. I knew the other morning, if I did not agree to his proposition, that he would come down upon me for my diamond shirt-studs, which were a present from my sister in Baltimore, and which I did not feel called upon to part with, even to cancel a debt of *honor*. So I covered them up from his greedy eyes; and after he had whispered to me that Hattie had promised to marry him at the end of the month, and with the evidence of what I believed to be her own handwriting to that effect, I confess I did not care what became of me, and I agreed to play him again that evening. Then you came and spoke to me. I believed you as thoroughly, as if an angel from heaven had whispered the words in my ear.

"'As soon as I could rid myself of Harcourt, I started for Hattie's house. I found the dear girl sick and almost heartbroken. The villain had represented me falsely in every particular, and had made the whole family believe that, but for his influence in keeping me away from the gaming-table, I would not have had a dollar to call my own. It is all right now, and Hattie understands the whole business thoroughly. My dear friend, where should I have been to-day, but for meeting you the other morning? Tell me how you came to know the circumstances, and, even knowing them, to recognize me?—for I do not remember of ever having met you before.'

"Oh, who can doubt, after *such* manifestations, that a loving Father is at the helm?"

"Well," I interrupted, breathlessly, "what next?"

"Oh, there is not much more. Hattie and her lover dine with me this evening. You will remain, of course, and get acquainted with my *protégés*."

THE HORSE OF THE DESERT.

[*From the Arabic.*]

BY FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

MY steed is black—my steed is black
   As a moonless and starless night;
He was foaled in wide deserts without a track,
   He drinks the wind in flight;
So drank the wind his sire before him,
And high of blood the dam that bore him.
   In days when the hot war-smoke rises high,
My comrades hail him as the unwing'd flier;
His speed outstrips the very lightning fire—
   May God preserve him from each evil eye.

Like the gazelle's his ever quivering ears,
   His eyes gleam softly as a woman's, when
Her looks of love are full;
   His nostrils gape, dark as the lion's den,
And, in the shock of battle, he uprears
   The forehead of a bull.
His croup, his flanks, his shoulders all are long,
   His legs are flat, his quarters clean and round;
Snake-like his tail shoots out, his hocks are strong,
Such as the desert ostrich bear along,
   And his lithe fetlocks spurn the echoing ground.
As my own soul I trust him, without fear;
No mortal ever yet bestrode his peer.

His flesh is as the zebra's firm; he glides
   Fox-like, whilst cantering slow across the plain;
But, when at speed, his limbs put on amain
   The wolf's long gallop, and untiring strides.
Yes, in one day he does the work of five;
   No spur his spirit wakes,
But each strong vein and sinew seems alive
   At every bound he makes.
Over the pathless sand he darteth straight,
As God's keen arrow from the bow of fate;
Or, like some thirsty dove, first of the flock,
Toward water hidden in a hollow rock.

A war-horse true, to front the clash of swords,
   He loves to hound the lion to his lair;
Glory, with beauty won from alien hordes,
   And the soft voices of our virgins fair,
      Fill him with fierce delight.
When on his back through peril's heat I break,
His neighings call the vulture down, and shake
      Each foeman's soul with sudden fright;
On him I fear not death,
She shrinks aside,
Scared by the echoing thunder of his stride.
My darling says, "Come, come to me alone,
Through night and silence come to me, mine own."
(O stranger, from beyond the howling seas,
   Leave, leave those flowers
   Whose bloom is ours,
To the love-murmur of their native bees).
Then, by some sweet and subtle instinct taught,
He learns to read aright each secret thought.
Obedient to the impulse which I feel,
As to my hand this lifeless steel,
Like a hawk sweeping homeward to her nest,
   Strong in his quenchless will,
   He rushes onward still,
That I may clasp the loved one to my breast;
But whilst I lay me down with happy sighs,
Under the light of those entrancing eyes,
In some secluded spot, beyond her door,
   With countless dangers near, he stands alone
   As if his fiery heart were changed to stone;
And champs his bit till I return once more.
By our great Prophet's head, this matchless horse
   Is the true pearl of every caravan;
The light and life of all our camps—the force
   And glory of his clan

Born, when the war-shout wakes, to lead,
   I am an Arab sheik;
My flocks are there the poor to feed,
   My name protects the weak
The stranger from my father's tent
   Is never turned aside,
For God his choicest gifts hath sent,
   And blessed me far and wide;
But if change come, and angry fate
   Hold forth her bitter cup to drink,
The path of honor still is straight,
   From thence I shall not shrink.
I shall live nobly yet, if ills are borne
   In patient trust;
I shall be rich enough, if I can scorn
   The sordid lust
Of gold, and look for happier days, to bloom
Beyond the night-frost of the tomb.
Yea, though misfortune's iron hand
   Should smite me with her heaviest rod,
I shall be strong enough to stand,
   And praise the name of God.

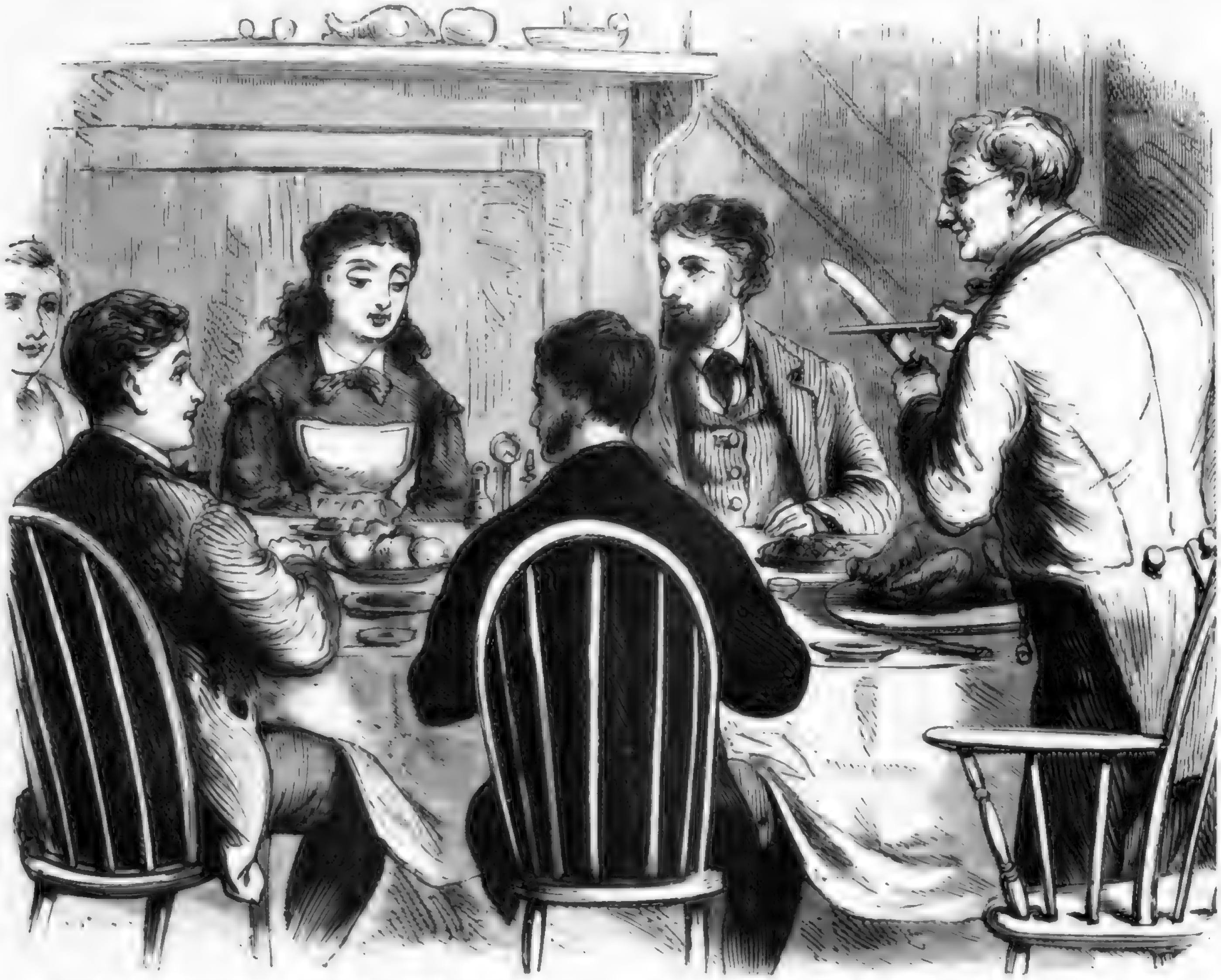
RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.

"You see just how we're fixed!" said Deacon Obed Carey to Mrs. Elam Skinner.

The gray November twilight was closing, like the misty shadows of a dream, over the desolate valley that lay between the rock-crested hills, fringed with hemlocks and white pines, while the gray-green foliage of cedar copses gave a ghostly shimmer to the distance. Just at the mouth of the valley the mirror-like gleam of Lake Champlain reflected the dull firmament, and beyond, the peaks of far-off mountains lost their outlines in the low-hanging vapors of the sky—the Adirondacks themselves!

But Deacon Carey, who had been cradled, as it were, among their grandeurs, never thought of the Adirondacks, except as a very unprofitable investment of land. Familiarity breeds contempt, and even the Colossus of Rhodes ceases to inspire awe to their next-door neighbor.

"Folks come a dreadful ways to look at them hills," said the deacon, irreverently; "and, arter all, they ain't no great shakes. Give me a good medder lot, or a field where the yaller pumpkins is a-shinin' out among the shocked corn! That's *my* notion of beauty! Guess it would be a pretty long while afore anybody raises a crop o' rye out o' the Adirondacks."



RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.—"'RUTH,' SAID THE DEACON, MILDLY, 'YOU'RE A VERY GOOD COOK, MY DEAR. I WISH WE COULD KEEP YOU HERE AL'AYS!'"—SEE PAGE 727.

And, after all, there was an inkling of common sense in the deacon's view of things.

Mrs. Elam Skinner lived in a brown farmhouse, whose overhanging eaves made you think of a boy who has pulled his cap too far over his eyes—a farmhouse upon whose shingled roof the gold and scarlet maple-leaves rained down in rustling drifts at every sough of the melancholy wind. There were not two such maple-trees along the whole shores of Champlain as those Mrs. Skinner's grandfather had planted in the Revolutionary days, when he never knew, coming home at night with his ax over his shoulder, whether he should not find his home a heap of smoldering cinders, with the cry of the savage redskin where his babies' cooing voices had sounded at the morning-tide! He was in his grave, dust and ashes, long ago, but the maples renewed their youth with every year.

Within you saw a low-ceiled room, with colored prints hanging on the wall, a mist of asparagus over the clock-shelf, and white and yellow chrysanthemums blossoming between the net-fringed curtains of the three little windows. A rag-carpet, woven in dazzling stripes of red and blue, covered the floor, while the bricks of the clean-swept hearth could not have glowed brighter if they had been carved in Neapolitan coral, and a fire of splendid chestnut logs blazed and crackled, wreathing the polished brass fire-dogs as if they had been a pair of John Rogers at the stake, suffering continual martyrdom. Mrs. Skinner herself, a wiry, compact little woman, in a green gingham dress and winking spectacles, sat darning stockings by the blaze; for she was a thrifty dame, and while she begrudged the wasted moments of twilight, she had no idea of lighting a candle until it was fairly and squarely dark.

Obed Carey occupied the cushioned rocker opposite, tall and brown and loose-jointed, with here and there a silver thread in his dark hair, and hands where the veins stood out like cord. A hard-working man, and a man who accepted his inheritance of toil with a sort of grim satisfaction, he would have afforded no inappropriate type of the New England farmer of the past generation, as he sat there, erect and thin and uncompromising.

And while her elders talked, Ruth Skinner sat close against the chimney-jamb, a tin-pan full of apples in her lap, paring diligently away, with the firelight glinting on her sunny brown hair.

Ruth was small and dimpled, and exquisitely fresh, like the rosy peach which hangs on the south wall after the first frosts, and she had violet gray eyes, darkening into blue around the edge of the irides, and dewy, scarlet lips, and a slender throat, circled with a string of red wood-berries; and, as she worked, there was an unconscious grace in her motions that made you like to look at her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Elam Skinner, answering the deacon's remark; "I see. It was a dreadful unfortunate dispensation that Mrs. Carey should be took away."

"Four years ago this very month," said the deacon, meditatively; "four—years—ago. A houseful of boys is a tryin' thing, Mrs. Skinner."

"I should think it must be," said the widow.

"And it's a remarkable orderin' of Providence that I should have six boys and you six gals."

"Yes," said Mrs. Skinner, breaking off a needleful of gray yarn; "but my gals has all done well. Malindy, she's married, and lives in Burlington, and Sophrony is teachin' school 'cross the lake, and Sarah's at the factories in Lowell, and Alethea's lived to Squire Hall's these two years, and Kate's doin' well at the millinery business, and Ruth, she kind o' makes herself generally useful to hum. Ruth ain't like the others; she ain't good for much."

The deacon hitched his chair, with a grating noise, across the hearth, to get a better view at the little figure bending over the pan of apples.

"She's good to look pretty, anyhow," he said, with a cumbrous attempt at a joke.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Skinner, whose respect for the merely ornamental was extremely limited.

"I s'pose Sarah and Sophrony's comin' home to Thanksgivin'?" hazarded Mr. Carey.

Mrs. Skinner nodded briefly.

"Wall, that's sort o' providential too," said the deacon, somewhat embarrassed. "Bein' you've got so many gals, mebbe you'd spare one."

"Spare one?"

"We hain't no women folks to our house since Hepsibah Duckett stole the spoons and went to Canady; and I set my foot down not to have no more hired help, and it *was* sort o' forlorn last Thanksgivin' Day, and the boys, why, they missed the turkey, and so I kind o' thought if Miss Ruth wouldn't object to come over and ginerally hev an eye to things, it would be a sight o' accommodation."

"I'm willin', if Ruth is," said Mrs. Skinner, composedly.

"We've got as fine a turkey as ever squawked," went on the deacon, "and Jared he fetched in a pumkin off the sidehill lot, bigger'n a half-barrel, and I bought a peck o' cranberries from Huldy Simons, so there ain't no lack o' things to do with. What d'ye say, Miss Ruth?"

Ruth hung her head, and blushed like the pink-cheeked apple she had just taken up.

"I—I have no objection, if mother thinks it proper."

"Proper!" echoed Mrs. Skinner. "Why on airth shouldn't it be proper? Of course it's proper!"

"Wall," said the deacon, rising to his lanky fullness of height, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Ruth, and to you, too, marm."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Skinner, hospitably.

"I guess I'd better be goin'," decided Mr. Carey. "There ain't no tellin' what mischief the boys may be gettin' into afore I get back. Boys will be boys, and they need a dretful sight o' watchin'."

"Dear, dear!" sighed the widow.

"Jared he wants to wear his Sunday clothes to singin'-school, and John wants spendin' money of his own, and Josey he sticks out for't he's got a right to burn a candle arter ten at night ef he's a-mind to, and Lewis he buys picter-papers every week, as if money growed on blackberry-bushes, and I do feel to get most discouraged sometimes. There ain't nobody but a father knows what a father's trials is, Mrs. Skinner."

And the deacon went out with a groan.

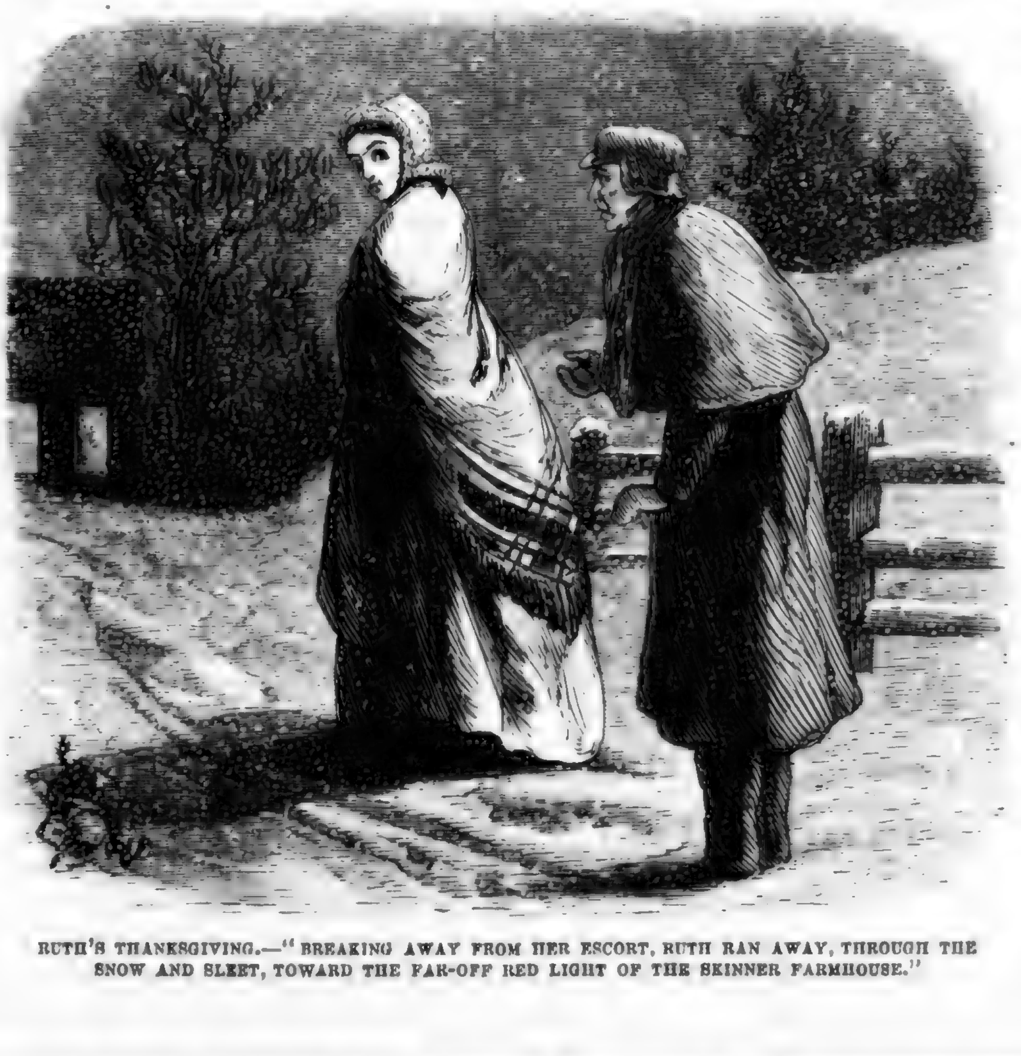
"The deacon don't seem to realize that his boys is men growed," said Mrs. Skinner, as she rose to light a candle. "Ain't you most through with them apples, Ruth?"

And Deacon Obed, plodding homeward through the deepening dusk, with the dead leaves rustling under his feet, and the raw air biting like the stings of a million infinitesimal gnats, thought of Ruth Skinner's rosebud face, and wondered how it would seem to have her at the Carey farmhouse for a perpetual blossoming of brightness!

"I ain't so very old, arter all," thought Deacon Carey, "and there ain't no law against a man's marryin' again, as ever I heered on. But she's young and skeery, and I must drive kind o' slow at first. It was a good idea, that o' mine, borrowin' her for Thanksgivin'. Ruth, Ruth, it's the prettiest name goin', and she's the prettiest gal! I couldn't think o' nothin' but the little strawberry apples on the gnarly tree by the well every time I looked at her cheeks. Besides, she is a savin' creeter, *I* know, for I watched her parin' them apples, and she never wasted a grain, and she's worn that brown caliker ever since last March."

And the deacon chuckled as these thrifty meditations passed through his brain.

It was Thanksgiving morning, chill and raw, with the summits of the Adirondacks vailed in slowly-drifting snowflakes, and Lake Champlain shining up with steely glimmer where the bend of the valley revealed its faraway surface. The leafless trees seemed to stand shuddering in the blast—the pines and hemlocks, their needle-like foliage transformed into a thousand moaning wind-harps, tossed their green crests to and fro, like human creatures groping



RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.—"BREAKING AWAY FROM HER ESCORT, RUTH RAN AWAY, THROUGH THE SNOW AND SLEET, TOWARD THE FAR-OFF RED LIGHT OF THE SKINNER FARMHOUSE."

XUM

blindly for help in some awful strait. Nature was chanting her *Miserere*, and the grand mountains seemed to listen in silence.

But the Carey homestead was all alive with warmth and cheerfulness and red firelight. It was a huge, old-fashioned house, with great, smoke-browned rafters crossing and recrossing overhead, and curious wooden wainscotings halfway up the walls, and odd little three-cornered cupboards built, as if by malice prepense, in the most inconvenient places, and fireplaces that gave you the idea of the rooms being mere after-thoughts and appendages. Nor was the furniture a whit more modern. The chairs, tall and claw-legged, tipped you inhospitably forward; the looking-glasses warped and twisted your features into a deathblow to all vanity; the chest of drawers stood in a high-shouldered manner against the walls, with Argus-eyes of brass, and the old clock on the first landing of the stairs ticked a slow, mournful monotone, which would have driven a hypochondriac mad.

Little Ruth Skinner stood at the kitchen-table, a white apron tied over the brown calico dress which had awakened Deacon Carey's admiration, and the sleeves rolled up above her round, white arms, stirring some fragrant compound of spice and raisins and orange-peel, while five of the six "Carey boys" stood around surveying her, as five tall barn-door fowls might stare at a tiny golden pheasant, or a Seabright bantam.

"Boys, boys!" croaked the deacon, emerging from his room, in the glories of a blue suit with brass buttons, and a pair of shirt-collars that held his chin up at an angle of forty-five degrees, "ye haven't no more manners than a pack of gypsies! Miss Ruth, don't mind 'em."

"Oh, I don't, I assure you, sir," said Ruth, laughing. "Lewis, please give me the iron spoon from the nail by the dresser."

"I wish you wouldn't call me *sir*," said the deacon, with what would have been a tender glance if the shirt-collars would have admitted of it.

Ruth arched her pretty eyebrows.

"What shall I call you?"

"Call me Obed," was trembling on the deacon's lips, when he caught the ten eyes of his sons fixed wonderingly on him, and the words never found utterance. The deacon looked into the oven instead, and coughed sonorously.

"You won't go to church, Ruth?"

"Oh, I can't, sir—Mr. Carey, I mean. The turkey must be looked after, and it won't do to risk burning the pies."

"Well, boys," said the deacon, "come along."

"Can't I stay and help Ruth?" questioned Lewis, a young giant of nineteen.

"No, you can't," said the deacon, brusquely. "Pretty way o' spendin' the Governor's Proclamation Thanksgivin', to be home round under Miss Ruth's feet. You'll go to church, every skin on ye, or my name ain't Obed Carey. No son o' mine stays home from church on such a day as this. Where's Joe?"

"He was out a-fodderin' the creeters," sullenly answered John, the second son.

"Joseph! Joe!" bawled the deacon, but there was no answer.

"I guess he's gone to church," observed Jared, who was giving his cowhide boots a last tender application of candle-end in front of the fire.

"He needn't ha' been in such a hurry," grumblingly commented the deacon; "but he al'ays had a way of his own of doing things. Ruth, my dear, don't stand so near the fire—you're burnin' your face the color of a cabbage-rose."

Ruth murmured some scarcely articulate answer as the deacon tapped her cheek with clumsy *espièglerie*, and bent more closely than ever over her work.

"Where's my woolen comforter?" next demanded the deacon. "Hosea, go back in the big corner cubburd for't."

Hosea left off tormenting the cat to obey, but he presently lifted up his voice aloud:

"Door's locked, father."

"No, 'tain't locked nuther," sharply responded paterfamilias. But he went to inspect the "cubburd" for himself, nevertheless,

"Well, if I ever!" cried the deacon. "Which o' you young mischiefs has got the key?"

There was a shout of unanimous denial. The deacon looked round with lowering brows.

"If that 'ere key's lost—— Ain't them the church-bells?"

And, postponing the judicial investigation until the religious services of the day should be over, the deacon caught up a stray muffler, twisted it round his parchment-like throat, and sped upon his way, with his five sons following in long array.

And Ruth Skinner was left alone with the crackling wood-fire, and the ticking clock, and the soft clicking of the snow-flakes against the window-panes, and the plaintive strain of a hymn-tune she was murmuring under her breath as she arranged the cranberry tarts on the dresser-shelf and filled up the oven to its very mouth with paste-shells full of golden, trembling custard.

Only for a moment, though. There was an ominous grating as of the wards of a rusty key in the corner cupboard-door, and a smothered laugh, and the next instant Mr. Joseph Carey, a tall, handsome young fellow of three or four and twenty, burst out, like a magnified "Jack-in-the-box."

"Joe!" cried Ruth, turning scarlet. "Don't!"

"Don't! You mean *do*," said Joe, unceremoniously taking Ruth round the waist and lifting her fairly off her feet. "Why, I thought I should have stifled among the old hats and boots."

"But, Joe, it's so wrong!"

"It would have been a deal wronger, little Miss Morality, to sit pretending to listen to Elder Longsentence when my heart was in the old kitchen at home with you. Now, see here, Ruth, I'm not going to stand this any longer. Give me the big iron spoon."

Joe tied a towel deftly round his slim, well-molded waist, and commenced stirring vigorously at the saucepan he took from Ruth's hands.

"Isn't that right?"

"Yes," said Ruth, dubiously; "but you mustn't spatter so."

Mr. Carey accordingly relaxed somewhat of his over-zealous earnestness, and looked at Ruth over the top of the table.

"Come, Ruth, you promised to give me an answer to-day."

Miss Skinner shook out the folds of a snowy mass of table napery, and eyed it thoughtfully.

"Is this the best table-cloth?"

"Yes—no— I haven't an idea. Hang the table-cloth! I'm not talking about table-cloths. Is it to be yes or no, Ruth?"

"Oh, Joe, we are both so young."

"Nonsense."

"I suppose these napkins are the right ones?"

"Do *you* suppose I stood a mortal hour in that cupboard, with my nose up against the buffalo robes, to decide the question of napkins with you? I *will* be answered!"

"Well—but—what shall I say?"

"*I* should say 'yes,' if I were in your place."

"But, Joe——"

"Look here, Ruth," and Joe overturned the saucepan in his enthusiasm. "Here's where it is. Would you rather be my wife or my stepmother?"

"Joe!"

"As if you hadn't suspected it all along, you little, demure kitten! Come, don't keep me in suspense!"

He put both his hands, with a sort of imperative tenderness, on her two wrists, looking with his full, brilliant hazel eyes into her shrinking, rose-red, smiling face.

"Let me go, Joe, quick! The turkey is scorching—I smell it!"

"Not one step," was the firm reply.

"But it is burning!" cried Ruth, piteously. "Oh, Joe, *please!*"

"Not until you have decided my destiny. Yes or no!"

"Yes, then, you provoking fellow!"

And Ruth, highly resenting the kiss of paction which Mr. Joe stooped to possess himself of, ran to the oven.

"It's burned! I *knew* it would be!" she breathed.

"Not a bit of it," said Joe, critically surveying the royal bird over her shoulder. "It's just beautifully browned."

"No thanks to *you!*" said Ruth, petulantly shrugging her shoulders as she reclosed the oven, after basting and turning its contents in a most scientific manner. "Now, help me set out the table, for I'm getting dreadfully behindhand; and what will your father say when he comes home from church and finds dinner not ready?"

"It *shall* be ready!" said Joe, solemnly. "I tell you, Ruth, you don't know half the resources of my character as yet!"

* * * * * *

"That was a proper good sarmon," said Deacon Obed Carey, pulling down the brim of his fur cap to protect the extreme tip of his nose from the driving snow. "Boys, walk along straight, and don't be loitering behind like a lot o' Sandwich Island heathens. Yes, an edifyin' discourse—apples o' gold in pictures of silver. I do wish Ruth had a-heerd it."

"I hope the turkey'll be ready when we get home," said Hosea, smacking his lips.

"You needn't be afeard, Hosy," answered the sire, complacently. "Ruth Skinner understands her business as well as the next one. She is a-stirrin', smart gal as ever I see, and economical, too! I never shall forget how bad I felt the Fall arter your mother was took away, seein' Hepsy Duckett dress chickens—slingin' the gizzard and liver away like a wasteful huzzy as she was. I watched Ruth last night. I tell ye my heart jumped up into my mouth when she come to the giblets! But she washed 'em clean, and she chopped 'em up fine, with bread-crumbs and pepper and salt to make the stuffin', and says I to myself, 'Many darters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!' To see the way she wrings out her dishcloth, too—it would melt a heart o' stun!"

Hosea looked at his father with the slightest *soupçon* of a twinkle in his eyes, and began to whistle under his breath. The deacon walked on, lost in his own blissful reflections.

The Thanksgiving dinner was ready—a culinary triumph—as the churchgoers came in, bringing a whiff of keen northern air with them, and a plentiful powdering of snow on their broad shoulders. The turkey himself, brown, glistening and unctuous, lay in the centre of the board, with wings meekly folded and breast distended with aromatic stuffing, while, ranged round him, quivered pink and amber jellies, and crimson cranberry tarts blushed through their lattice-work of puff-paste, while mince-pies and pumpkin, custard and suet puddings, sent up an odorous appeal to the senses. Apples, red and russet, flanked either end of the board, while stone pitchers of cider, freshly drawn by Joe, foamed and sparkled brighter than the champagne of any fair vineyard of France.

And the deacon, propitiated by this burnt offering of savory meats, forgot to reprove Joe for his delinquency in the matter of church.

"Ruth," said the deacon, mildly, as he looked at the turkey, and the chicken-pie beyond it, "you're a good cook—a *very* good cook, my dear. I wish we could keep you here al'ays!"

Ruth colored, and looked at Joe.

Joe set the chairs round the table with very unnecessary emphasis.

When, toward twilight, Ruth put on her scarlet shawl and hood, protesting that "she *must* go home," the deacon rose up to escort her.

"Sit down, Joe," he said, waving his hand authoritatively. "Take your seat again, Jared. You're nothin' but boys. I'm the proper one to see Miss Skinner safe hum!"

"I—I would rather go alone, sir!" faltered Ruth.

But the deacon tucked her arm protectingly beneath the sleeve of his shaggy, butternut-colored great-coat, and they set forth together.

"Ruth, my dear," said the deacon, breaking a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing, after they had walked a little way beneath the creaking boughs of the snow-fringed hemlocks.

"Sir," fluttered Ruth, softly.

"It seemed very pleasant to have you to our house to-day, among them rough cubs o' boys."

"Joe isn't a rough cub, please, sir," said Ruth, plucking up a momentary spirit, and feeling herself color like pink cream-candy.

"Wall," said the deacon, somewhat surprised at this unexpected partisanship, "I dunno but Joe's the best of the lot; but that's neither here nor there. I was going to ask you how you would like to stay there for good and all?"

"I don't understand you, sir!" said Ruth, stopping short in the midst of the snow and darkness.

"To come there and live—to be my wife—Mrs. Carey the second!" exclaimed the deacon, beginning to feel uncomfortably warm about the regions of the nose and cheekbones. "Don't you understand *now*, Ruth?"

"Oh, sir!" uttered Ruth, withdrawing her arm, and trembling all over, "I cannot!"

"Oh, yes, you can," said the deacon, benignly. "I know you're young and inexperienced, but I'm willin' to overlook all that, and——"

"But, sir," interrupted Ruth, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, "I—I've promised to marry Joe!"

And, breaking away from her escort, Ruth ran away, through the blinding snow and sleet, toward the far-off red light of the Skinner farmhouse.

Deacon Obed Carey walked silently back, chewing the end of his own meditations; and from that moment to this he has never once alluded to his matrimonial aspirations and their untimely blight. But the next Thanksgiving Day he ate his turkey at the hospitable board of his son and daughter-in-law, with a little, cherry-cheeked grandchild tied in a high-chair close to his elbow.

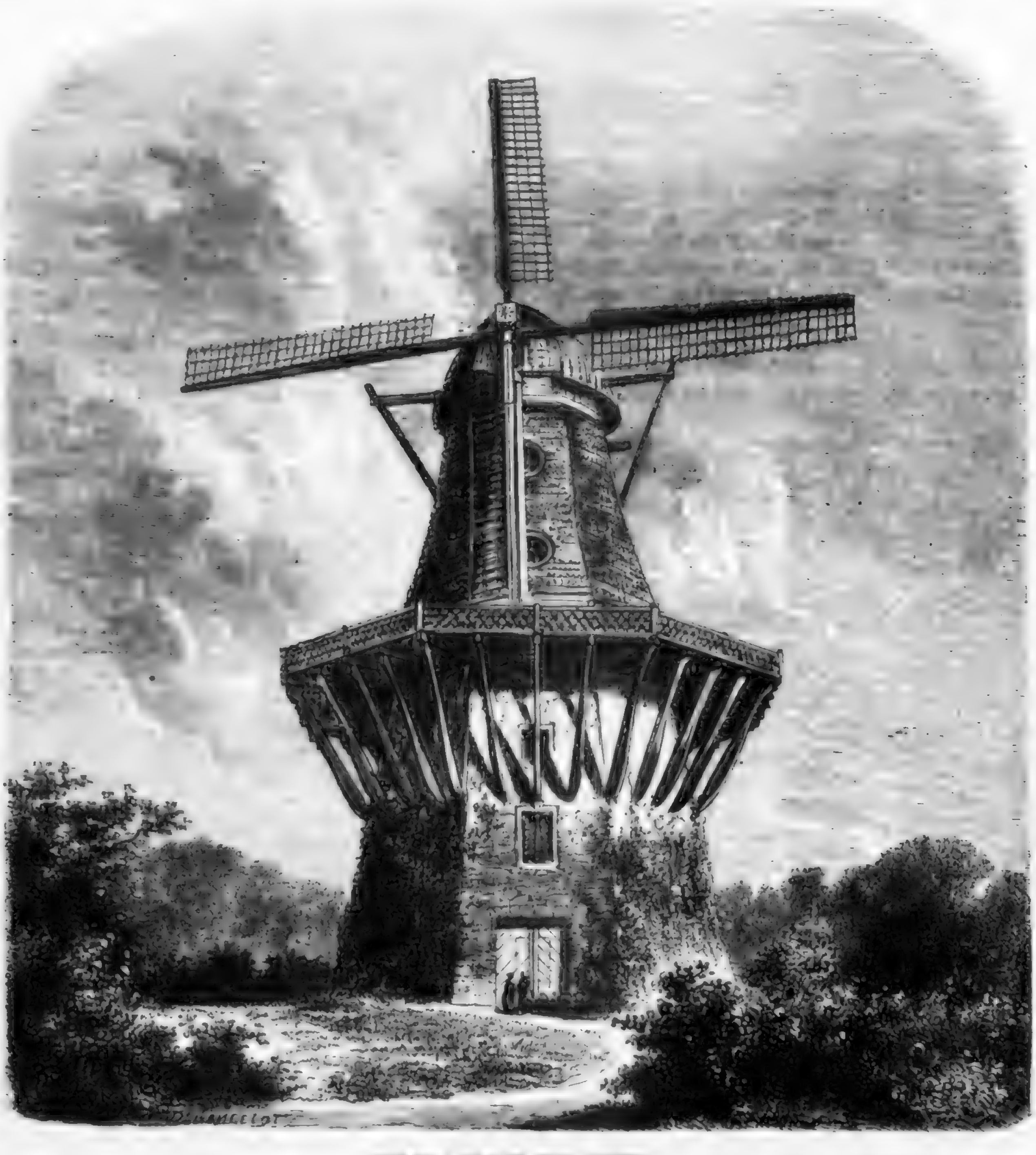
Aristotle laid it down as a maxim "that all inquiry should begin with doubt." Whenever, then, we meet with mysteries beyond our feeble comprehension, would it not be more rational to doubt the very faculty we are employing—the capacity of our reason itself?

XUM

THE MILL OF SANS SOUCI, PRUSSIA.

Sans Souci was the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, where at one time gathered around him the most brilliant literary *coterie* in Europe, till quarrels and petty jealousies, from which even the heroes of war and letters are not exempt, broke up the circle.

All here was simplicity itself. The king lived with no state whatever. At night a corporal and four grenadiers came to guard it till daybreak, and this was all the sign of pomp to be seen. One day a stranger whom the king had invited arrived at Sans Souci, entered, but found nobody—so he knocked at a door. A little man dressed in blue quietly opened it—Frederick himself. On another occasion the king, preserving his *incognito*, showed a tourist over the grounds of Sans Souci, and received an offer of money from the delighted traveler.

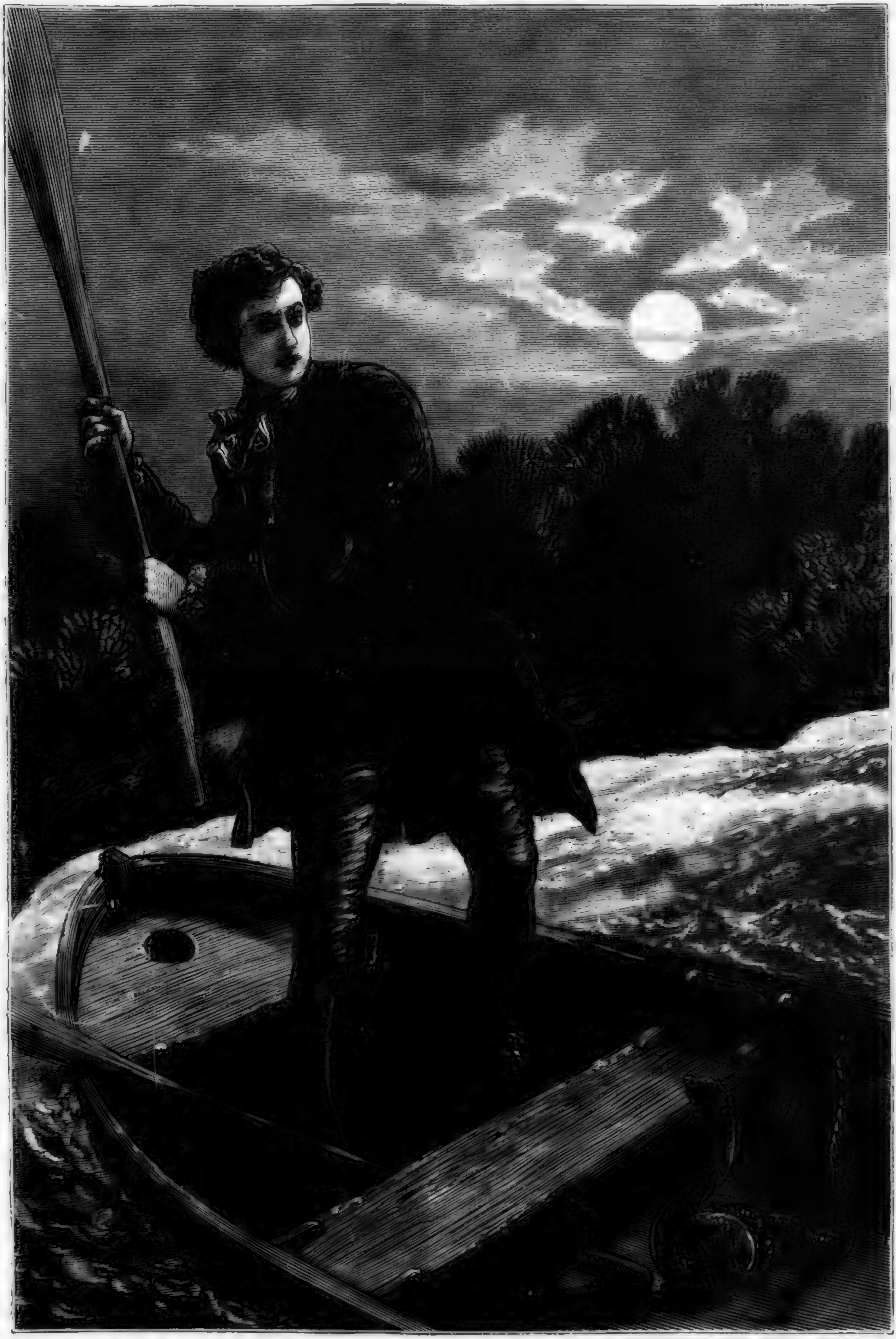


THE MILL OF SANS SOUCI, PRUSSIA.

Of all the anecdotes of the place, the most famous is that concerning the mill. The view from the gardens was marred greatly by an old mill. The king resolved to buy and demolish it; but, to his annoyance, the miller objected. It had been his father's and his grandfather's, and he wished to die as they had done—owner of the mill. So he refused point-blank to sell. The king raised his offer, and as this failed, his temper rose. He threatened to take it without paying. At this the miller drew up. "What! take my mill! You might, if there were no courts of justice in Berlin." This settled it. The king laughed to think that in his reign there was such confidence in the integrity of the judiciary, and, turning to his friends, he said: "We must change our plans. Neighbor, keep your own; your answer is a good one."

Historians have endeavored to give the anecdote authenticity; but perhaps the best corroboration is in the fact that the late king of Prussia, finding the mill in a state of decay, and the miller's descendants poor, rebuilt it at his own expense, and secured it to them.

True zeal will always inculcate moderation without diminishing a conspicuous intrepidity.



AUNT PRUE'S CRAPE BONNET.—"HE SAW THE THING MOVE, UNCOIL, AND SPRANG TO HIS FEET WITH UPLIFTED OAR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

AUNT PRUE'S CRAPE BONNET.

By the Author of "That Husband of Mine."

It was Sunday evening, one hundred years ago. In the quaint parlor of a house in a quaint village of Connecticut the moonbeams of May fell upon two bright young heads in the recess of a deep bay-window. Beyond the heavy curtains, and the shadow they threw on the dark red carpet, a blazing fire snapped and crackled, for Sabina, the old house-servant, had just thrown an armful of split hickory in front of the great back-log, reddened to its core. A small work-table, drawn to the verge of the hearth, held a dainty wicker-basket, lined with blue silk. Yarn, spools of cotton and linen, a silver thimble and a pretty pink "huswife," filled the basket. By its side lay a long woolen stocking, the knitting-needles composedly closed at the tip of the toe.

In the time of which I write the sacred hours of Sunday closed at six o'clock, when the lighter work of the household was sometimes resumed.

This wide, low-ceiled room presented the graces and comforts of a New England interior—the comforts many, the graces few.

Straight, tall chairs, that gave one the backache to look at, were agreeably alternated by low, cozy seats and rockers. Rugs and crickets, and foot-stools and screens and round tables, were plenty. It was also rich in antiquities. The white, carved mantelpiece reached nearly to the ceiling. An artist of modern times might turn from the odd, uncouth cornices, but they possessed a certain merit, and were very dear to the present occupants of the ancient homestead.

Three bookcases, tall, prim and narrow, and bearing the date of 1620 on their steel locks, stood on one side of the room. Old Squire Everdeen was "book-larned," as the less erudite of the neighborhood called him, and held in great repute for his scholarly gifts.

Several really choice pictures ornamented the queer, triangular-patterned paper; but the most cheerful thing there was the fire, throwing fanciful, flickering pictures over the ponderous balls that topped the massive brass andirons.

All this was lost for the present on the two lovers over whom the moon shone so benignantly. It lighted up the old stone porch, and the rose-vines and jasmines entwined to its very top; it brought into view the undulating fields beyond, with their background of hills, and sailed in the midst of fleets of snowy clouds through a sky rich in depth of coloring.

"I cannot imagine, my little Vida," said the deep voice of Rector Medway's son, "what has given rise to these melancholy reflections. Surely never was night more beautiful, and—I may speak boldly after to-day, my darling—you are mine now—my very, very own; the central object of my life, as you are to be the queen of my home." He lifted her face gently with his hand—a glorious face it was, with its clear, dark eyes, proud brow, and beautiful mouth. "What, a tear! You give me sad welcome to-night, Vida—and I am so happy! Let me kiss it away."

"No, no!" and the girl drew back; "no more kisses to-night," she said, with smiling lip but grave aspect, as she shook her head. "Forgive me that I cannot quite command myself," she added, playing with the silver chain at her waist that held her chatelain, "and, believe me, you are as welcome as ever. I have been wondering myself at this unusual mood—could it be, do you suppose, because I put on Aunt Prue's crape bonnet?"

She looked up with a half-childish, half-anxious smile, that brightened her sweet face wonderfully.

"Aunt Prue's crape bonnet!" the young man repeated. "I suppose Aunt Prue is the elderly lady with white curls, to whom I was introduced at the dinner-table; but what, pray, has her bonnet to do with your low spirits?"

Who can deny that a little hesitancy—a little confusion—heightens the beauty of a pretty face? Vida met the clear eyes looking into her own shyly, and the rose deepened on her cheeks as she made reply:

"Why, you see, Aunt Prue lost her husband only a month ago, and that is the reason she is here. You must know that, for the first time, to-day I wore flowers in my bonnet, not thinking; but, out of respect for Aunt Prue's mourning, I thought I would take them out after tea, and while I was waiting for you. So I sent Sabina for it, while I stood on the stairs in the dark with some books in my hand. She brought it down and put it on my head, and so I went into mamma's room. The instant they saw me everybody exclaimed, even papa. Instead of my own bonnet, I had on Aunt Prue's dismal black one, with the long mourning crape vail. Aunt Prue had carried it to my room by mistake. Mamma called to me to take it off, but even then I didn't know—not till I held it in my hand—and you can have no idea what a shock it gave me. And that dismal vail behind, sweeping almost to the floor. Then Aunt Prue shook her head, and gave such a groan as she said, 'I'm afraid there'll be another death, sister Dolly!' and fell to crying. I could have died myself, everybody looked so solemn. Such a thrill went over me! I felt my very blood run cold—I'm cold now, just thinking of it."

"This is not to be a lasting sorrow, I hope," her lover said, laughing. He was tall, and exceptionally handsome, this young Connecticut doctor, and the vivid light brought his dark beauty out with wonderful effect. "It don't seem to me worth worrying over—the black instead of the brown. What's in a shade? I can't allow you to give rein to the foolish whims of superstition that range all the way from the saltcellar to the moon. Deacon Everdeen's daughter should be braver than that. What! shivering again? I must take you to the fire. Suppose I tell you that these are the ordinary symptoms of fever, would it frighten you? Come, let us talk of livelier matters, and send Aunt Prue's bonnet to the shades."

He led her, with all the grace and dignity that characterized the men of that period, to the genial hearthstone, and seated himself beside her.

"Well, what now?" he queried, seeing her start as she turned to the candle which had been brought in a few moments before.

"You will laugh at me—but see! the winding-sheet!" And, utterly unnerved, she pointed to the wick of the candle, which had coiled itself under its sheath of flame into the shape which old-fashioned people call a corpse-light.

"Why, Vida, my poor child, this will never do," he said, as her fair head drooped and the tears she had been struggling to hold back fell thick and fast. "It is only your nerves; I cannot think you attach any serious results to such trifling superstitions. And the other matter you have referred to seems quite inadequate to produce these powerful emotions. Your hands are hot, your pulse is rapid; darling, it is I who should fear; you are worrying yourself into a fever."

"Oh, no! I am quite well," she replied, lifting her head from his shoulder, and struggling with her tears. "I assure you it was not only Aunt Prue's dismal bonnet, but I had such a fearful dream last night."

Happily her eyes were downcast, or she might have taken umbrage at the amused smile with which her lover surveyed her, much as if she were a child that puzzled and yet pleased him.

"Well, and what was the terrible dream?"

"Oh, I shall not tell you—I could not! you never can put such things into words. I don't know how I came to speak of these things at all—I never meant to; you will think me very silly, but I cannot help it."

Young Medway felt himself powerless to combat with this subtle phase of a mysterious power, this new and strange interpretation of character. Educated to hold all signs, forewarnings and sickly fancies in contempt, he could scarcely bring himself to excuse what to him seemed a senseless and unreasonable superstition.

Never before had he seen anything of this nature in connection with sunny Vida Everdeen. It almost angered him as he tried, but in vain, to chase the shadows from her beautiful face.

Any sportive allusion to the black bonnet, Aunt Prue's sombre relic of other days, only brought the tears and a mournful "Oh, don't, Harry! you can't imagine how I dread it——"

"It! What?"

"The shadow—the—something——"

"That Aunt Prue said was going to happen. Well, set your mind at rest—it happened to-day," said Harry, brightly, taking the words out of her mouth. "We were published, you know. I don't know how they behaved in your church, but in ours every man, woman and child made it their pleasing duty to stare at me as if I had changed out of my natural aspect into something quite foreign and amusing. It seemed to me almost like a profanation to hear your name sung out by old Gamaliel Crabtree, the clerk, whose voice never twanged as it did then. My father sat in his robes as immovable as a statue, but mother's hand came stealing gently over to mine—she likes you, Vida—and you can't tell how the touch thrilled me. It almost seemed as if I had your own white fingers in my clasp."

Little by little he won her from the gloomy forebodings that had occupied her mind, till he fondly hoped that Aunt Prue's crape bonnet was disposed of for the night, if not for all time.

The old eight-day clock in the corner, with its usual majestic intonation, gave out the hour of nine. Harry rose reluctantly; in that staid household it was the signal for his leaving.

"In one short month," he said, with a significant gesture toward the stately interloper, "and these miserable partings will be over for ever, and the glory of my life begun."

As for Vida, the smile died on her lips, and gloom and darkness seemed suddenly to shroud her as with a pall. The strictness of her Puritan training had made the expression of an unwonted emotion almost impossible to so meek and modest a maiden, but nature for once triumphed.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, turning and clinging to him, what is it weighs upon my heart when I think of your leaving me this night—what is it?"

There was an almost awful sadness in words and voice, which, however indifferent he appeared to be to their import, for the sake of soothing her, still gave him inward uneasiness. It was more the dread of a scientist that trouble was coming to her in the shape of illness than fear for himself. These shadows were not the offshoots of a healthy mind, and there was a fever in the low country that was extending its limits from day to day.

He thought of this as she stood there so white and slender in the vivid moonlight, for Harry had parted the curtain to look out, and someway the two had crept under its folds in the dear old nook that had witnessed so much happiness. She held both hands out helplessly, the exquisitely molded lips trembling, the dark eyes heavy with unshed tears. He did inwardly confess to a certain feeling of irritation at her persistent foreboding of evil to come, but that pleading glance, that pitiful cry for the help of his stronger will—what could he say? He only drew her more closely to his heart, as he whispered:

"Has my darling forgotten those beautiful words, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father'? Dearest, cannot you trust me to his protection?"

"I will, Harry. Forgive me these miserable forebodings. I am ashamed of myself for making your remembrance of this night a sombre, an almost unhappy one. See; I will try to overcome my silly fears," and she looked up at him with what she strove to make a bright and trusting smile.

Then she went with him to the old porch, whose stepping-stone was worn smooth by the feet of many generations, and looked after him till he was nearly lost in the shadows.

"Don't watch him out of sight, deary," said a well-known voice, and Sabina, the old servant, came round the corner. "I've hearn it say as how them as is looked clean off don't come back ag'in."

And Vida, with a little chill, turned and went in. What wonder, when she had been nursed on signs and sayings, that the girl's mind was tinctured with the old superstitions of New England that culminated once in the horrors and persecution of witchcraft?

There is scarcely any need of saying that the theme of conversation among the elders that evening was the appearance of Vida, with the crape shrouding her beautiful face.

Aunt Prue had been inconsolable ever since, and had unearthed from their ancient resting-places in her venerable brain sundry funeral stories which she aired for the mournful pleasure of her listeners.

The elder sat apart from the rest, reading a highly edifying book, if one might judge from the frequent nods of his gray head; and, though he pretended to despise what he considered "old wives' fables," yet occasionally he would pause at the turning of a page, and listen to the story of old Goody Sweepstakes, who dreamed three nights running, when her Sophocles was five years old, that he grew up, killed a man, and was sentenced to be hung—"and you all remember that Sophocles Sweepstakes was hung, when in his twenty-third year, for his brother Solon is living in this town," she added, triumphantly, her thin, yellow visage flushed to a dull red.

"Let us hope the Lord will avert the trouble!" said Mrs. Everdeen, piously. "I myself am bound to confess that the vision of our fair Vida in black crape did shock me a little out of my accustomed serenity." And one involuntarily listened for the "Yea, verily," which her prim visage and concluding words seemed to suggest.

Vida happily escaped all this solemn palaver by seeking at once her own bedroom, where, after taking down the luxurious braids and curls of sunny brown hair, she could sit before the little fire kindled by thoughtful Sabina, and indulge in misgivings quite as melancholy, though they had the merit of not being forced upon her by others.

How beautiful she was as she sat there, the innocent-hearted New England maiden!—the soft, changeful eyes, generally so full of light and merriment, now pathetic in their sadness.

"If I could only reason myself out of it!" she said, passionately, clasping her hands over her knees, her shining, rippling hair falling about her like a vail. "It was not so strange that Aunt Prue's bonnet should be in my room—she carried it there herself—nor that Sabina should bring it down—she is half blind; nor that she should put it on me in the dark. And as for the dream—oh, that horrible

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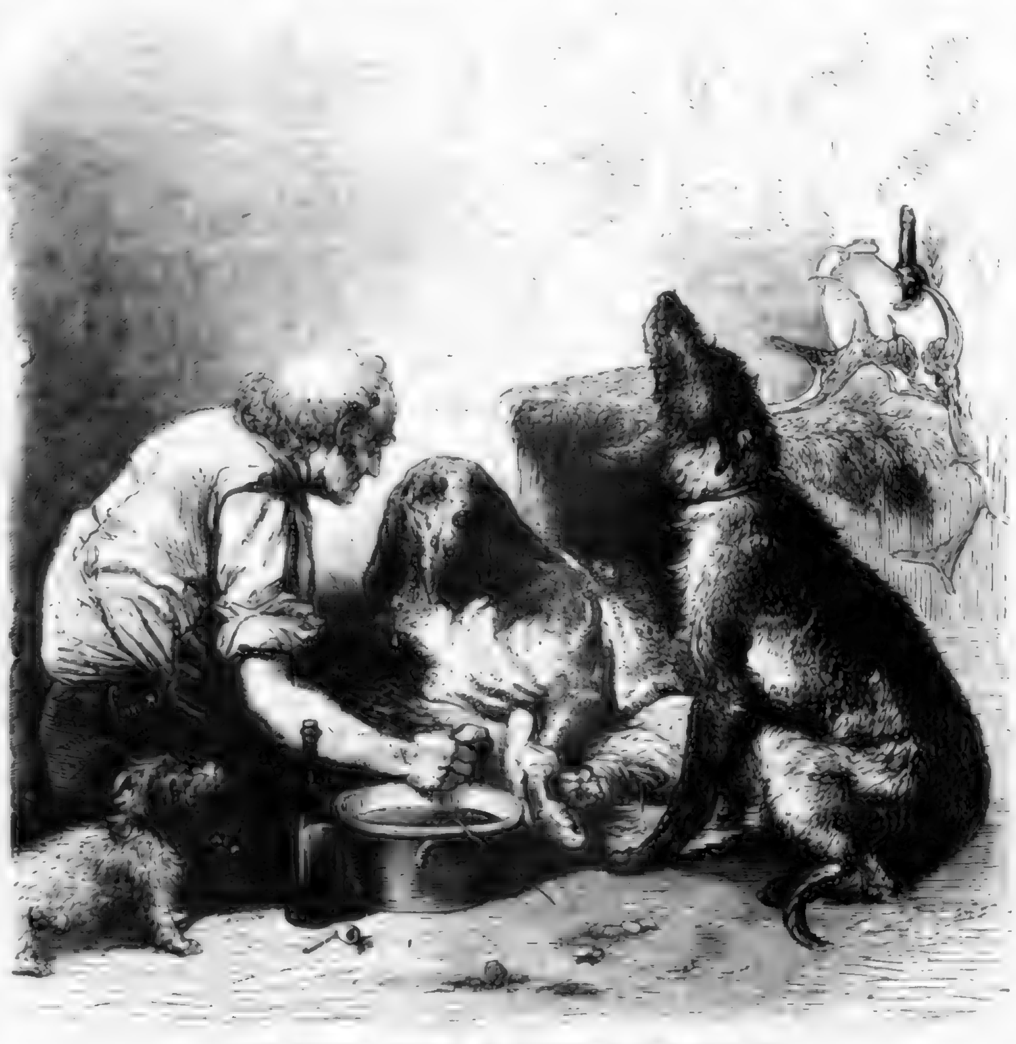
dream! I remember how I waked up cold to my heart; nor was I warm again that night. So dark it was! And in the darkness I seemed to see a shadow—yes, many shadows of rocks and water and angry clouds, and he, ever before me, bowed as with agony, and moaning—and I could not reach him, or pluck him from the death that seemed inevitable. Oh, the utter powerlessness—the sharp agony! Shall I ever forget them? Still, it was only a dream; I won't let it disturb me so."

She dashed her hands over her eyes, rose, and went to the window. For the first time that evening she seemed to be aware of the moonlighted beauty without.

"How lovely it is!" she whispered—then lifting her eyes, she breathed a prayer to Heaven—her lover's name upon her lips—drew the curtain over the silvery lights, and sought her rest, calmed and strengthened, though still haunted by misgivings.



THE WOUNDED HOUND. BY LANDSEER.—SEE PAGE 742.

Dr. Harry Medway, as he parted from Vida, threw all his conjectures and misgivings to the winds. The highway shone far ahead as if marked in lines of silver. The pretty, pastoral surroundings of the village coppices, winding roads, the far-off hills under the clear sky, and soft yet still chill air of Spring, formed a combination pleasant to the romantic fancy of a young man deeply in love with the sweetest of Puritan maidens. He pleased himself with thinking of her charms—the acquisition she would be to the sombre old rectory, where his mother would no longer be alone, and where, after his daily rounds, he himself should come as to a bower of beauty, secure in the possession of his peerless bride.

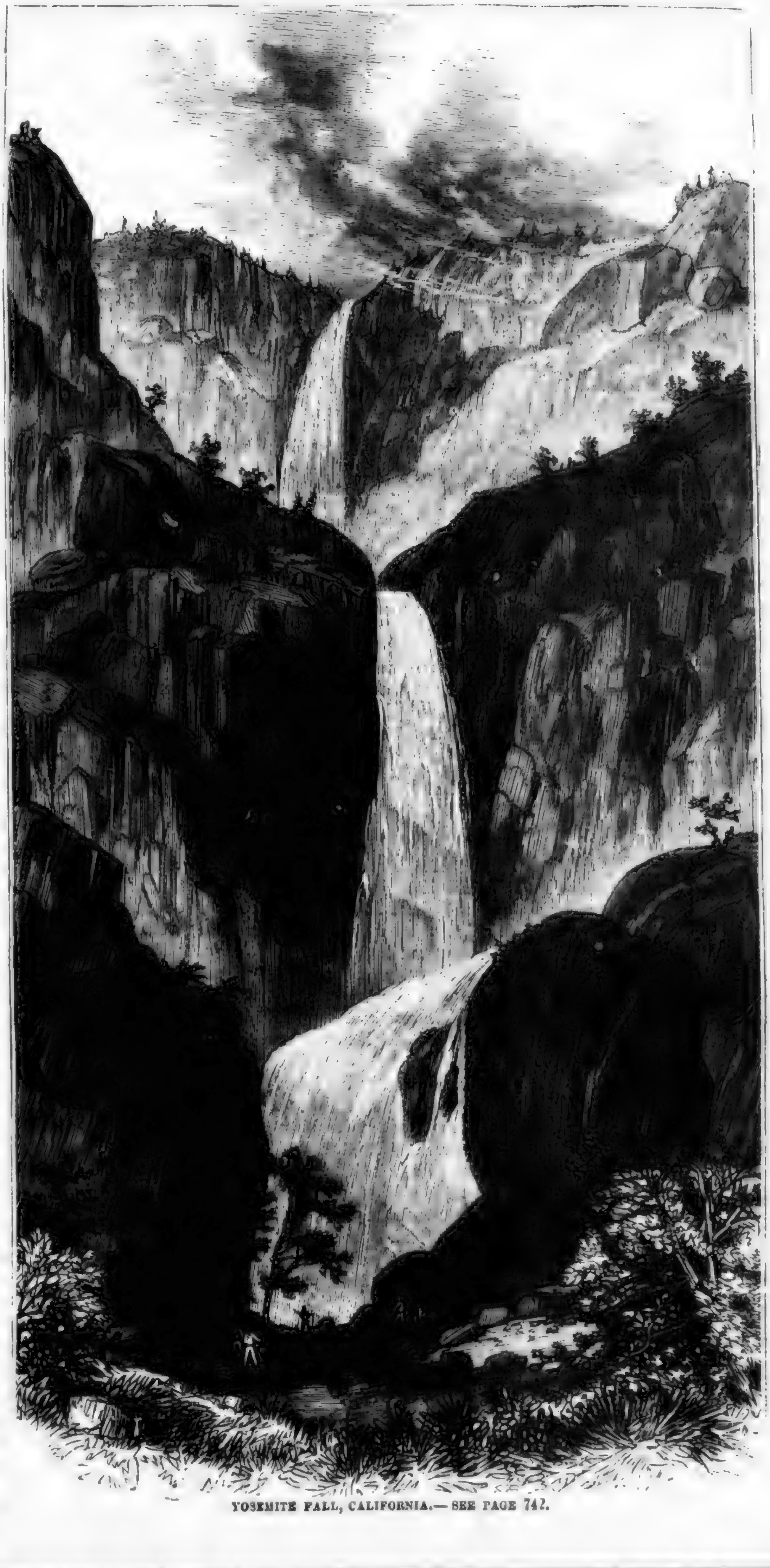
Striking across a meadow through the path worn by the townspeople, he came out upon a pretty little landing, where he had left his boat, for he always rowed himself over to N——, where his father's old servant waited with the chaise to drive him three miles further to the rectory. The boat belonged to him—a jaunty, slender little craft, painted green. Loosing it, he stepped aboard, took up the oars, and softly whistling, rowed out of the brown shadows into the bright, silver-tinted river. Below, not quite half a mile from the landing-place, the water took a leap, forming a Fall of no inconsiderable height, and as it was early Spring, the river being swollen, and the current rapid and strong, it required some skill to handle a boat, even at that distance. But Harry had lived on the water almost since his earliest childhood. His vigorous shoulders were almost herculean in their strength, and what would have been hard work to many a powerful man, was but play to him. He had not made many strokes from shore, still whistling softly, his cap thrown back from his handsome brow, his eyes intent upon the middle of the stream, when a strange noise attracted his attention. It seemed to proceed from the bow of the boat, and for one brief moment unnerved the arm that was straining to its work, for he had heard the sound once before in his life, and only once.

"It must be imagination!" he murmured, as the boat fell further into the current, and he braced up to recover her, but he bent forward and looked and listened intently. Yes, certainly, something was there—something that gave forth that unmistakable sound that made every vein in his body thrill with horror.

A temporary fright will sometimes assail the strongest man, and hold his will in abeyance to his feelings. Harry, as he sat there, irresolute, recalled the picture of a rocky hillside, all overgrown with tangled greenery, with here and there patches of pasture-land, where a little boy wandered, one glorious day—a boy only seven years old—whose sunny curls fell low on the white frock in which a mother's fond hands had arrayed him; in his grasp a tin pail half full of whortleberries. Afar off the child gazed on a wonderful panorama of river and shore, of richly blended coloring, of picturesque hamlets, of cool blue sky shining over a round and beautiful world; and in his careless joy he laughed and shouted, when suddenly there came a sound like that which Harry heard now, his dark, dilated eyes fixed on the bow of the boat. Then the boy saw, slowly undulating in lines as of snow and fire, the coils of a fearful thing, whose small, fiery orbs seemed to draw him against his will—fascinated with horror and a strange, dumb necessity—nearer and nearer to the black and poisonous fangs. Another second, and an immense stone, thrown with deadly aim on the head of the enemy, crushed it to atoms; but still the hideous length moved, and still the child stood, his blood all tingling, till a strong grasp—the same that had sent the ragged rock hurtling through the air with such precision—snatched him from peril to a father's breast.

How like lightning this passed through the mind of the young physician, as he tried in vain to recover his self-possession, and looked intently into the shadowy bows! He remembered that, at the place where he had moored his boat, an arm of the woods came down into the water, and that the hills and forests around were famous for their dens of rattlesnakes. He saw the thing move, uncoil, and sprang to his feet with uplifted oar. Fatal movement! The boat lost her hold on the smoother water and whirled swiftly round to the fierce current. Little by little the heavy coils of the reptile loosened. What was to be done? On either side danger—below, the Falls, rendered dangerous by the accumulation of water poured from the hills by the Spring freshets; in front, the deadly fangs of a more horrible enemy!

He looked hurriedly about him, fully aware of his peril, for the creature was certainly moving toward amidships. What was to be done? The boat was gliding now into deep shadows; the banks were high and thickly wooded; the creature's hot breath seemed to play upon his face. He strained his vision to take aim; if he could but kill or cripple it, there might yet be time to arrest the boat and to battle with the tide. Oh, for an inch of moonlight! The vital terror was growing too strong for even him; the sweat of fear, such as he had never felt before, broke out upon him. He could not brook encounter with his unseen, slimy antagonist, and as the river grew narrower and more swollen, and the thing seemed close upon him, and the boat grew unmanageable, he felt that his



YOSEMITE FALL, CALIFORNIA.—SEE PAGE 742.

best chance would be to try and reach the land by swimming. With a half-suppressed cry, he sprang into the now whirling rapids, and struck out with the energy of despair for the shore.

Too late! Though he fought with an energy almost superhuman, he heard, nearer and nearer, the roaring of the Falls. Louder it grew, and still louder, a hoarse fury of sounds that had in them an element of the human.

As, when the winds roar in the dead midnight, and bend the trees and rave through dismal corridors, one hears the shrieks and groans of agonized wretches, some in fear, others in wrath, and many so pitiful that one can think only of lost souls, so in this raging elemental discord, thousands of voices seemed to threaten, and some to plead, while others uttered shrieks of demoniac laughter and welcomed him to death.

The boat rushed on to its destruction, but a vigorous resistance made his fate more uncertain. He struggled to gain the shore. Oh, how near it was, but for this narrow, swelling gorge!—now sloping out toward him, a soft bed of emerald verdure; now jutting, a ragged, cruel pile of rocks, into the seething waters, yet strong for help could he only once gain foothold.

Could one but paint the conflict of thought and feeling that rages within the mind at such a period! Home, mother, Vida, with the strange, foreboding fears that now awoke an answering chord; the dear old father, whose idol he was; the familiar scenes and faces of his official life; even old Billy, standing patiently but wonderingly on the shore, by the bridge, waiting for his young master; the service of the day, the publishing of the banns, and the words he had spoken to his betrothed, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father," all these came crowding swiftly one upon the other, while he passed literally through the dark waters.

His brain grew dizzy at last, and his strength failed; he ceased to battle for dear life, and whirled on, a helpless atom, along the rushing tide.

* * * * * *

Boat's found, or what there is left of it, that's all."

It was Ford's boy who spoke, a half-witted lad who rode four miles every day to supply the dwellers in the valley and the adjacent city with milk. It was five o'clock in the morning, and Deacon Everdeen's household had long been astir. The servants stood huddled together at the back porch looking at the queer boy, the queer cart, whose patient horse winked lazily under his blinders, and at each other, till some one ventured to suggest that "it moutn't a bin the doctor's dory."

"Warn't, eh? Don't you s'pose we all knows his boat? Didn't it have his name on the starn? Guess I've got eyes an' kin read. We seen the thing, fust, outer the barnwinder when we was givin' the hosses their feed. Our place goes clean down to the water, 'n I sent ole Jake Washburn to see what'n thunder it could be, an' the ole feller came back like a ghost. 'It's the doctor's boat,' says he, 'an' she's been over the Falls, an' she's smashed consarnedly.' Well, we all goes down then, and I'll bet it made us all crawl, for we all know where the doctor spends his Sunday evenings. Now, the question is, where's he?"

He leaned forward, peering into their faces, the flaps of his home-made cap falling about his lank cheeks and heavy jaws, in a manner that suggested a veritable death's-head—for Ford's boy was no beauty, with his small, dull red eyes and hanging lip.

Silence followed upon the question. Old Sabina shook her white head with bitter brevity, and set her lips tightly over her toothless jaws.

"Told you so—knew suthin' would come—but, oh, my heart, it's too soon!" she said, as soon as she recovered her voice. "When I think of that pretty child's face under that dreadful crape bonnet, and the long widder's vail a-trailing a'most to the floor, it e'en a'most takes my senses away; I wished I hadn't a-lived to see this day—I do, I do!"

"But mebby he's alive," said one of the maids, whose usually ruddy cheeks were bleached to the color of white cotton.

"Mebby!" ejaculated Ford's boy, with scornful brevity. "Why, it's death to shoot them 'ere Falls, anyhow, 'cause of the rocks under 'em, but biling like a red-hot wash-kettle as they be now, 'tain't death only, it's teetotal destruction. They'd be grinded into meal and sifted through into Chiny."

A chorus of subdued screams followed this most forcible announcement, and Ford's boy felt that at last he was of some consequence in the world, as he pushed the flaps of his cap from his ears and went on his way.

"Sabina!" called a clear, sweet voice.

"Oh, my heart! there she is, and me a-crying my eyes out. Scat, every one of you—it would be the child's death to hear it now, even if it wa'n't true!" and the old woman drew her apron across her face, and went toward the door of the living-room. There stood a sweet vision—Vida in hat and mantle, eyes bright and cheeks glowing.

"I only wanted to say that I am going out for a walk, so that if mother misses me, you can tell her. It is such a lovely morning."

"I'll tell her, Miss Vida."

"Is anything the matter?"

She was very keen to notice a shade of difference in voice and manner. The old servant quailed for a moment, but answered, resolutely:

"Nothing, bless you, dear, only the maids is so hard to manage, and they do vex one. Are you going up the road or down? Don't speak to Ford's boy--he's a rude, graceless scamp."

"Ford's boy! Why should I speak to Ford's boy?" repeated Vida. "What an odd injunction, Sabina! As if I ever speak to Ford's boy! It makes me laugh."

"Dear, of course not. I only meant—indeed, there now, it is good to see you, laugh, Miss Vi," replied the old woman, awkwardly, angry with herself that she had so thoughtlessly given a clue to her own disturbing fancies. "You better be goin'," she added, turning to her duties, "and be sure to wash your hands in the May dew."

"Don't speak to Ford's boy!—how queer!" mused the girl, as she went down the angular garden-path; "as if I should think of such a thing—of speaking to such a scarecrow!"

"Don't speak to Ford's boy!"

The words seemed to dance in the softly blowing air, to print themselves upon the wayside greenery, and "What did she tell me that for?" came ever and anon from her lips.

Meantime there was every chance that she should overtake Ford's boy, for his nag was a slow one, and he himself had news to retail. Not that there was a certainty in it, only the young doctor had left the deacon's at nine the evening before. Of course he had gone back, or tried to get back, to N—— in his boat. However, he should know soon—he supplied the parsonage with cream every Monday morning.

Vida had not walked far before she saw the antique wagon-top, and, finally, walking much quicker than was her wont, came up with it.

Ford's boy had just delivered the milk, and was lazily mounting to his seat.

"Don't speak to Ford's boy!"

There seemed a certain ludicrousness about the charge now that amused her at sight of his absurd face.

He started as the beautiful girl came into view, and pulled the peaked visor of his rabbit-skin cap sheepishly

"Good-morning," said Vida, with her sweetest smile.

"Morning, miss," he answered, his cheeks glowing like carbuncles as he gathered up the reins.

Vida paused a moment in order to reflect what was best to say next.

"Are they all well at the farm?"

"Yes, miss; that is, the folks; but the horses are sick, some of 'em. Old Sue, we thought we should lose her Saturday night. Well, she pretty nigh kicked her stall down."

Vida recoiled, but something in his manner provoked further inquiry

"Any news? Anything particular—from—anywhere, I mean?" she asked again, feeling her cheeks redden.

"There's been some extry freshet, I b'leeve," he answered, looking at her sideways, and resting awkwardly forward on his knees. "You can hear the Falls, can't ye?"

"The Falls? Why, yes, always," she said, looking at him as if she would look through him.

"Yes, 'n I guess you always will," was the quick reply, as he urged the old horse with a gesture that seemed meant both for warning and concealmen'

Vida felt her heart sink. What was that in his manner that jarred upon her mood so terribly? The day had suddenly lost all its freshness and beauty, and the old haunting forebodings returned. She had not noticed the distant hum of the Falls before, but now they seemed to thunder in her ears some message of warning.

Suddenly she turned about and made for home. Though every limb was trembling, she walked at her swiftest pace. The front of the old house came in view. Who was that dismounting at the ancient door-step, whom her father welcomed with so grave a face? Surely it could not be—yes, it was the rector of N——, Harry's father, on the old, gray nag. The horse was all in a foam. Now the minister had gone in—why had he come at that hour? It was a long ride. He must have been in the saddle since early dawn.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she moaned. "What is it?"

Little by little, strength and courage seemed to ooze away. She could scarcely drag her feet to the porch, and arrived there, she could go no further, but sank shivering upon the stone step. Voices echoed out into the hall, falling with a cold anguish on her foreboding heart.

"Not seen him since two o'clock yesterday!" exclaimed Deacon Everdeen. "Why, he left here at nine last evening, promptly, as he always has."

The rector's voice answered, but the words seemed thick, the tones unnatural. The Falls, the warning, the perturbation of old Sabina, all came back to her now, colored with a new meaning. She struggled to her feet—her features were stiffened and blank. An awful horror rushed over her, like one in a dream. Pushing the hat and the thick tresses from her temples, she staggered into the room.

"It has come," she said, with one wild glance—"the dream, the crape, the trouble—they did mean something! You need not tell me. Harry has gone over the Falls."

She sank down in a heap at her mother's feet, and when she lifted her, she had swooned away.

"Oh, dear Lord, this is trouble!" came from the white lips of the deacon's wife, as they carried Vida up to the sunny room from whence she had gone so early, determined to put away every haunting thought, and to seek strength and vigor in the sweet beauty of the day. Poor child! as she then reviewed the incidents of the foregoing night, lips and cheeks burned with a sense that was akin to humiliation.

"What must he have thought of me?" she murmured. "A noble wife for one who must sometimes take his life in his hand! How could I be so doubting, so superstitious? Thank God, all the dark fancies are gone with the light of this beautiful morning. I'll never give way to such morbid illusions again."

Death came very near that old house in the beautiful month of May. The fever, which had doubtless been hidden in her veins, attacked her with unusual severity.

Back and forth the people passed, with soft tread and saddened faces, for the deacon's little girl was very dear to them all. The roses, that bloomed earlier than usual, crept noiselessly from porch to window, and, looking in, saw a sight that was hard for loving eyes to look upon.

Scorched by fever, delirious at one time, at another lying in a deathly swoon; now trembling toward life, now verging to the very brink of the river, so that her white feet touched its chill waters, it was very sad to watch this burning and wasting of the fragile frame.

At last there rang on the still air a voice that could thrill, if any power might, the sinking energies of the dying girl into activity.

"She may die any way—she shall die in my arms; do not forbid me to see her."

It was the first of June. A heavenly peace seemed resting over all the earth, the day was so still, so serene, so perfect.

"You cannot, you must not, refuse me!"

They could not, and did not. Following the mother, Harry Medway, himself wasted and pale, and tottering with weakness, almost like an old man, went into the room where Vida was lying, like a drooping lily, among the snowy, heaped-up pillows.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he sobbed, sinking down by the bedside: "Have you suffered all this for me?"

For hours he held her nerveless hand, while the others watched, trembling and fearing, for the crisis was very near.

Would she know him, and die of joy? Was it safe thus to risk so much, and she perhaps entering "the valley of the shadows"?

It was a moment of intense expectation when, at noon, the sinking girl opened her eyes. Harry had not lifted his head. The girl's glance fell feebly upon the rich brown curls massed upon the pillow. She felt the thrilling pulse upon the hand still prisoned in his clasp.

It was curious to watch the waves of expression that chased each other over the fair, faded face. First a great light, and then a slow, puzzled, doubting glance; then she looked up, as she said, softly:

"Am I in heaven? Yes, I think I am, for my Harry is here!"

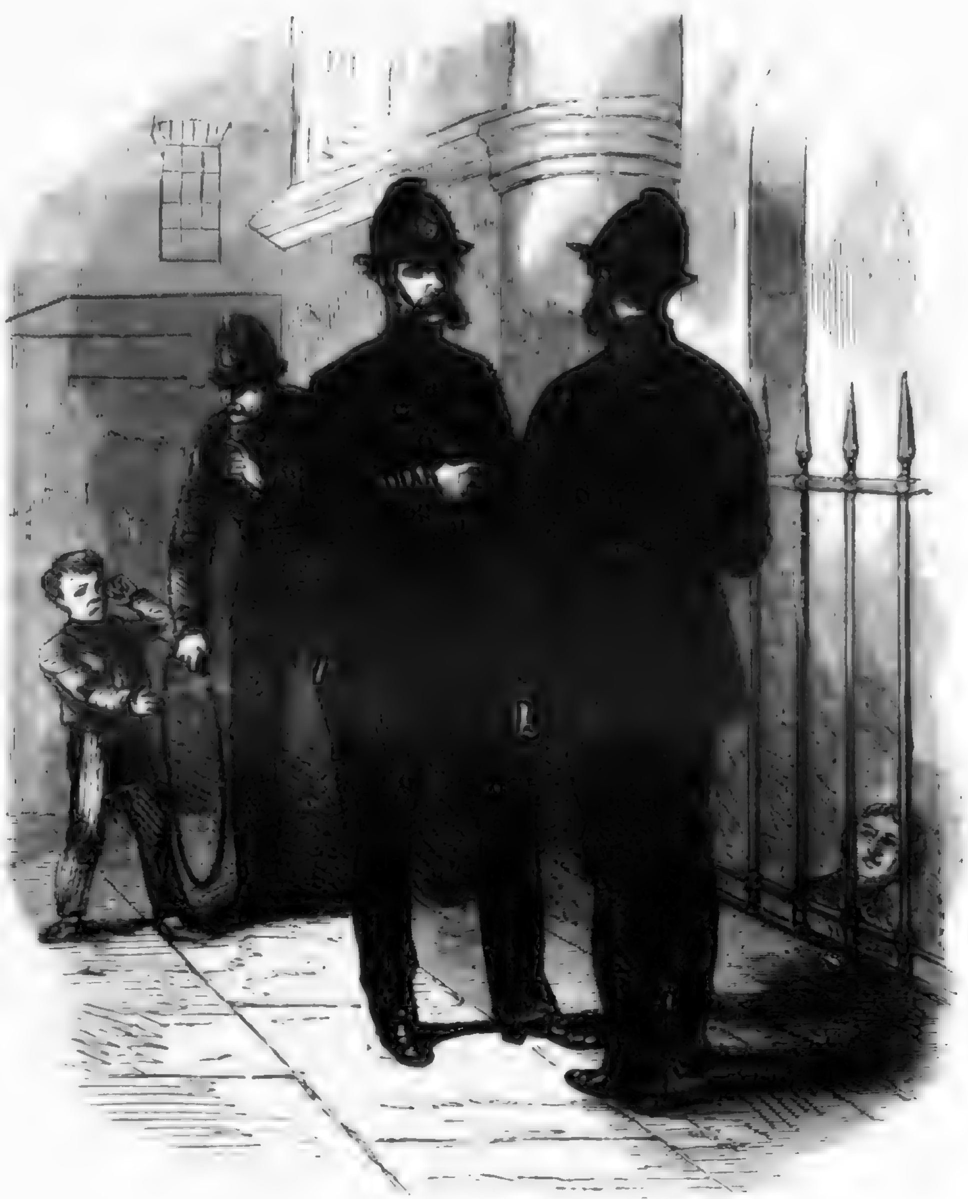
Caution was useless now. He had gathered her to his bosom; come death, come life, she was his for ever.

There had been great rejoicings. The people had even wanted to ring the bells of the churches across the river, but the stern old deacon forbade that. Yet his heart was as soft as that of the happiest child when he first had the pleasure of taking Vida down-stairs in his strong arms and placing her inside the curtains in the old bay-window.

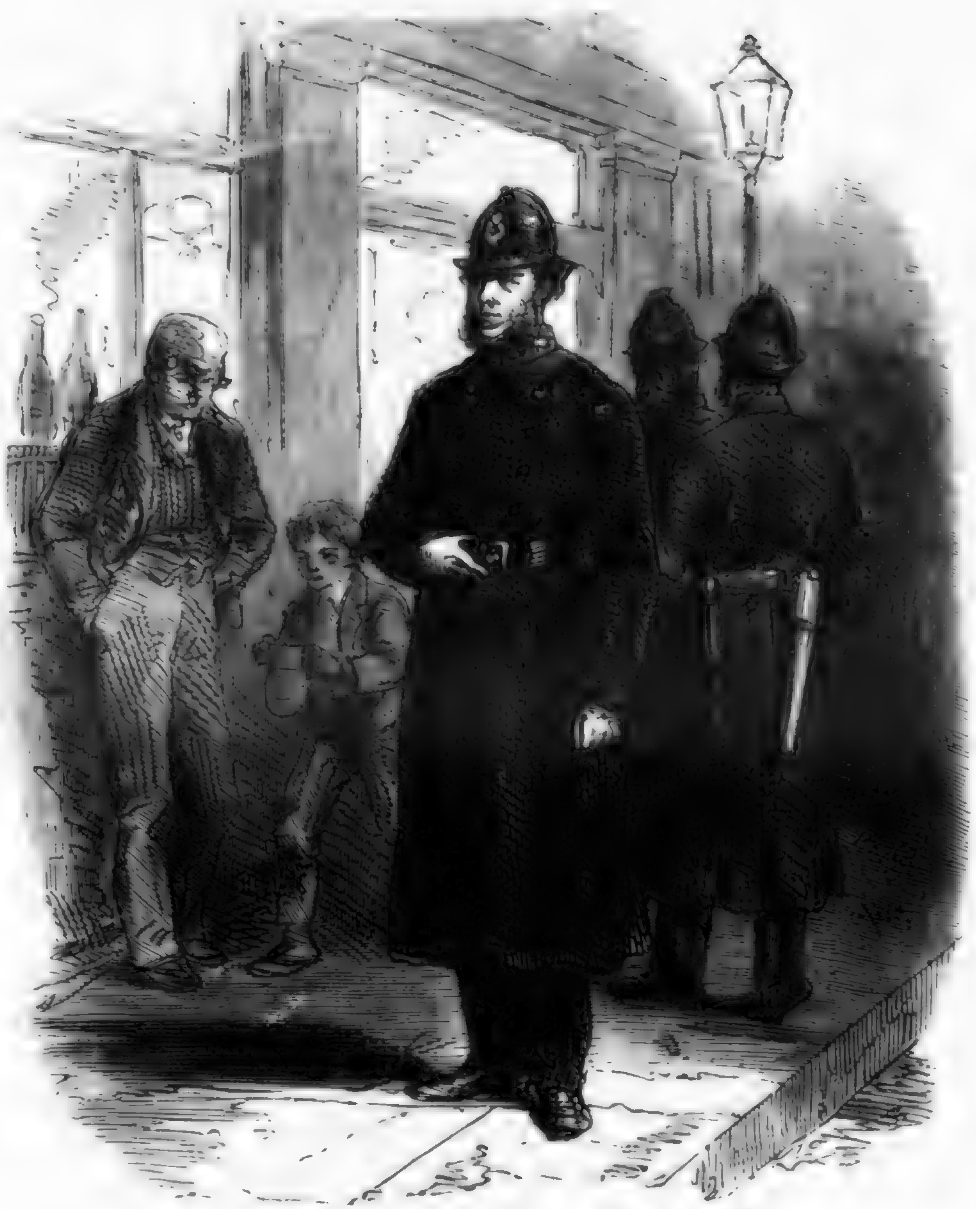
"Papa kissed me," said Vida, solemnly, when Harry joined her; "he has not kissed me before that I can remember, since I was a baby, and I only know he kissed me then because mamma says he did. Look!" and she pointed to a blur on her cheek. "It was a tear. How much he must have felt!"

And so they sat there again in the old accustomed place, and Harry told her, for the first time, of his wonderful escape.

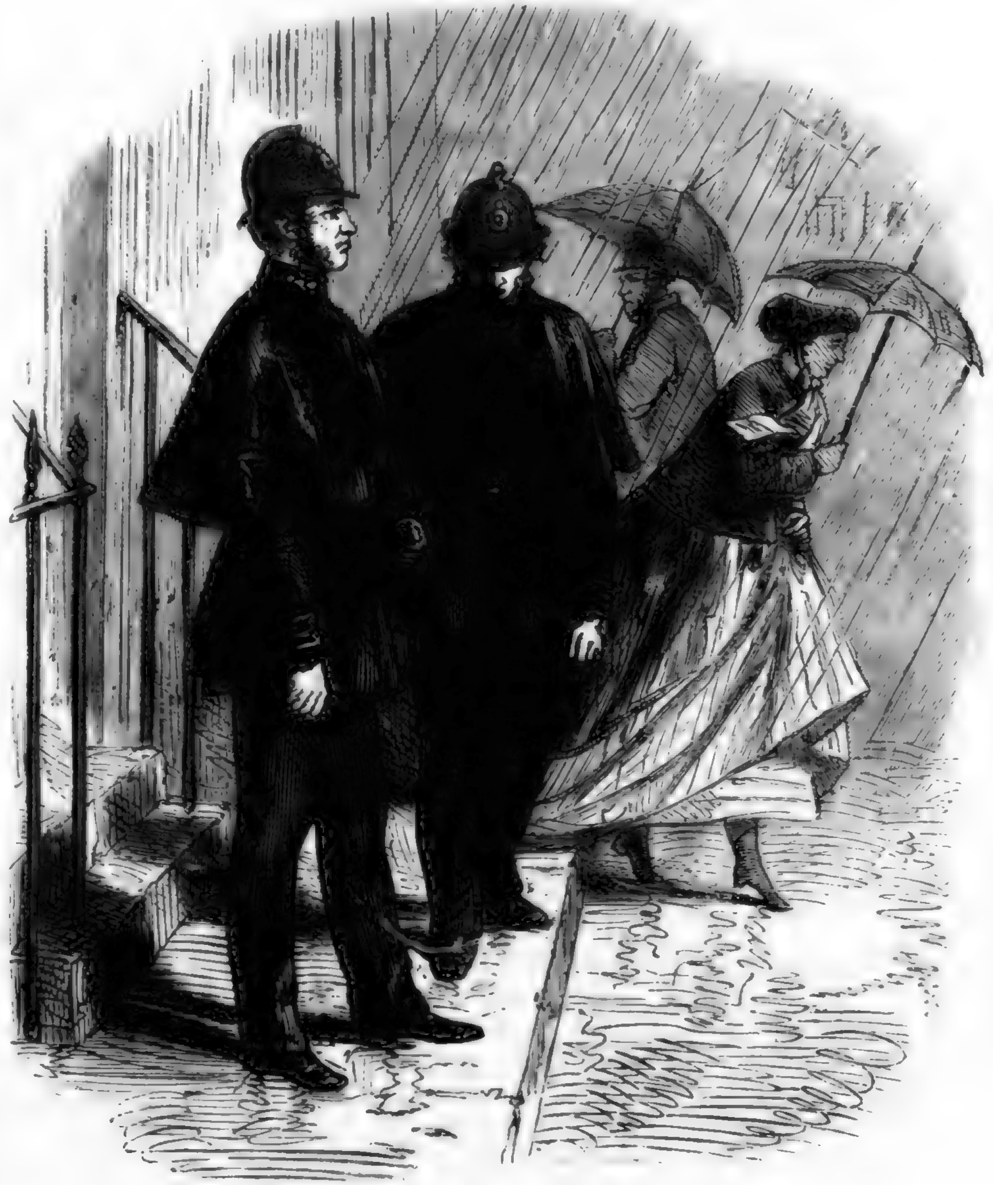
"I thought of you, and called you, and I remember



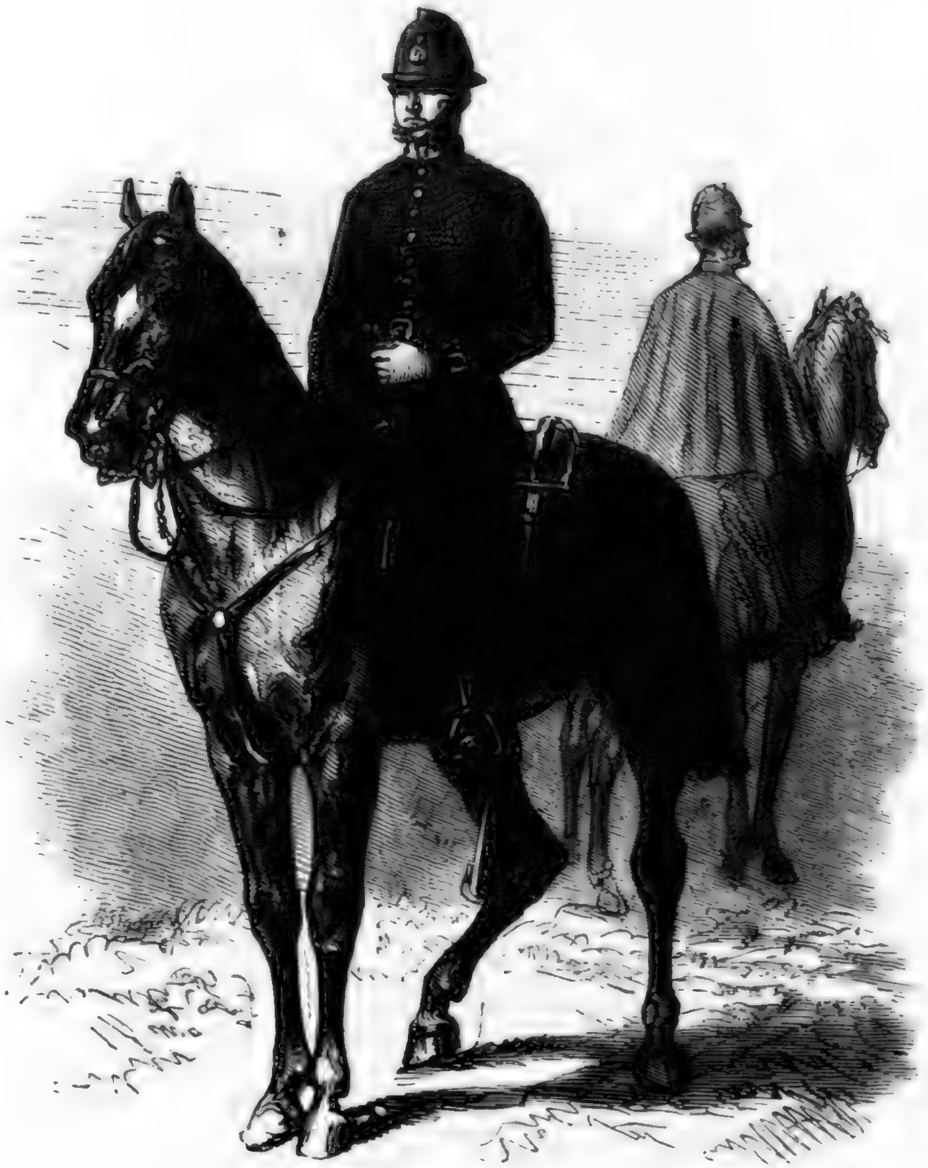
LONDON POLICE.—PATROLMAN'S DAY COSTUME.



LONDON POLICE.—NIGHT UNIFORM.—SEE PAGE 713.



LONDON POLICE.—COSTUME FOR WET OR STORMY WEATHER.



LONDON POLICE.—MOUNTED FORCE.

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nothing more, except the sensation of feeling weary and bruised, and conscious that people were bending over me, and lifting me up—then I must have fainted again. I was carried to a rude little cottage low down upon the river-bank, and tended with the most loving solicitude by the humble folks who found me. It was nearly a week before they learned who I was, and as much time before they could get word to my father. So here I am; and the crape bonnet and all the other foreboding matters were myths, after all."

"Oh, Harry, but something *did* happen!" said Vida, earnestly.

"But not as a consequence upon a mere careless action, or any dream, or any warning. I am sure there was fever in your system before that remarkable day, and that was why your dreams were confused and fearful. Put all such useless thoughts away from you, my darling, and let us both adopt the words that came to me like balm in the midst of the seething waters, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father.'"

So, in time, there was a quiet wedding, old Rector Medway performing the ceremony, according to Vida's wish. And the sunny parsonage was more beautiful than ever, and Harry and Vida lived to tell the story of Aunt Prue's crape bonnet — with the bonnet left out — to children and grandchildren.

THE WOUNDED HOUND.

We give our readers an engraving of Mr. Ansdell's beautiful painting of "The Wounded Hound." This fine dog belonged to Mr. Mark Lemon. One day a sad accident occurred, whereby both the forelegs of the hound were lamed. The old stableman carried the poor dog into the stable, and, after bathing his wounds very carefully, bandaged his legs with strips of linen, dipped in Heal-all from the black bottle. The wounded hound was as gentle as a lamb, and seemed to say to the kind old man, "Thank you." But whilst the injured dog was so still, his companion was howling most piteously. This was *his* way of expressing his sorrow and sympathy; and then little Tiny was at the old man's side, apparently saying, "Please, can I help?" It was a most touching sight. How many lessons of kindness both old and young may learn from dumb animals.

THE YOSEMITE FALL, CALIFORNIA.

The grandeur of American scenery is a theme on which we are, perhaps, apt to expatiate in too glowing terms. Yet with Niagara and our sea-like lakes, the Mauvaises Terres, the Mississippi overflowing its bounds, we may be pardoned for some degree of pride.

Yet the older portions of the country fall behind the Pacific coast in absolute grandeur. No cataract of the Atlantic slope can match the fall of the Yosemite, where the mass of water descends nearly half a mile in three successive bounds.

A recent account thus describes this wonderful cataract: Crossing a rude bridge over the main stream, which is here about sixty feet in width and nine in depth, we keep down the northern bank of the river for a short distance, to avoid a large portion of valley in front of the hotel, that is probably overflowed with water. On either side of our trail, in several places, such is the luxuriant growth of the ferns, that they are above our shoulders as we ride through them.

Presently we reach one of the most beautifully picturesque scenes that eye ever saw. It is the ford. The oak, dogwood, maple, cottonwood and other trees, form an arcade of great beauty over the sparkling, rippling, pebbly stream, and, in the background, the lower fall of the Yosemite is dropping its sheet of snowy sheen behind a dark middle distance of pines and hemlocks.

As the snow rapidly melts beneath the fiery strength of a hot Summer sun, a large body of water, most probably, is rushing past, forming several small streams—which, being comparatively shallow, are easily forded.

When within about 150 yards of the Fall, as numerous large boulders begin to intercept our progress, we may as well dismount, and, after fastening our animals to some young trees, make our way up to it on foot.

Now a change of temperature soon becomes perceptible as we advance; and the almost oppressive heat of the centre of the valley is gradually changing to that of chilliness. But up, up we climb, over this rock, and past that tree, until we reach the foot, or as near as we can advance to it, of the great Yosemite Fall, when a cold draught of air rushes down upon us from above, about equal in strength to an eight-knot breeze, bringing with it a heavy shower of finely comminuted spray, that falls with sufficient force to saturate our clothing in a few moments. From this a beautiful phenomenon is observable—inasmuch as, after striking our hats, the diamond-like mists shoot off at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees, and as the sun shines upon it, a number of miniature rainbows are formed all around us.

Those who have never visited this spot, must not suppose that the cloud-like spray that descends upon us is the main Fall itself, broken into infinitesimal particles, and becoming nothing but a sheet of cloud. By no means; for, although this stream shoots over the margin of the mountain, nearly 700 feet above, it falls almost in a solid body—not in a continuous stream exactly, but having a close resemblance to an avalanche of snowy rockets that appear to be perpetually trying to overtake each other in their descent, and mingle the one into the other; the whole composing a torrent of indescribable power and beauty.

Huge boulders, and large masses of sharp, angular rocks, are scattered here and there, forming the uneven sides of an immense, and apparently ever-boiling, caldron; around, and in the interstices of which, numerous dwarf ferns, weeds, grasses and flowers, are ever growing, where not actually washed by the falling stream.

It is beyond the power of language to describe the awe-inspiring majesty of the dark-frowning and overhanging mountain walls of solid granite that here hem us in on every side, as though they would threaten us with instantaneous destruction, if not total annihilation, did we attempt for a moment to deny their power. If a man ever feels his utter insignificance at any time, it is when looking upon such a scene of appalling grandeur as the one here presented.

The point from whence the photograph was taken from which our engraving was made—being almost underneath the Fall—might lead to the supposition that the lower section, which embraces more than two-thirds of the picture, was the higher of the two seen; when, in fact, the lower one, according to the measurements of scientific men, is about 700 feet above the level of the valley, while the upper fall is about 1,448 feet, and between the two, measuring about 400 feet, is a series of rapids rather than a fall, giving the total height of the entire Fall at 2,548 feet.

Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk; once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you.

THE LONDON POLICE.

SUPPOSE a portion of New York City, oblong in shape, and its dimensions about one mile and a half by half a mile, with the City Hall as a kind of central point, to be set apart from the remainder of the city, with a distinct corporate government of its own, a Mayor, and police arrangements entirely independent of the outer part, and, in all respects, being a definite, individual Government of itself. The case I have supposed is precisely analogous to what really exists in London. It is a city within a city. Its income is about $1,500,000 per year, and its expenditure about the same amount. The Lord Mayor has a snug salary of $50,000 per year, and is popularly supposed to earn his money, but finds it next to impossible to live upon so meagre an income. While his term of office lasts he has legal powers almost equal to those of any despot, and even England's Queen must ask the Lord Mayor's permission before entering his domains. Practically, these powers exist mostly on the statute-book, for they are seldom used, and are little more than mere forms. The police of this inner city, or what is strictly the City of London, number about 800. They are known as the City Police ; those of the outer part are termed Metropolitan Police. The statistics which follow refer only to the latter.

The Metropolitan Police of London number a little more than 10,000 men ; 7,917 are Englishmen, 820 Irishmen, 145 Scotchmen, 13 Welshmen, and 23 foreigners. Only one is an American. Over 1,000 have served in the army. The rank and pay of the whole force are as follows: Four District Superintendents, 1 at $4,000 and 3 at $3,500 per annum ; 25 Superintendents, with salaries from $1,550 to $2,375, and an allowance of $55 for clothing; 277 Inspectors, at salaries of $440 to $1,380, and an allowance of $50 for clothing ; 1,053 Sergeants, at salaries from $440 to $810. Constables at salaries from $310 to $440. Single men receive an allowance of forty pounds of coal each in Winter, and twenty pounds in Summer, weekly ; and married men receive a small—very small—cash allowance in lieu of coal. All are provided with uniforms. Two men have been in the force for upward of forty years, thirty-one more than thirty years, 718 more than twenty years, and 3,439 more than ten years. At Scotland Yard there is a special detective corps, consisting of one Superintendent, whose pay is $2,250 per annum ; three Chief Inspectors, at $26 55 per week ; three Inspectors, at $21 75 per week, and sixteen detectives, divided into two classes, the first class at $15 65 each weekly, and the second $11 85 per week.

It will be seen that the London police are not paid by the New York police scale. Counting all allowances, the mass of the force receive not more than $400 per year each—that is, a little more than $1 per day. And the sixteen detectives at Scotland Yard receive, for their specially hazardous and responsible duties, the sum of about $800 per year. Some of the latter receive for special services enough to make their aggregate wages about $1,250.

The English police are usually men of good size, and present an excellent appearance. The London police are generally polite, trusty fellows, but less ready, intrepid and shrewd than they ought to be. A good tenure of office is one of the excellent features of most English institutions. When a man once obtains a place he is not likely to lose it except through gross inattention to duty, signal lack of ability, or dishonesty. But this plan has one drawback—it does not secure the fittest men for the places. They set great value upon their experience, but too often they simply do a sort of listless, machine work. In many other departments I have noticed the same thing. Through a feeling of ownership of place, if I may so call it, teachers, clerks, and other public servants seem to have drifted into a kind of slipshod work that would never be tolerated in the United States. But it is important to remember that honesty and faithfulness are fairly secured by this plan.

There is another matter which deserves notice. Two thousand nine hundred and forty-one policemen were assaulted in the course of the year, and many of these assaults were of a serious nature. Trivial assaults were not reported at all. On frequent occasions I have seen disorderly men try their strength with an officer, without even being arrested for so doing. The officer's only weapon is a truncheon—a short club—and this he is permitted to use only on the most extreme occasions. Practically, he might nearly as well be unarmed. The New York Courts would uphold an officer in clubbing, smashing, or killing an assailant, where an English officer would scarcely feel at liberty to draw his truncheon.

A case was decided in the Westminster Police Court a short time ago which illustrates how a police officer may be actually beaten. A man was using bad language on the street corner, and an officer told him to move on. For a reply, he struck the officer, knocking off his helmet. A man standing near came to the officer's assistance, and he, too, got roughly handled. Finally, it required the united efforts of five officers to take the offender to the lock-up. The Judge fined him $15, or, in lieu of that, a month's imprisonment.

UNDER WATER.

AN INCIDENT IN A DIVER'S LIFE.

THERE is one incident in my life which never recurs to my memory without causing a cold shudder to run through my whole body. It took place at a time when I contemplated entering the Church, though I had even then begun to have doubts whether my vocation tended that way; but as it was desirable in any case that I should take my degree of M.A., I accepted the offer of a post in one of the best conducted of our endowed schools, to pass the months that must necessarily intervene before I could go up for my degree at the least pecuniary cost to myself. There was another reason why I practiced economy where it was possible to do so without interfering with my immediate object, and this was that I might have more funds at my disposal for experiments in mechanics, and especially in the construction of a dress and appliances for enabling a person to remain under water for any length of time he might desire. Experimental apparatus of this kind can only be made at a considerable outlay, and required a greater amount of space for the construction of models than I could conveniently devote to the purpose in my rooms at the university. It so happened that the school in which I had accepted an engagement was within two miles of the most rocky portion of our coast, and the sight of the numerous coves, in which the water was always deep, offered an excellent opportunity for putting my ideas to a practical test.

One day, as I was wandering along the top of the cliff, stopping every now and then to look down the precipitous sides at the smooth sea which alternately swelled against and retreated from it, I came upon a coastguardsman whom I had not met before. He touched his hat, as they always do at these out-of-the-way stations, with the hope of getting a few minutes' conversation to relieve the monotony of their existence, and I did my best to gratify him.

"You cannot have been long in this port, for I do not remember your face, and I think I have never passed any man

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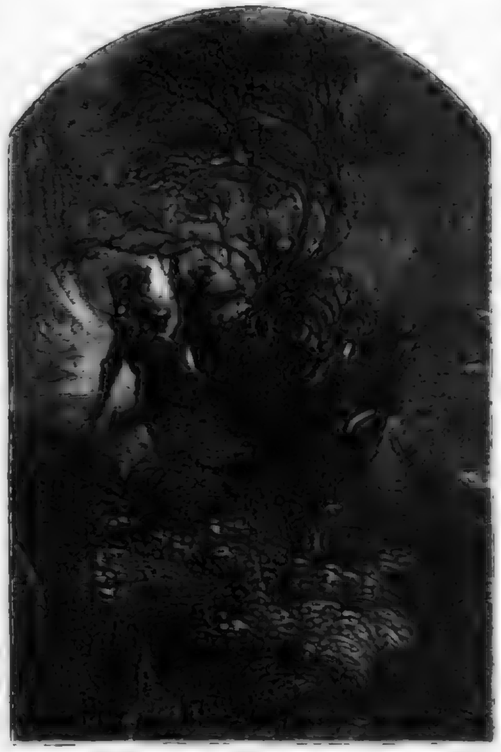


UNDER WATER.—"THE LANTERN WAS TIED TO THE TOP OF ONE OF THE ASH SAPLINGS." SEE PAGE 743.

of your force, without looking at him since I have been down here."

"Oh yes, sir; I have been down here a long time, and have often seen you through my glass, when you have been down on the beach to bathe; but my beat ended where you see the cliff projects yonder so far out into the sea, and you never came up there."

"That is true. It is rather out of the way, and is difficult to get at; yet I have several times thought of going there, on account of the fine view one must get from it."

"The finest view along the whole coast in fine weather; but when it is blowing a gale you must look out, if you don't want to be blown over. Many a time have I lain there and seen a vessel driven in, foot by foot, in spite of all that those on board could do."

"I suppose, on a coast like this, the crew of the vessel driven in by a gale are always drowned?"

"Almost always. Now and then, it strikes the cliff on the top of a very high wave, and one or two of the crew get pitched up on a rugged part of the rock, where they contrive to hold on till the gale abates, and a boat is able to get round and take them off; but that rarely happens."

"Has any vessel of large tonnage been wrecked here since you have been on this station?"

"Well, there was a brig of I should say about three hundred tons went down in that cove away yonder about four months ago. Take the glass, sir, and you will see a part of the cliff which points toward you like the bowsprit of a vessel. It lies just beneath that; and on a quiet day like this, you can see it full twenty feet below the water when the tide is out."

"I see the spot you mean. Does your beat extend so far in that direction?"

"A good deal further than that; for since she was wrecked, I have been moved round here, to be nearer help, in case of being attacked by some who have sworn to do me a mischief if ever they have a good opportunity."

"What for? What had her wreck to do with you?"

"Why, I made a report as to the way in which I believe it was brought about. But if you would like to walk over and look at her, I will tell you how it was as we go along."

I accepted his offer, and he went on:

"It was about as dark a night as ever I saw, the night she was wrecked. I was lying right out at the end of that bluff I showed you; I was sweeping the coast with my glass in search of lights, when all at once I caught sight of one, rising and falling, as though it was hoisted at the mast-head of a vessel. At first, I really thought it was a vessel, although I knew that if it was it must be quite close to the cliff; but after watching it a bit with my glass, I found it never changed its place in the field, but always kept in the same position; then I knew that it must be on land, and I judged it to be a signal to a smuggler out at sea.

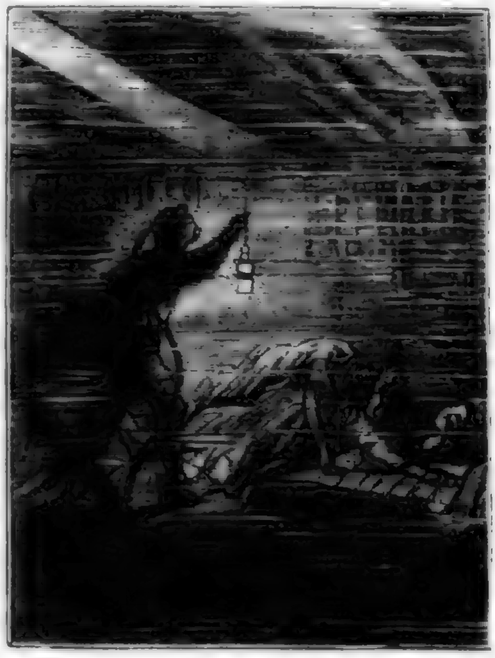
"If you were on that bluff now, you would be able to see between two and three miles off a part of the cliff, where a few shrubs and crooked, slender ash-trees grow. As I felt pretty sure it must be there, I left the edge of the cliff, and started at a good pace in that direction. Before I got there, I met one of our men, who was waiting for me to come up. We found the light was hoisted at the place I had supposed, and we got down the cliff as quietly as we could, so as, if possible, to avoid being heard or seen until we had made out how many men we should have to deal with. To our surprise, though the light continued to rise and fall, sometimes more and sometimes less, we could make out no sign of a human figure.

"We pointed our glasses at every dark object, until we had satisfied ourselves that, at the most, there could not be more than one or two men there; then we took a firm grip of our sticks, and crept as straight as we could toward the light. I went first, because I knew the ground better, and it was lucky for both of us that I did, for otherwise we should most likely have tumbled over the edge of the cliff into the sea; in which case, with our heavy jackets on, we should have been drowned, for though the top is not more than ten or twelve feet above the water, it is so steep that it is impossible to climb up it. There was no man there.

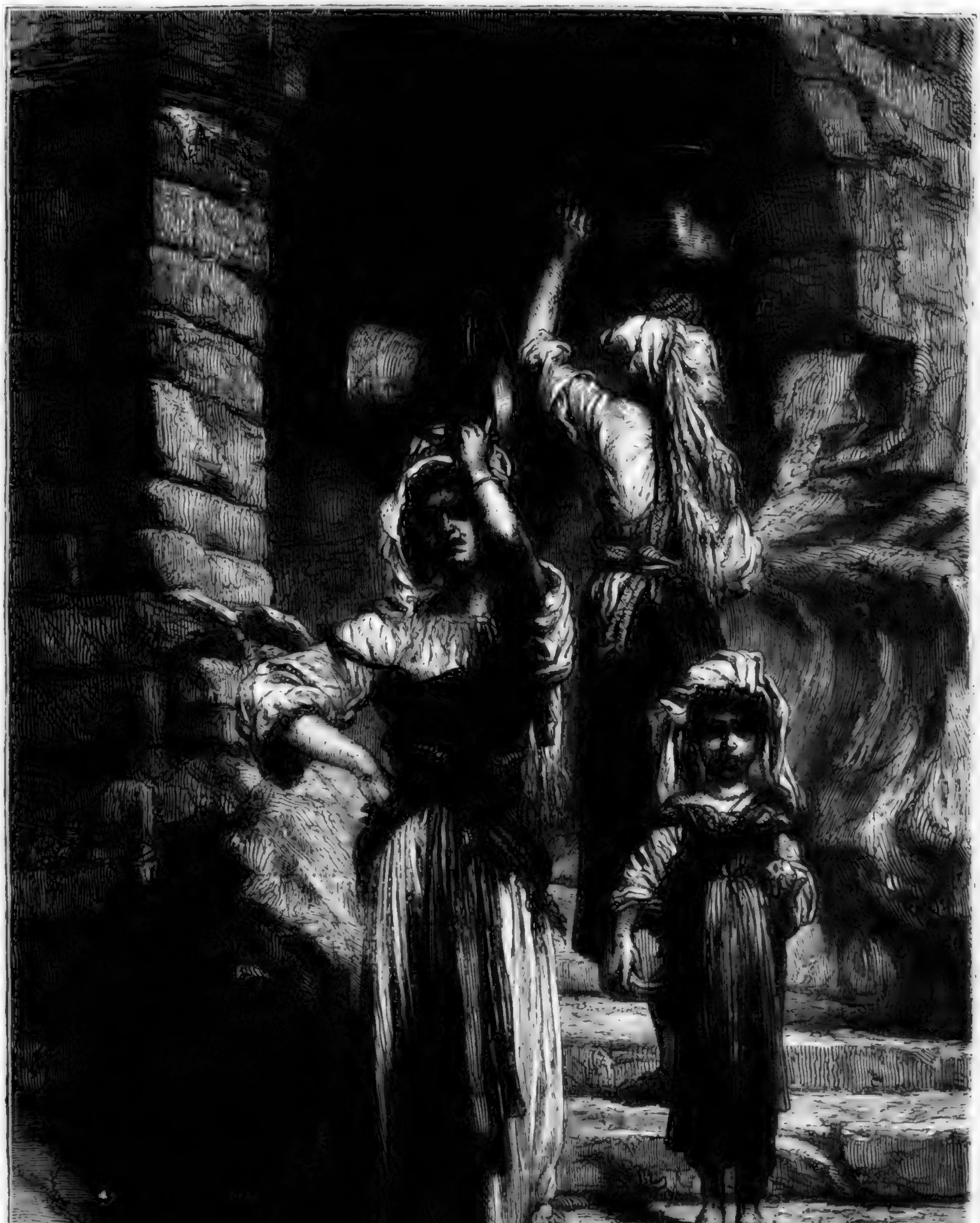
"The lantern was tied to the top of one of the ash saplings, and its weight nicely balanced against the spring of the plant by putting stones in the bottom, so that it bent over the edge of the cliff and rose and fell with every breath of air. I groped about until I got hold of the ash, and cut away the top of it, lantern and all, and gave it to my mate to carry to the station, where we agreed he should go to put them on the lookout, while I went back to my post on the bluff, where I should be most likely to see if anything happened in consequence of the light being hung out.

"You see, I knew pretty well now that it was not put there as a signal to a smuggler, because in that case it would have been placed where it could not move, the effect of the motion being to give the appearance of being hung from the mast of a vessel at sea; but still, smugglers are so artful that it was impossible to be certain that it was not a signal arranged in this way to deceive us, and capable of being recognized by their mates at sea.

"What I believed, however, was, that it had been put there by some villains, with the hope of bringing a vessel against the rocks. You will understand that a ship running along the coast on a dark night, and seeing this light, would imagine that it was a vessel between her



UNDER WATER.—"BESIDE THE BED THERE LAY THE BODIES OF A MAN AND WOMAN."



THE WOMEN OF CERVETRI, ITALY.—SEE PAGE 750.

and the coast, and the depth of water all along here being well known to mariners, the officer would suppose, if he had four or five hundred yards more offing, that he was quite safe; but if you notice the lie of the coast, you will see how easy it would be for a ship misled in this way, while steering a course which *ought* to be safe, to run right upon the rocks out there.

"Well, I have told you already that the night I am speaking of was pitch dark, and if I had not been able to find my beat blindfold, I should not have found my way back there that night; as it was, I was obliged to be very cautious in my movements. I must have got pretty near the end of the point when I stopped to turn my glass toward a light at sea. There could be no mistake about its being a vessel, for I could make out portions of her rigging by the light she carried at her mast, and also at her bows.

"On such a dark night, when it was quite impossible to make out the least sign of land, I could not tell whether she was holding a course which would take her safely past the point we are going to or not; but I feared not, and I scarcely breathed while I watched her going steadily along.

"Suddenly I saw the light at her mast dashed backward, and could distinguish the sound of the breaking of timber; the light at the bow was extinguished, and I saw nothing more. This was just about the time of high-water.

"It wanted some time to daylight when this took place, and several of our men were on the spot waiting to see what had happened; but even when it came we could make out nothing, except an empty boat floating out to sea, and here and there a smaller object tossing about in the water, and going out with the ebb.

"We tried to hope that, after all, the vessel had escaped with damage to her masts only, and that her crew had managed to get up some kind of sail, so as to get away upon her; but while examining the wall of the cliff with my glass, I caught sight of a piece of rope dangling from that piece of rock I showed you that looked like a ship's bowsprit.

"I called the attention of the others to it, and some of us went to the station, and pulled round from there in a boat, and then, as the sun was by that time quite up, we were able to make out a vessel standing on her keel, as though in dock waiting to have her bottom cleaned or repaired. She had come in on the top of high-water; her bowsprit had most likely passed just under the projecting rock, which had then caught her masts, and swept them from her deck, rigging and all, at the same instant that her bow struck against the jagged rock, so that she filled directly and went to the bottom.

"What her name may have been, where she was bound to, or where she came from, there was no means of knowing. Nothing, as we know of, has ever been washed out of her, nor have any of the men about here who have tried it been able to get anything up through her hatchways with grapnels. Four days after she went down some fishermen brought in the body of a middle-aged sailor, which we supposed was one of the crew. His right arm was very much torn, as though by the rigging attached to the falling mast. He was most likely steering when she struck.

"Up to this time we have been able to get no clue to the ownership of the lantern; but there is no doubt that some wretches hung it there with a view of bringing vessels against the cliffs, though they were disappointed in their hopes by its happening to catch my eye, and by the only vessel that was misled by it going down in such a curious way in deep water. Five days ago I picked up a letter on my beat threatening to toss me over the cliffs, and so on. I gave it to my commanding officer, who removed me to this beat in consequence."

I found, when we reached the point of the cliff referred to, that the sun had sunk so low that its rays struck the water at an angle which made it impossible, even with the glass, to see more than a few inches below the surface; but my companion told me that any day I felt disposed to go out to look at it, I might do so by calling at the coast-guard station, and sending in my name to the officer, who would be certain to give me a place in the boat if it were going out.

A day or two afterward, I had an opportunity of doing this. The officer was very obliging, and ordered the boat to be manned at once, he himself going in it.

The oars were taken into the boat as we lay over the sunken vessel, and I found no great difficulty in satisfying myself that the coastguardsman's statement as to her position was quite accurate.

To all appearance, she had run straight against the rocks, her stern having been forced under water by the pressure of the rock against her mast, her forepart had then been stove in; then she had recoiled a few feet, and had filled and gone down almost instantaneously in the deep water, finding a natural cradle among the rocky peaks of the bottom.

That she had not shifted her position, or been broken up, the officer attributed to her being so far below the surface of the sea as to be beyond the reach of the influence of the tides, and that nothing short of an unusual gale would be sufficient to displace her.

As I walked homeward an irresistible desire took possession of me to put my invention to the test. It was almost impossible that a more favorable opportunity could occur for doing so, and if I hesitated it was only from a morbid dread of the ridicule which would fall upon me in the event of failure.

Once a day, either morning or evening, I went to the spot to bathe, having discovered that a platform on the opposite side of the projection on which the submerged vessel lay could be reached with perfect safety by cautiously descending the cliff. This platform was a few feet above the level of the sea, and very effectually screened from the eyes of the coast-guard.

It became an everyday amusement with me to swim round the point and dive down to the deck of the vessel, until I had become so familiarized with its appearance that it seemed to me it would be perfectly easy to ascend the hatchway and make my escape, in event of an accident to my apparatus.

The more frequently I descended to the deck of the vessel, the more eager became my desire to penetrate to the interior, and learn something respecting her.

Eventually, I determined on making the attempt, and running the risk of being seen, and I only waited for a favorable opportunity to do so.

The apparatus I had prepared was so simple that a clear idea may be given of it in half a dozen lines. It consisted of a cap or head-piece of stout india-rubber, the upper part of which was thicker than the lower, and fitted pretty closely round the forehead. In the forepart were fitted two large eye-pieces of fine, strong glass, and below these the tube passed through into the mouth, the air being in this way drawn directly from the atmosphere, exhaled from the lungs through the nostrils, and forced out into the water through two short, thin tubes, which were readily distended by the pressure of the breath, and closed of themselves when the expiration was completed, without admitting a particle of water. To keep the whole thing in its place, and to prevent it from being dragged off, a strap was carried over the top, each end of which was attached to another strap which ran down the helmet, and fastened beneath the armpit.

The tube I made use of on the occasion of my descent into the bark which I am about to describe was a little over forty feet in length, having, about twelve inches from its upper extremity, a bulbous-shaped expansion, which floated on the surface of the water; the twelve inches of tube projecting upward from the ball being quite sufficient, as I considered, to prevent the chance entrance of any spray into the tube.

The greatest difficulty was to make the lamp burn under water. I could see my way clearly enough to the construction of the thing, but it involved appendages which would have been very inconvenient for my purpose.

In this dilemma I had recourse to a friend who has since made a reputation as a chemist, and from him I received certain substances, with directions to mix them in a strong, stoppered bottle immediately previous to use.

Thus prepared, I packed the things in a small bag, and started one Saturday morning for my usual bathing-place. Arrived on my platform, it took me but a few minutes to prepare myself for the descent.

At the last moment I mixed the chemicals according to my instructions, carefully tied down the stopper, and on letting it sink below the surface, I had the satisfaction of seeing that it emitted a strong phosphorescent light.

I drew on the head-piece, buckled the straps under my arms, and thrusting my left arm through the coils of tubing, used the other to swim round the projecting rock. Here I released my arm, and plunged straight down to the deck of the vessel by a mode of propulsion familiar to swimmers.

I laid hold of the stump of the mast, and sat quietly on deck for three or four minutes, with the view of testing the efficiency of my apparatus before descending the hatchway. I found it to answer admirably; the great thing to guard against being the expiration of the air from the lungs into the tube, instead of expelling it through the nostrils; but I had so completely accustomed myself to the requisite mode of breathing that I had not thought it worth while to adopt a mechanical appliance to render this impossible, as I might have done. Finding that all was satisfactory, I crawled along the deck to the cabin-stairs, and forced my way down.

In the first cabin, the skylight had been forced off by the pressure of the air, or what is more likely, had been taken away the better to provide for the ventilation of the cabins. On the table there still lay a thick volume, which, on opening, I found to be an old quarto edition of Anson's "Voyage Round the World," bound up with a German version of Kemper's "Japan."

A couple of tumblers were lying on their sides against the raised edge of the table, in the middle of which stood a heavy metal inkstand. A round piece of wood, hooped round, hung from the roof of the cabin, and two decanters, partly filled, retained the position upon it in which they had been placed by hands so soon afterward rendered incapable of changing it.

There were two sleeping-places on the left of the entrance to the cabin, both of which were empty; and on the opposite side there were two others, in one of which was the body of a little boy, and in the lower one the body of a little girl. Her face was bleached by immersion, or had been in her lifetime of a white, waxy appearance, and her hair was long and worn in plaits.

She lay partly with her face on her pillow, and one little arm hung over the side of the berth, and waved gently up and down as I approached, owing to the motion communicated to the water by my presence in the cabin.

The same movement caused a sheet of paper to float out of her berth, and this I secured and passed under a strap I had buckled round my waist, chiefly to carry a knife. Not seeing any drawers, or any place in which papers could be kept in this cabin, I passed into the next.

I am not ashamed to acknowledge that the bodies of the two children I had seen in the other cabin had a good deal unnerved me, though I had made up my mind, before coming down, that I should have to encounter some such objects; but the sight that met me now was far more painful, and had time to impress its horrors upon me by reason of the slowness with which I was able to realize them in consequence of the weakness of the light I carried.

A low bedstead projected across the open entrance, and I felt relieved when I moved my light over it to find that the bed appeared empty; but on edging my way up to the side I felt a naked foot thrust between my legs, and I had to make a violent effort to prevent my feelings from overcoming my reason.

Beside the bed there lay the bodies of a man and woman, probably the captain and his wife. The man lay on the floor, and the woman with her head against the side of the cabin, her legs on the pillow, and her arms clinging round her husband's neck.

From their position, I imagine the captain was in the act of getting out of bed on feeling the shock; and at the same instant, as the water came rushing into the cabin, his wife clasped him round the neck, and both were forced down by the rush of water, and drowned. I was obliged to move the woman's body slightly to see what the captain's face was like.

He looked composed, and I might have supposed he was asleep, but for the unnatural white appearance of his flesh (an appearance, by-the-way, which might have been partly owing to the nature of the light by which I regarded him).

He was a fair-haired man, with a yellowish beard, which he wore long, and I perceived that some of the front teeth were wanting in the upper jaw. The woman, too, was fair-haired, but to have seen her face I must have unwound her arms from her husband's neck, and that I had not the heart to do.

As the principal object I had in view in entering the sunken vessel was to ascertain her name and the place to which she belonged, I looked around for any drawers or other place in which the captain would be likely to keep his papers; and on a little table at the further side of the cabin, I could make out what seemed to be a writing-desk.

I moved toward it, and was just stretching out my unoccupied hand to lay hold of it, when I felt a drop of salt water pass from the tube into my mouth. I stepped back instantly into the outer cabin; in my eagerness I had forgotten to bear in mind the length of my tube and the distance I had advanced, but this suddenly reminded me of the danger I ran from advancing only an inch too far, as well as from the rising tide, even if I remained stationary.

The tube had risen and become entangled among the floating objects I have mentioned; and while I was trying to get it free, another drop of salt water came trickling down, and the next instant my mouth was filled with it.

Half choked as I was, I succeeded in swallowing it, and drew three or four inspirations with freedom, upon which I was encouraged to make another attempt to disentangle it, but the instant I moved the water again rushed down the tube, and this time in larger quantity, so that I was near falling down suffocated.

A moment's reflection, when I was again able to breathe, made the whole position of things clear to my mind.

The tube had become entangled among the articles floating about the cabin and at the bottom of the stairs, so that the ball was unable to rise as the tide flowed; consequently, the orifice was but little above the surface of the sea; and the tube might, the very next instant, be filled by a wave a little higher than usual, and I should be rendered powerless.

In this emergency, I decided on adopting a means of escape which a good swimmer will perceive to be perfectly feasible.

I undid the string which held the bottle, and let it go; then drew my knife from my belt, and taking hold of the tube, I very cautiously filled my lungs with air—having previously placed myself exactly under the skylight and drawing the pipe from between my teeth, I cut it away close to my mouth.

LOOK OUT!

Without the loss of a fraction of a second, I sprang up to the skylight and drew myself right through. This was the critical moment; and had the circular opening in the skylight been ever so little smaller, or had I been impeded by the accidental presence of any obstacle, I should have been lost.

Fortunately this was not the case; but I had another difficulty to encounter before I found myself safe on my platform.

Suddenly I felt something grasp me, but my eyeglasses were dimmed, and it was some seconds before I realized that the slimy arms of a gigantic octopus were around me. I was weaponless, and felt that there was no escape, when all grew dark; the arms relaxed, and I felt I was free. Whether some shark or other sea-monster had assailed it, I know not; I only felt that I was free.

A desperate spring upward and a few strokes brought me to the surface; I thought I had only to look round and swim to the place I had started from; but when I tried to do this, I found that I could distinguish nothing clearly through the wet eye-glasses.

However, what a man can do out of the water he can do in it, only more slowly; and having freed my head from the apparatus which encumbered it, I struck out for the point whence I had started, which the tide had almost reached.

It was not just at this time that I felt the most acutely all the horrors of the situation I had passed through; I seemed only to realize them by degrees, and when this was at the worst, I was so completely unnerved that I refrained from even walking on the cliff, for fear of falling off into the sea.

I append a copy of the fragment of the letter I rescued from the vessel, not on account of its possessing any particular interest for the American reader, but from the possibility that it may meet the eyes of those for whom it was intended, and lead to the identification of the vessel. The letter was written in German, and I have translated it very literally:

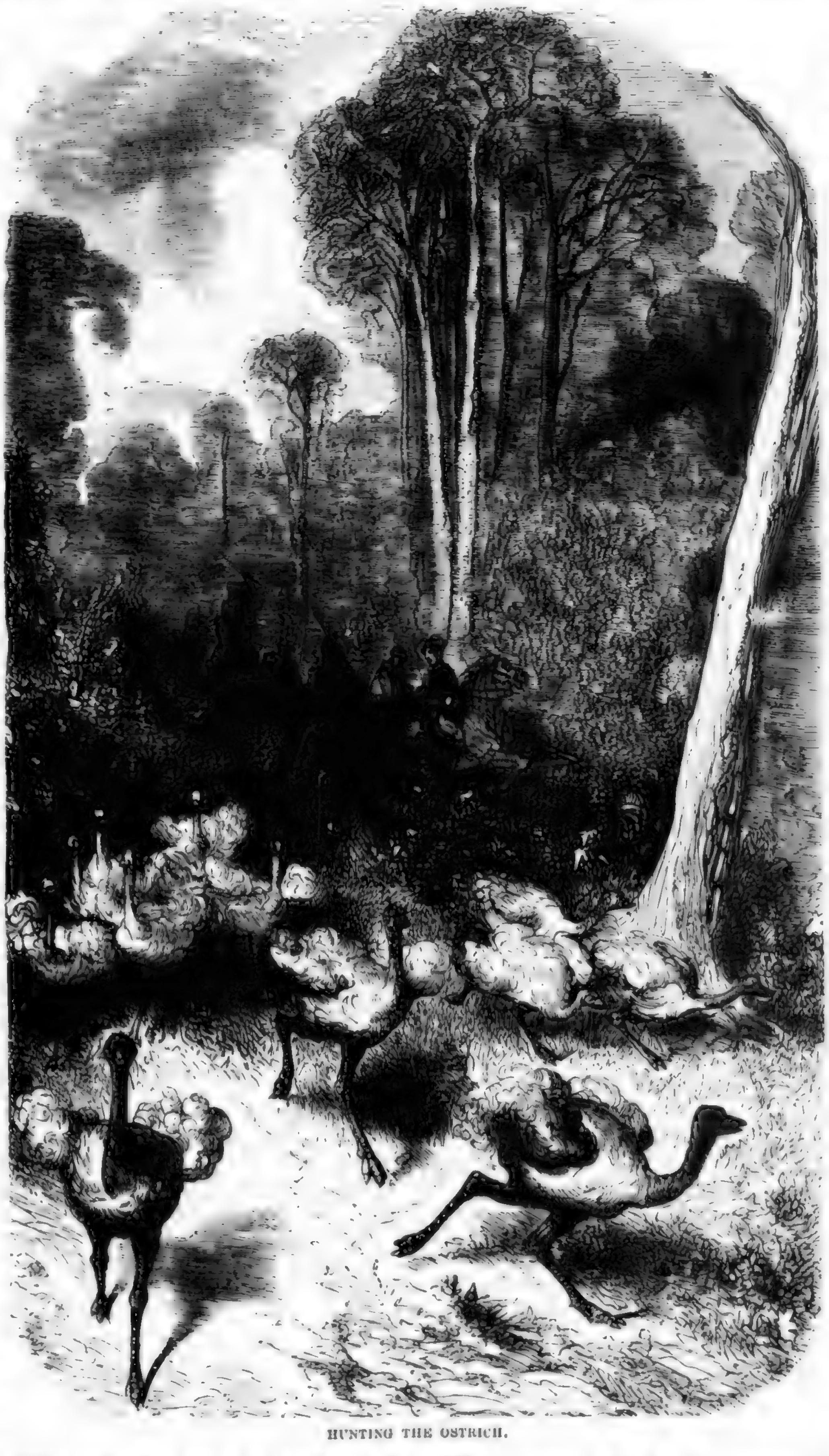
"MY DEAR MADAME DE GROETS: We expect to-morrow to finish our voyage, which my husband says is one of the best he ever made. We have had a fair wind all the way, and the sea has been as smooth as could be desired, which rejoices me much on account of the dear children, who have not been sick at all since they came on board. Little Anna has been busy working a bag to hold your dear husband's tobacco, and Theodore is making the rigging of a beautiful war vessel for your little Carl, and good old Bernhard is helping him.

"You were quite in the right in saying that I should not regret making this voyage with my husband; my health is very much improved already; still it is very inconvenient to live in such a confined space, and the smell of the cargo is very unpleasant. This evening——"

POVERTY is the only burden which grows heavier by being shared by those we love.

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

THE ostrich is the popular name of a bird which is one of the species of the genus *Struthis*. It is a native of Africa and Arabia, and is the largest of all birds, being four feet high from the ground to the top of the back, and seven, eight, and, it is said, even ten feet to the top of the head when walking erect. Its thighs and the sides of its body are naked, and the wings are so short as to be unfit for flying. The plumage is elegant, and much used in ornamental and showy dress. The speed of this bird in running equals, and often exceeds, that of the fleetest horse.



HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

Some travelers have maintained that in certain parts of Africa the natives ride them as though they were horses.

The manner in which this remarkable bird is hunted is this: A party of ten or twenty divide themselves into two bands, and, mounted on the swiftest horses they can find, advance into the plains, describing a semicircle, so as to drive the game toward some spot which is likely to afford no opportunity for the escape of the hunted bird. This semicircular course is taken by the first band. The second division of hunters is stationed so as to form the other half of the circle. This circle, by the advance of the horsemen, becomes gradually contracted until the ostriches, which generally frequent very high grass, are warned by the male ostrich, who is placed as sentry. The sound of warning given by the sentinel ostrich is a sharp cry, not unlike a boatswain's whistle. Directly they hear this, they commence to run in a straight line, never looking back after they have commenced their flight.

As the ostrich generally goes in a family of ten or a dozen, it is not difficult to find some.

They live on fresh grass, and never quit the vicinity of the water, and in the month of November lay their eggs in the wildest part of the plain, fifty or sixty at a time, which are brooded solely at night, by male and female in turn, with a touching tenderness. When the incubation is terminated, the ostrich breaks the barren eggs with its beak, which are at once covered with flies and insects, supplying nourishment to the young birds.

A characteristic trait of the ostriches is their extreme curiosity. In the Indian villages where they live in a tamed state, it is of frequent occurrence to see them stalking among groups of talkers, and regarding them with fixed attention. In the plain this curiosity is often fatal to them, for it leads them to look at everything that seems strange or unusual to them. We will give a capital Indian story here in proof of this.

The jaguars are very fond of ostrich meat, but unfortunately, though their speed is so great, it is almost impossible

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for them to run the birds down; but the jaguars are cunning animals, and usually obtain by craft what they cannot manage by force. They therefore employ the following strategem: They lie on the ground as if dead, and raise their tails in the air, where they wave them in every direction; the ostriches, attracted by this strange spectacle, approach with great simplicity—the rest may be guessed; they fall a prey to the cunning jaguars.

WOMEN OF CERVETRI, ITALY, FETCHING WATER.

In many parts of Italy everything is in as primitive a state now as it was in the days of our Saviour, when He met the woman of Samaria at the well. Our engraving represents the women of Cervetri, a village in the Pontifical States, fetching water for their daily purposes. Cervetri is remarkable for the tomb recently discovered there, and which, there is every reason to suppose, was that of the Tarquins. This was discovered in 1846. It contains two chambers, one of which is called by the peasantry the Grotto delle Iscrizioni, from the number of its inscriptions.

EDUCATING EGYPTIAN GIRLS.

Mr. J. H. McCoan, in his new book, "Egypt As it Is," gives the following notice of the work done for female education in new Egypt:

"More interesting than the whole of these male seminaries, as an evidence of progress and of the lead Egypt is taking in Eastern civilization, are the two girls' schools, which, though not three years in existence, are now admirably educating nearly 450 Moslem, Coptic, and other girls as, since the Hegira, women in the East have never been educated before.

"It is to the Princess Tshesma Haft Khanum, the third wife of the Khédive, that the initiative of this great reform is due. Three years ago the only public schools for girls in Egypt were that conducted with exemplary self-sacrifice by Miss Whately, and another by ladies of the American mission. But these, although attended by a few Moslem children, were but as a drop in the ocean for the great mass of the Arab population.

"The deeply rooted popular prejudice against female education had, however, baffled every attempt of the government to supply this primary condition of social reform till, in the Spring of 1873, the third wife of the Khédive lent the prestige of her sex and her position to the effort. Under her auspices, and at her private cost, an old palace in one of the most populous quarters in Cairo was purchased, in great part rebuilt, and adapted to the necessities of school life, with accommodation for two hundred boarders and one hundred outside pupils.

"Even thus sponsored, however, the scheme was so far in advance of public opinion that, although it appealed to the poorest classes, offering free board, lodging, clothing and education to all who chose to come, it was with difficulty the first batch of pupils was obtained. But the spell of prejudice once broken, the school rapidly filled with both residents and outsiders, and since then the applications have been many hundreds in excess of the accommodation. The pupils, ranging from seven to twelve years of age, are of all ranks, races and creeds known to Egypt—from pashas' daughters to slave girls; Arabs, Copts, Nubians, Jews and Levantine Christians of every cross of blood.

"The course of instruction, which will spread over five years, includes reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, geography, Turkish, French, music, the Koran (for Moslem pupils), plain and ornamental needlework, cookery, laundry and general housework—all thoroughly taught, by a staff of fifteen masters and mistresses, two of the latter of whom and the directress are Europeans.

"Periodical lottery sales are held of all needlework beyond the personal clothing of the pupils, and the proceeds given to a dowry fund for the poorest girls.

"The great success of the first effort to rescue Egyptian womanhood from the ignorance and apathy of harem life, and so to lay the true foundation of a really national education, soon led to the opening of a second school with a less extensive course, mostly with a view to domestic service, in another part of the capital, where, under a staff of nine teachers, of whom the directress and one of the mistresses are Europeans, 147 pupils (76 boarders and 71 outsiders) were last year maintained and instructed at the charge of the Khédive's first wife.

"Both these institutions, adequately endowed by their foundresses, are now under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, and rank among the most flourishing and important of the schools of Egypt. A third is in course of erection, and will be at work before the close of the present year, and, in compliance with numerous petitions, arrangements are in progress to open others in the chief provincial towns. In fact, popular prejudice has been completely overcome, and if this movement in favor of female education be continued, as there is every reason to hope it will, in another generation the most essential of Eastern reforms—the social emancipation of women—will in Egypt be an accomplished fact."

HORSES IN EUROPE.

Russia leads all other nations in the number of its horses. In 1876, she had 21,570,000 horses, or more than all Europe besides, and 60 per cent. more than are owned in the United States. Compared with other countries, Russia has one horse for every three and a half persons, Austria one for every ten, Prussia and Great Britain one for every eleven, France one for every twelve, and Italy one for every twenty-seven.

Far back into the history of Russia, the rearing of horses has always formed a notable branch of national industry. The Government of Russia devotes special attention to the encouragement of horse-breeding. There are no less than twelve imperial studs, of which nine are in Europe, and three in the Caucasus; there are also fourteen government depots and country stables spread over the empire, each having from 60 to 150 stallions for public use; besides which are about 2,500 private studs that own 6,500 stallions and 69,000 bloodmares. The government offers prizes and medals at races and exhibitions for improvement in the various breeds. Over 400 horse-fairs are held annually, and at fifteen of the most important of these, from 2,000 to 10,000 horses are offered for sale; while in all, some 300,000 change hands at these fairs.

During the period from 1870 to 1875, Russia averaged an annual export of horses exceeding in number 25,000. In the provinces of Central Asia and Siberia, there is almost a horse to every inhabitant. Russia requires, in time of war, for its army purposes, 272,000 horses; Italy, 26,000; Turkey, 30,000; Egypt has about 6,000 mounted troops; Austria, 59,000 cavalry.

In number of horses, France stands next to Russia, with 3,633,605; then Germany, with 3,352,231; while Great Britain owns 2,252,129. In 1875, the number of horses in the United States was 9,504,200, and Canada claims the ownership of 2,624,290.

Not only to individuals, but to the British Government, is the present scarcity of horses in England becoming a matter of anxiety. Lord Roseberry stated in the House of Lords, some time since, that his government had 6,600 cavalry horses, and 6,000 artillery horses, but in case of war, there would be required at once, in addition, 25,000 cavalry horses, and 4,000 artillery horses; also, at least 25,000 light and 75,000 heavy transport horses.

War makes sad havoc among the horses, and it is estimated that the great civil war cost the United States at least 1,000,000 horses.

When on a peace footing, the French army requires from 9,900 to 110,000 horses, although, under the new military law, a war would demand 176,000 horses. In Germany, for military purposes, 97,000 horses are required when at peace, and on a war footing, 233,500 for field troops, 35,500 for depot troops, and 37,000 for garrison purposes. Her cavalry requires about 70,000.

These facts are full of significance to the American farmer and horse-breeder, especially in the event of a general European war, when a large demand must arise for our horses. Already Canada has inaugurated the shipment of large numbers of fine draft horses, which meet with quick and remunerative sale in Great Britain.

The class of stock which may eventually be needed abroad, is the horse of good weight, strong in limb, full of endurance, hardy and muscular. Certainly no inducement exists, either at home or abroad, for the average farmer to waste his time and opportunities in breeding trotting horses, but let his attention be devoted to rearing serviceable farm and draft horses, good family and carriage animals, and he will make far better profits, and meet with far less disappointments in the long run.

TREES OF STONE.

The site of the petrified forest in California is about one thousand feet above the sea level, and lies in the same trend with the geysers, Mount St. Helena and the thermal springs of Calistoga. Geologically, it is one vast tufa bed, in which the trees lie as they were thrown, probably thousands of years ago, by some vast convulsion of nature. This tufa, I will say, for the benefit of the uninitiated in scientific lore, is a volcanic ash or cinder; it is lava thrown upward in a fiery mass and descending with rain. It is gray in color and granular in structure. Sometimes it is found imbedded in the form of little globes or bombs. Ammonites found in the strata fix the event in the cretaceous period.

The trees lie at five or six different levels—on the lower almost north and south; at the highest northeast and southwest. At the latter level the trees must have been buried under eighty or a hundred feet of lava; at the lowest five hundred feet. Their dip conforms to the dip of the tufa, and is at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees. They are in fragments, many of which have been converted into charcoal, others into lignite, and others into beautiful specimens of jet.

Where the heart of a tree had decayed the cavity is filled with opal, a form of lustrous, uncrystallized silica, containing water. Chalcedony, another form of silica, but clear and limpid, is found in other cavities. No top has been petrified, and only here and there a root.

Many have been charred by fire. Some are broken after petrifaction had taken place, as there is no mark of splintering or bruising. What must have been the giant force that followed their first destruction to have dealt this further blow? The majority of the trees are redwood, some few the madrona, and the limb of an oak has also been found. One of the first named trees is eleven feet in diameter, and the part of the huge trunk still preserved is sixty-eight feet in length.

Another shows marks of having been hacked with an ax, probably made of obsidian, as all the pre-historic implements from this locality were made of this same substance, a volcanic rock, which appears in abundance all about. There is no mistaking the fact that the cutting was done before petrifaction began, as the cuts occur at different angles to the grain of the wood.

The deduction is inevitable that man was in California before the birth of Mount St. Helena even, and also, that he was of a type superior to the people who inhabited it at the advent of the European, for he knew how to fashion cutting tools.

THE ASSASSINATION OF GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN.

Among the most thrilling scenes of history is the assassination of Gustavus III., of Sweden, who was killed by Count Ankerstroem, at a grand masked ball in Stockholm, on the 16th of March, 1792.

Gustavus was the oldest son of Adolphus, Duke of Holstein, and had ascended the throne in 1771. The country was at that time divided by two factions, the Hats and the Caps, as the aristocratic adherents to the Russian and French policy respectively called themselves.

Gustavus took the bold resolution of subverting both these parties, with the assistance of the people. The execution of the King's plans was commenced by the insurrection of the commandant of Christianstadt, who issued a violent proclamation against the States-General.

Gustavus sent Prince Charles with a powerful force, ostensibly to subdue the rebel, but in reality to unite with him. On the 19th of August, 1772, the King began to follow out his plans in person. He arrested the heads of the parties and the most powerful members of the States, and publicly announced his plans for the establishment of a new constitution.

The next day the magistracy of the capital took the oaths of fidelity, and the States-Generals were invited to assemble. Gustavus entered the assemblage, in order to submit to them the proposed new Constitution.

His armed force was apparently sufficient to subdue every scruple of the assembly; but as the Constitution only restricted and circumscribed the privileges of the nobility, and did not infringe the liberties of the citizens, it was received by the majority with real satisfaction, and confirmed by oaths and signatures.

Those who had been arrested were immediately afterward released, and the revolution was completed. The nobility were silenced, but they nourished a secret hatred, which at length broke out in the year 1788, when they prevailed on the States to refuse the supplies while the King was engaged in a war with Russia and Denmark.

In order to free himself from the ever active intrigues of the nobles, the King, on April 3d, 1789, caused the leaders of the opposition in the Diet to be arrested, and a law to be passed, by which the royal prerogatives were very considerably increased.

After varying fortunes in the war, Gustavus concluded a peace on the 14th of August, 1790, with his foreign enemies; but the nobility, who apprehended the loss of all their privileges, resolved upon his death.

Accordingly, they formed a conspiracy, under the direction of Counts Horn and Ribbing, and Colonel Lilenhorn, and a nobleman named Ankerstroem undertook to murder him. Ankerstroem chose a masked ball, given on the 16th

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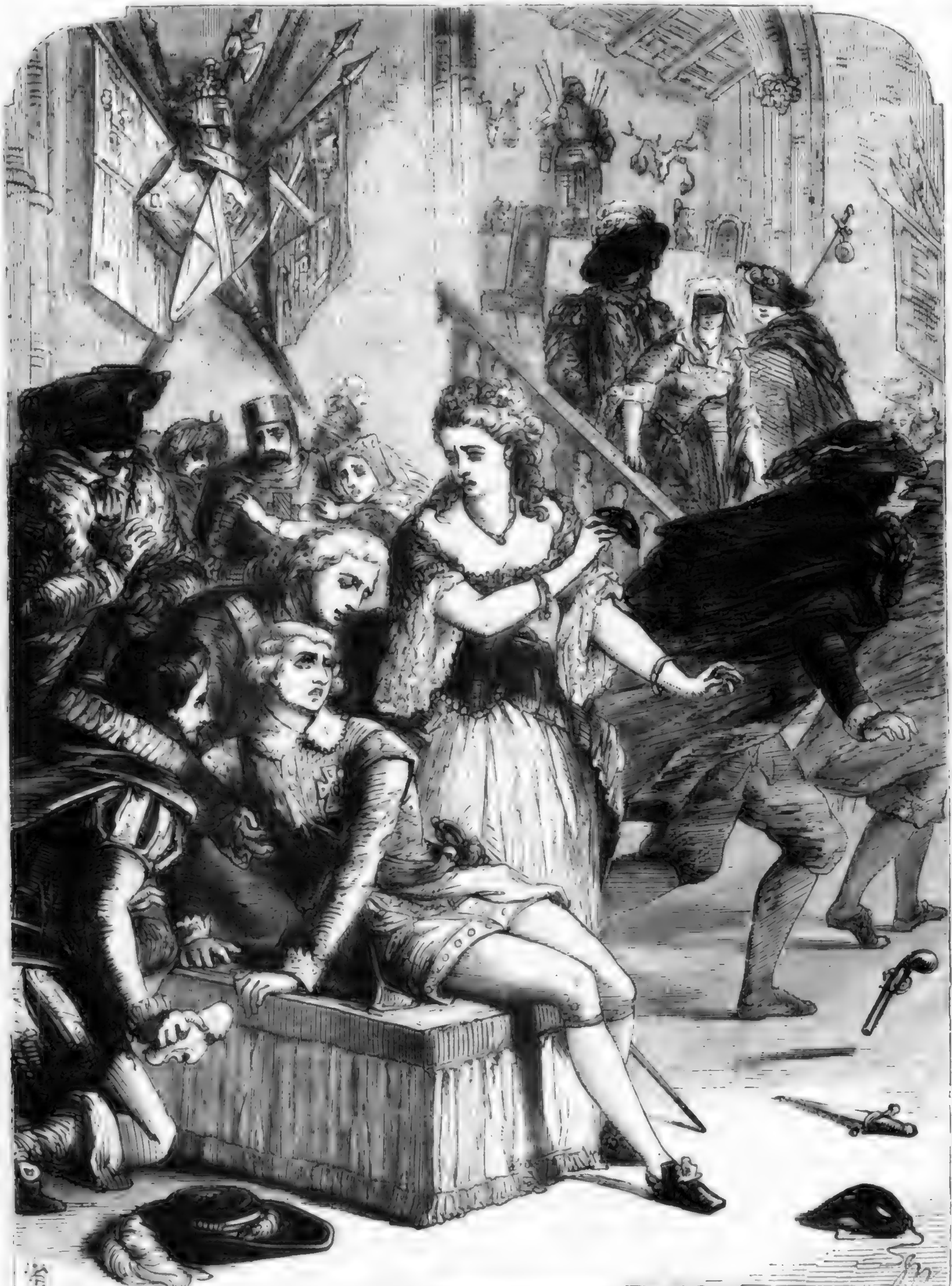
of March, 1792, at Stockholm, as affording the fittest opportunity.

The King was warned by some anonymous friend, but he went to the ball, and the assassin shot him through the body. The King suffered with much firmness, and died on March 29th. His murderer was executed, and many of the conspirators were banished from the country.

The private history of those times adds that the chief conspirator was the Countess Christina, daughter of the Count Tessin, the King's governor, when a youth, and who was the King's mistress.

It is said that the King incurred her jealousy by his attentions to his own wife, and that in revenge she incited Ankerstroem to fire the fatal shot. It is also a matter of history that a few days after the funeral of the King she committed suicide.

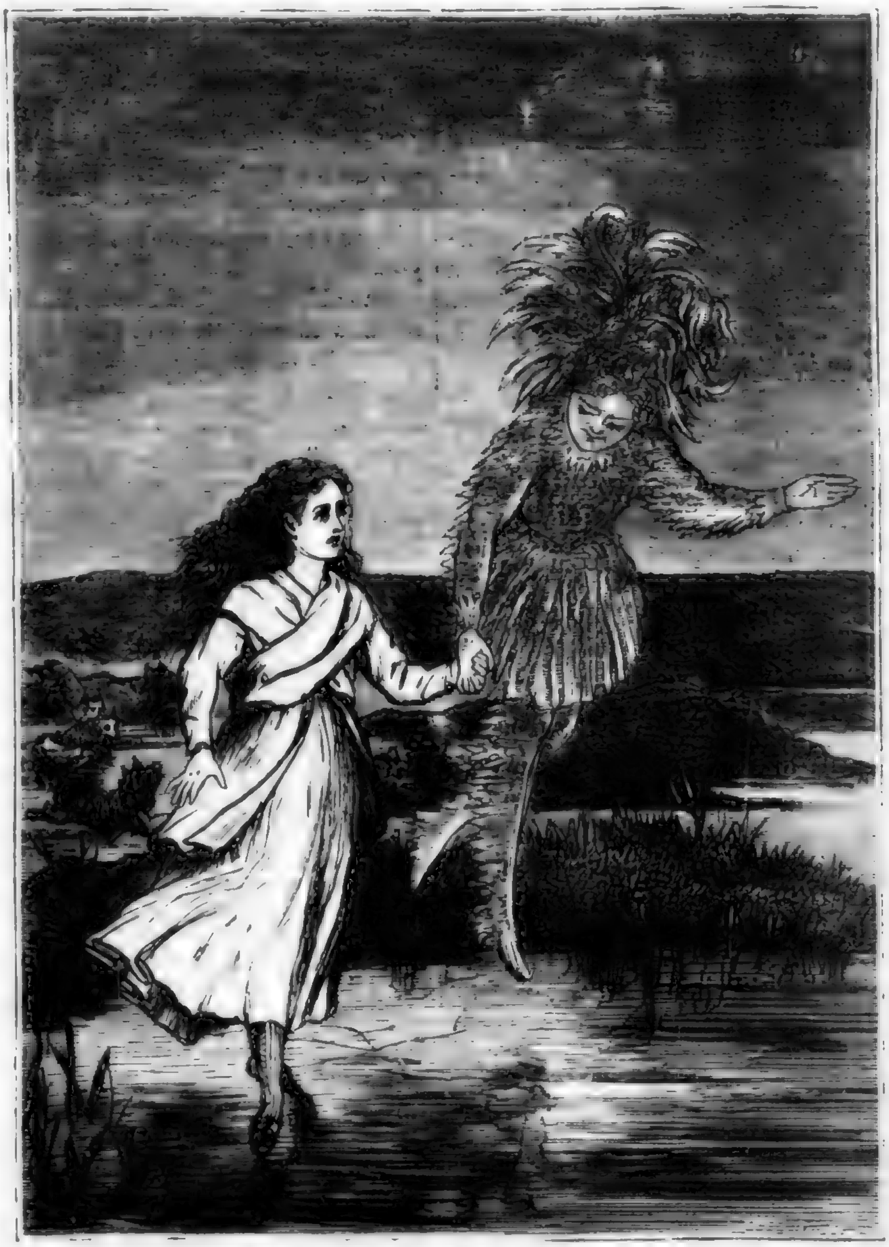


THE ASSASSINATION OF GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN.—SEE PAGE 751.

"I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER."

"I have a little sister, they call her Bo-peep,
She wades through the waters, deep, deep;
She climbs through the heavens, high, high:
Poor little sister!—she has but one eye."

In a cottage on the borders of a wood, there lived two children, a boy and a girl, with their father, the Wizard of the Wold. He was the descendant of a long race of wizards, and he looked scarcely like a human being, with his dark eyebrows and black, fierce eyes and long, sharp teeth. The children, however, were not so strange-looking, for their mother had been an ordinary woman, who married the wizard because he promised to revenge her upon some people who had done her wrong. But she did not live long, although long enough to repent of her marriage with so wild and uncanny a being.



JACK FROST COMING TO BO-PEEP'S ASSISTANCE.

The boy, Cosmo, was indeed dark-browed and silent, like his father; but little Stella was merrier and more child-like, and had bright yellow hair, which was always flying about over her face and shoulders. They never went to school or learnt to read and write as other children do; nevertheless they had their lessons. Their father taught them the language of the birds and beasts, the winds and clouds, the trees and flowers; and he made them learn by heart spells which enabled them to stop and question the wind as he went by, or to call the insects out of their holes to play with them. He encouraged them, too, in all manner of pranks, so that they would gather daisy-buds and make them grow and blossom on oak-trees; or they would change birds' eggs, and make the thrush hatch wild ducklings, or the wren blackbirds. Sometimes they made cunning snares to trap the feet of unwary travelers, or would frighten them by making a snake suddenly wriggle across the pathway. And when their mischievous joke succeeded, they would clap their hands and run laughing away, for they had never been taught what was right and what was wrong. Only Stella sometimes thought she would rather not have robbed the little bird of her eggs, or the squirrel of its store of nuts; and whenever Cosmo brought home small animals that he had hurt in what he called his play, she would tend and feed them until they were quite well, and then let them go free again.

So it came to pass that all creatures learnt to love Stella, as much as they feared and hated her father and brother. Travelers used generally to avoid the road that led past the wizard's cottage, for it soon became known that people seldom passed that way without meeting with some mishap or other. But the bolder ones, who still ventured to take that road, used to give Stella the nickname of Bo-peep, because of the way she had of peeping out at them from the doorway, with her yellow hair blowing about her face, and hiding and peeping out again, if they staid to look at her. But if her father caught her at it, he scolded her and sent her to bed; for he would not let his children have anything to do with other people.

How the wizard employed his time, nobody knew. He read a great deal out of great, black-letter books, and sometimes he would disappear for two or three days at a time, and then came back looking just as black and sullen as when he started. Sometimes Cosmo wanted to go too, but the wizard never would take him.

"Father," said little Stella, one day, on his return from one of these excursions, "I have been wanting you. There is something that you have never taught me. I want to learn the language of the angels."

"What do you know about angels?" said her father, gruffly.

"I don't know anything," replied Stella. "I cannot see them; but the trees see them, for they bend their heads and hush the whispering of their leaves when the angels pass. And the clouds see them, for they part and make a gateway for the angels to fly through to the blue sky. I want to be able to see them, too, father."

The wizard made no answer, and she was going on, "Won't you teach me——" when he turned and said:

"I won't teach you anything! get along with you!" so angrily, that Stella ran away out of the house for fear of him.

It was a beautiful night; and as she stood looking up at the stars, she thought that they must be the homes where the angels lived, and longed to go and live there too. Then she thought what wonderful beings they must be, that her wise father, who knew almost everything, should not know their language. Then she thought that they might be watching her now, though she could not see them, and a feeling as if of fear came over her, and she ran into the house again, away from the starlight.

It was not long after this that the wizard went off again, as he had often done before; but instead of coming home at the end of a few days at most, week after week went by and he did not return. Perhaps, cunning as he was, he had met at last with some accident; or, perhaps, he had grown tired of taking charge of the children, and was gone to settle somewhere else all alone. Be that as it may, he had disappeared, and Cosmo and Stella never saw him again.

They were not very sorry to lose him; he had been too selfish and unkind for that to be possible. Cosmo, indeed, was glad; for now, he thought, he would go and join himself with other boys—a thing his father had never allowed —and would be a little king over them, because of his knowledge of magic and power to work spells. Accordingly, the next time he heard boys' voices in the wood he went out, and found a whole company of them bird-catching. Then Cosmo called, and a quantity of little birds came fluttering into his hands, and, laden with those as proofs of his power, he went up to the other boys, smiling, and offered himself as their companion. But as soon as the boys saw him they cried, "The wizard! the wizard!" and, leaving nets and snares, they scampered away, never stopping to look behind until they were out of the wood. Cosmo flung down his poor little prisoners in a rage, and went home and sulked for the rest of the day.

"Those boys are stupid, ignorant fellows," he said to himself; "it was a mistake to begin with them. I will go to the town, and see whether the learned and clever men there will not perceive my superiority, and be thankful to have me for a companion."

But as soon as he entered the town some one recognized him as the boy who had done him and his fellow-townsmen so many an ill-turn as they passed along the woodland path; the news soon spread, and in a few minutes half the boys in the town turned out to meet Cosmo, and pelted and hooted him for a wizard all down the street and along the road toward the wood.

This time Cosmo went to bed and stayed there for three days; and when he got up he went about as black and silent as his father. He would scarcely answer Stella when she spoke to him, and his only pleasure seemed to be to lay plans to annoy and hurt every one that came in his way.

One day Stella heard a cry of distress not far from the house, and suspecting that it must be some one whom Cosmo had played some trick upon, she ran out to see. There, in the ditch beside the path, lay an old woman, dressed in her best red shawl and check apron, with a squashy, greasy mess under her that had once been a basketful of butter and eggs.

On helping her up, Stella was glad to find that the old woman was not much hurt, though so much shaken and frightened that she could not go on to market. Stella took her into the house and washed the dirt off her, and persuaded her to lie down on her bed, where the old woman fell asleep.

She did not wake until it was too late to go home, and she agreed to spend the night at the cottage. When Cosmo peeped in and saw a guest there, he frowned fiercely, and went straight to his own room; nor would he open the door when Stella presently came knocking to offer him some supper. But the old woman was charmed to find the little witch-girl so much kinder than she expected, and the next morning she said to her;

"My dear, it grieves me to think such a kind-hearted little girl as you have shown yourself to be should yet be living in the midst of so much that is wrong."

"What does wrong mean?" asked Stella.

"Whatever is displeasing to God is wrong," replied the old woman. Then seeing that Stella still looked puzzled, she added, "To Him who made us, and who is Lord of everything."

"Is He Lord over the angels?" asked Stella.

"Surely," said the old woman. "They are His messengers, you know."

Stella had many more questions to ask, which the old woman answered as best she could, until at last she got up and said she ought to be going. Then, to her surprise, Stella put into her hands her old market-basket, neatly mended, and inside it were some plovers' eggs and some large pieces of honeycomb.

"I put that in instead of butter," said Stella.

"My dear, this is worth a great deal more than my butter and eggs were," said the old woman. "I will come and see you again when I next pass; but if ever I can be of any use to you, only let me know, and I shall be very glad to help you."

The old woman had left Stella plenty to think about, with her new ideas of what was right and wrong. She began to fear to do anything that she felt not to be right, lest the angels, or the Lord of the angels, should be looking at her; and she tried to talk to Cosmo about it, but he soon cut her short. So, while Stella was always looking upward and thinking about what was good, Cosmo's eyes were always fixed on the earth, and his mind filled with what was bad; and he grew ever blacker and gloomier, until one day he too went out and did not come back again, and so Stella was left alone.

At first Stella wandered through the wood day after day looking for him; but when she had convinced herself that he was not there, she went back to their cottage; for she said:

"Surely he will come home at last, and if I wait here I shall see him."

One day she had wandered a little way into the wood to gather a few herbs for her dinner, when she saw two carrion crows before her, busy with a dead rat in the pathway. At the slight rustling which she made among the branches, one of the crows half rose, fluttering as if afraid; but the other cried, with a hoarse, croaking laugh:

"What are you frightened at, you foolish fellow? There is no one here to be afraid of now. The Wizard of the Wold is gone, and his son is gone; there is nobody left but Bo-peep, as they call her, and she never hurts any one."

Now, Stella understood the language of birds, so when she heard this she stopped to listen, hoping that she might perhaps learn something.

"Cosmo gone too, is he?" said the younger crow.

"And gone to a place which he won't get away from in a hurry," replied the elder.

"Where is that?" asked the other, while Stella listened with all her ears.

"Where is he, do you ask?" said the elder crow. "He is with the Black Dog, in the Swamp."

And both the crows left off eating, and nodded their heads at one another, by which Stella knew that it was something very dreadful.

"He is come to that, is he?" said the younger crow, at last. "And what will become of him, I wonder?"

"That is what I have been wondering," said the other. "You know, if he were an ordinary mortal he would die before long in the black dog's service; and if he were wholly a wizard he would grow blacker and wilder, and his hair and teeth would grow longer, until he too would become a black dog, and then the two would fight until one remained the master of the swamp. But Cosmo is neither man nor wizard, so I cannot tell what will become of him."

"I suppose it is possible that somebody may go and save him?" said the younger crow.

"I don't, then," croaked the other. "Who would do it, I wonder? Why, everybody hates him; even his sister must, for he has behaved to her lately more as if he were a black dog already than a brother. And if she wished to do it, she would not know how."

"Who does know?" said the younger crow.

"Only three people in the world."

"Tell me who they are?"

Stella crept a little nearer, that she might be sure to hear the answer.

"First, there's the Wizard of the Wold," began the old crow, "and he is gone off nobody knows where. Then there's his brother, the Wizard of the Waste. And, lastly, there is the Witch of the Willow-bank. They are the only three that know the secret how the Black Dog can be killed."

"Where does the Wizard of the Waste live?" asked the younger crow.

"Over yonder brown mountain, and far away on the other side," replied the other. "But he lives in a hole in the ground, and no one knows the path to it except the caterpillar on the ragwort-stem; so he is safe enough from visitors. Ah! you thief, you! while I have been talking you have eaten up all the best bits!"

And the two crows fell to fighting over their carrion. But Stella had heard enough.

"I will go to the Wizard of the Waste," she said; "he is my uncle, he will surely tell me the secret, and if it be possible for a weak girl to do so, I will save poor Cosmo, though I die for it."

She crossed the brown mountain, and reached the waste on the other side, and her body grew faint and her feet grew weary, but still her heart was brave. There were many ragworts on the waste, and she wandered long from one to another before she found the one on which the caterpillar lived. At last she spied, on a tall ragwort-stem, a brown, hairy caterpillar, with orange spots.

"Oh, caterpillar," said Stella, "tell me the way to the dwelling of the Wizard of the Waste?"

But the caterpillar shook his head lazily from side to side, and would not answer her until she threatened to force him by a spell. Then he said:

"First a ragwort, then a burdock, then a ragwort, then a burdock, and so on to the end."

"That is not enough to guide me," said Stella. "How shall I know when I am there? for I see no house or hut on all this waste."

"You will get there," replied the caterpillar. "I only wish I were as sure that you would tumble in before you saw where you were."

"Thank you for nothing," said Stella, and went on her way from ragwort to burdock across the waste, until suddenly she saw at her very feet a hole in the turf, and rocky steps that led down into darkness. "This must be the place," thought she, and boldly clambered down.

There was a low cave at the bottom, and as soon as her eyes got accustomed to the darkness she saw the wizard, crouching in a corner.

"Oh, Wizard of the Waste," she said, "my brother is taken captive by the Black Dog. Tell me the way to go to him, and how to fight with him, that I may set my brother free."

"You could not do it," said the wizard, after looking at her for some time. "He would kill you."

"I should not mind that," said Stella, "if I can save my brother;" and she went on for some time, persuading the wizard to tell her. At last he said, "What will you give? I do not tell for nothing."

"Alas!" said Stella, "what have I to give?"

"Give me your witch-power and knowledge of spells," said the wizard. "My memory is failing, and your knowledge would make it fresh again."

"But how can I save my brother without this power?" said Stella.

"It will not help you," replied the wizard; "do not think of it. It would rather be a hindrance."

"Here, take it, then," returned Stella; "and now tell me what to do."

"Go to the Witch of the Willow-bank," said the wizard. "She will tell you. I have forgotten."

"Oh, but that is not fair," cried Stella. "Either tell me what I ask, or give me back my powers."

"I cannot talk any more," said the Wizard of the Waste, "it makes my jaws ache."

"Tell me at least how to find the witch," entreated Stella. The wizard raised his hand and pointed northward, and with that she was forced to content herself. But she left the cave sadly enough to start on her second journey. On and on she went, till her body grew faint and her feet grew weary, but still her heart was brave. She could scarcely have found her way, however, if all the birds and plants and insects had not joined to help her. Stella found that, though she had no more power to make spells, yet she still understood the language of all living creatures. And it seemed as if they knew what her errand was, for the bushes bent out of her way, and the butterflies fanned her with their wings, and the birds hopped in front to show her the road.

"How is it that you are so good to me?" said Stella. "Perhaps the angels have told you to help me?"

And the branches rattled and the birds twittered, and the lark sprang high above her head, and sang a beautiful song about the angels and the glorious place they dwell in.

At last they came to the willow bank, where sat the old witch under the roots of a dead willow, muttering to herself, and twisting the rotten twigs in her fingers.

"Oh, Witch of the Willow-bank," said Stella, "my brother is taken captive by the Black Dog. Tell me the way to go to him, and how to fight with him, that I may set my brother free."

"What do you want to set him free for?" said the witch. "You think he will be grateful to you, but he won't. He will hate you because he owes you his life, for that is the way with bad hearts."

"I do not want him to be grateful," said Stella. "I only want to save him. Tell me how I may do it."

At last the witch said, "What will you give me if I do?"

"Alas!" said Stella, "I have nothing left to give."

"I am nearly blind," said the witch. "Give me your eyes and I will tell you."

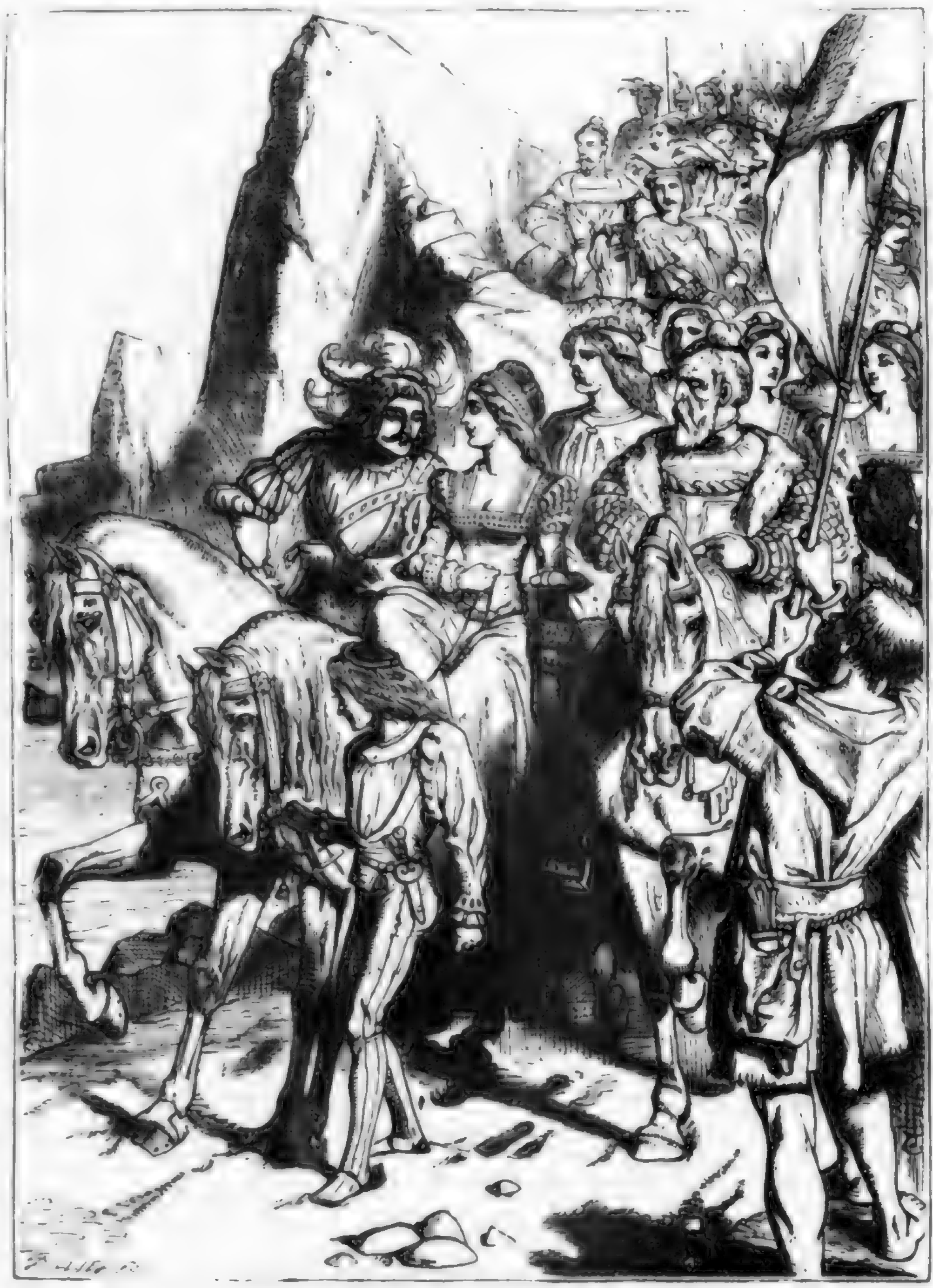
"That I cannot," replied Stella, "for how should I save my brother if I could not see? ~~But I will~~ give you one eye if you will tell me all you know, and help me all you can."

"Well, then, give it here, and I will," said the witch.

But Stella was too wise now for that.

"You shall tell me what to do first," she said. And after much persuading, the witch began:

"You must cross the swamp yonder until you reach an island on which is a cave; there lives the Black Dog. But do not go to the cave. Wait till the stars come out, and among them you will see a very bright one that changes to all manner of colors, red and blue, and green and yellow. That is Sirius, the dog-star. You must spread out your hands to it, and if your heart be pure and your desire firm, a spear will fall at your feet from the star; that is the only weapon that can slay the dog. But if your heart fail you, or your wishes be set on aught else than your brother's deliverance, you may spread your hands in vain, and the dog will kill you—helpless as you are. Give me the eye you promised me."



FAIR INES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 758.

"Here it is," said Stella; "but tell me, is there any particular part that I should aim at if I do come to fight the dog?"

"There is but one spot where he can be hurt."

"And where is it?"

"I will not tell you," said the witch. "You would not give me all I asked, so I will not tell you all you want. Go; you will get no more."

And Stella went sadly on her way; but still her courage did not fail.

"If I am doing right," she said to herself, "perhaps the Lord of angels will send and help me."

So she journeyed on, the land spreading black before her, until toward evening she came to the borders of the swamp. Traveling became a difficult matter here; and as she picked her way slowly on, she heard a sound behind her that made her cheek grow pale. It was the howling of wolves; she could see them in the gloomy twilight, dark figures gathering fast and following on her track. She plunged into the swamp and waded on, deep in the muddy waters; but the wolves gained upon her at every step. Nearer and nearer they came, she had given herself up for lost, when a hand caught her, and a voice cried:

"Courage, Bo-peep! spring up here; we will balk the rascals this time!"

The bog rang hard under her feet, as she obeyed; and as her companion's breath smoked like vapor before them, she saw the water curdle and freeze wherever it spread. She found the ice firm enough to bear her light footsteps as they sped swiftly along; but it cracked and broke beneath the wolves, and soon they were left snarling and floundering far behind. Now, Stella had time to wonder at her strange companion. He was all in white; white plumes that seemed a mixture of feathers and palm-leaf and fern, floated from his head, and his dress was spangled all over with shapes of crystal, and moss and spar.

"Do you not know me?" he said, as Stella began to stammer her thanks. "Jack Frost is the name people give me. Why, you have often admired my handiwork on the banks and hedges."

"But I never met you before," said Stella. "Where should I have been if you had not come to my help to-night? If ever I can do anything——"

"Tut, tut," said Frost; "I have done nothing wonderful after all; but if you want to do me a kindness, I will ask you to give a smile whenever you see me. You are safe now, so I will be off to give the north wind a hint as to driving away those clouds, for I know you will want to see the stars."

And he darted away without waiting for further thanks. By the time that Stella had reached the island, the stars were shining brightly, and she had no difficulty in singling out Sirius, the many-changing dog-star. With mingled fear and hope she stretched her hands toward it, and lo! at her feet fell a spear, shining and many-colored, like the star from which it came!

After a grateful upward glance, she grasped her weapon and walked boldly round to the front of the cave. A large fire was burning at the mouth of it, beside which lay the huge, misshapen Black Dog. Cosmo was passing to and fro with wood, which he piled on the fire, and it struck her

SOUTHERN SCENES.—ARGUING THE POINT.—SEE PAGE 759.

to the heart to see how his likeness to the Black Dog was already growing. But she had not much time to look round her, for the dog rose up with bristling back and bloodshot eyes, and Cosmo fled to the back of the cave, while the dog sprang at Stella with a horrid growl.

It was a strange battle and a fierce one. For a long time Stella could do no more than defend herself against him, for the spear, sharp though it was, rang harmless against the dog's thick hide. She felt her strength failing her, and gathering herself up for a last stroke, she thrust the spear down his open throat, and the dog leaped up, rolled over, and was dead.

Stella drew breath with a long sigh of relief, and went to seek out Cosmo as he sat cowering in the shadow. At first he seemed spell-bound or stupefied, though she spoke to him tenderly, calling him by the pet names of their childhood. At last he bowed his head and relieved himself by a fit of weeping.

He told Stella all he had done, how he had gone from bad to worse, what evil thoughts he had nourished in his heart, and begged her to forgive him his ill-treatment of her. And when he raised his head all traces of likeness to the Black Dog had vanished.

Now that her work was over, Stella turned very pale, and when Cosmo saw it, he laid her down gently and tended her as best he could, bidding her recover quickly, that they might go home together.

"Dear Cosmo, I think you will have to go without me," said Stella. "I am very weary, and a great longing has come over me to go up and be among the stars, where you know the angels dwell. But promise me that you will not live alone. Go to the old woman who spent that night with me, and beg her to come and keep your house until you find some other friend."

Then she told him all she had learnt about the angels and the Lord of the angels, and how He saw all that people did, and besought her brother to be kind henceforth to all creatures, and to every one. And Cosmo promised, listening with a full heart.

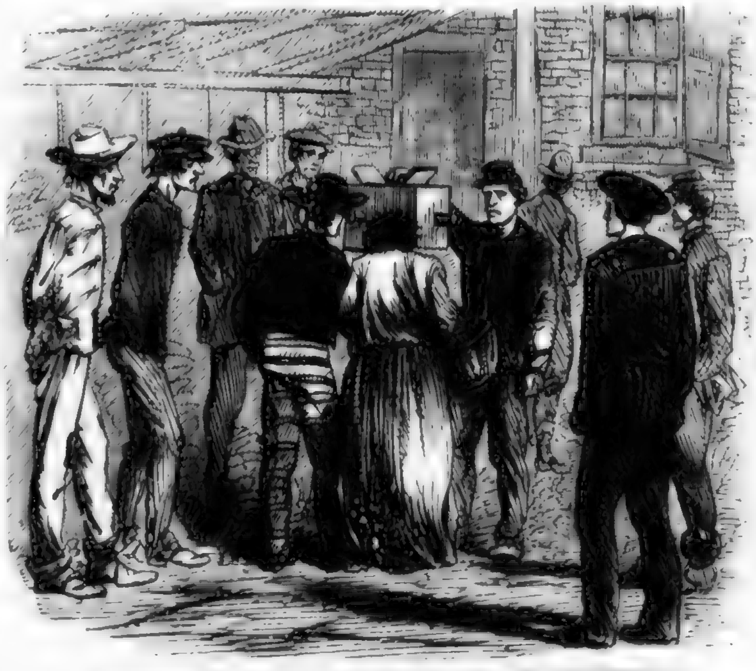
Before the morning dawn had made the stars grow pale, an angel stooped to beckon her, and Stella mounted up to join the starry host.

"It is well," said Cosmo, as he watched her upward flight. "I did not deserve to keep her, and she is far happier there."

And as he gazed a small new star shone out in the sky beside Sirius, and Cosmo knew that it was his sister.

The sun had risen when Cosmo crossed the swamp, so that he did not encounter the wolves; but he soon found himself wandering, doubtful of the way, for all the birds and insects shrank away at his approach, remembering how he had been wont to treat them. Then Cosmo made a mournful little song, and sang it as he went along:

"I have a little sister, they call her Bo-peep,
She wades through the waters, deep, deep;
She climbs through the heavens, high, high:
Poor little sister!—she has but one eye."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A STREET PANORAMA IN WILMINGTON.

When the creatures round heard this song they said: "This is Bo-peep's brother, whom she went to save; come, let us help him for her sake."

And the birds flew circling round him, and the grasshoppers hopped in front to show him the path, and the flowers looked up at him and smiled. And still, when he saw that little star twinkling above him, or its reflection quivering in some pool at his feet, he sang his song as he journeyed on. So he reached the cottage in the wold at last.

The old woman came to live with him when he asked her, as Stella had begged him to do. Her neighbors said she would repent it, but she never did, for Cosmo was quite changed now. And before long the cottage in the wold, instead of being shunned and feared, became the resort of all that were in trouble, whether man or beast. For Cosmo henceforth used his magical powers to heal instead of to hurt, and his name became known throughout the country as the friend of those that were in need.

Every starry night Cosmo went out to greet Stella, his star that had done so much for him, and Stella smiled down on him again. She is still shining there; and her smile is always brightest when Frost is at work on earth below. She has learnt the language of the angels now.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

ARGUING THE POINT.

THE Southern darkey, since he became possessed of the rights of citizenship, has displayed an astonishing aptitude for acquiring all the arts of the politician. For native shrewdness and diplomacy, indeed, some of the more notorious negro legislators, with whose names we have become familiar during the past decade, could scarcely be surpassed by their white prototypes, and in the matter of pure and unadulterated rascality there is unfortunately little to choose between them. Always fond of theological discussions, generally in an inverse ratio to their knowledge of the subject, the negroes found a new field for disputation when they were admitted to the domain of politics. "Arguin' de pint" became a more than ever popular amusement, and nothing more ludicrous can well be imagined than the spectacle of two or three staid old "uncles" looking, like Lord Elton, "wiser than any man ever was," discussing the affairs of the nation, the prospects of parties, or the qualifications of candidates, with a solemn gravity befitting the consideration of such momentous questions.

Mr. Shepherd's sketch is a capital example of the artist's rare skill as a delineator of negro character, and shows plainly that the younger disputant has only succeeded in astonishing, not convincing, his older companion. Whether the subject under discussion be the coming election, the President's policy, or the chances of securing the longed-for "forty acres and a mule," we can scarcely judge, but from the intent expression of both disputants it is evidently something of no little importance.

A STREET PANORAMA IN WILMINGTON.

As a companion picture to the above clever sketch of negro peculiarities, we present an amusing scene from the streets of Wilmington, the commercial capital of North Carolina. Some enterprising Yankee is exhibiting a miniature panorama, or "peep show," and has apparently succeeded in astonishing the natives. His audience seems to consist chiefly of that class of poor whites variously designated, as Cracker, Tar Heels, or Clay Eaters, and the air of open-mouthed wonder with which they survey the machine and its proprietor, shows that he has made a great impression on their bucolic mind. Itinerant showmen of this class find many parts of the South an excellent field for the exercise of their peculiar talents, and between the patronage of the Crackers and the Negroes drive a thriving trade, especially after the cotton crop is harvested, and planter and laborer alike rejoice in the flush times of the year.

FAIR INES.

By THOMAS HOOD.

OH, saw you not, fair Ines?
  She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
  And rob the world of rest
She took our daylight with her,
  The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
  And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines!
  Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
  And stars unrival'd bright.
And blessed will the lover be,
  That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek,
  I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
  The gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side
  And whispered thee so near!
Were there no loving dames at home
  Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
  The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
  Descend along the shore,
With a band of noble gentlemen,
  And banners waved before;
And gentle youths and maidens gay,
  And snowy plumes they wore:
It would have been a beauteous dream,
  —If it had been more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
  She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps
  And shoutings of the throng.
And some were sad, and felt no mirth,
  But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell!
  To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines;
  That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its decks,
  Nor danced so light before.
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
  And sorrow on the shore:
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
  Has broken many more!

MACARONI-SELLERS.

MACARONI, or maccheroni—the learned are divided as to the orthography and etymology of the word—is the principal food of the poorer, and the favorite dish of all, classes of Neapolitans. So much is this the case, that the people of Naples have had for many ages the nickname of "Mangiamacaroni," or macaroni-eaters.

"Grano duro," or "Grano del Mar Nero," the small, hard-grained wheat grown in the Russian territories on the Black Sea, and shipped at Odessa and Taganrok, is considered the best for the purpose, and was once imported for the macaroni manufacturers, although now cultivated there.

The best macaroni is made entirely of the grano duro; but in the inferior qualities this is sometimes mixed with soft wheat. The conversion of the flour—which is somewhat more coarsely ground than that intended for bread—into the long, round strings called macaroni, is effected by a very simple process. With the addition of water alone, the flour is worked up into paste, and this paste is kneaded for a length of time by a heavy, loaded block of wood, which beats into the trough where the paste is deposited; this block or piston is attached to a beam acting as a lever, whose fulcrum is near to the block, whilst the other extremity of the beam is some eight or ten feet from the fulcrum. One or more men or boys seat themselves astride at the further end of this beam, and, descending with their own weight and springing up by putting their feet to the ground, give the requisite reciprocating motion to the lever.

When the paste has been sufficiently kneaded, it is forced, by simple pressure, through a number of circular holes, the sizes of which determine the name to be given to the substance. That of superior diameter is macaroni, that smaller is vermicelli, and that smaller still is called fedelini.

The macaroni is hollow throughout, and many persons have been puzzled to know how it is formed into these long tubes. Nothing is more simple. Over each of the larger holes meant for macaroni, a small copper bridge is erected, which is sufficiently elevated to permit the paste to pass under it into the hole; from this bridge depends a copper wire which goes right through the hole, and, of course, leaves hollow the paste that descends through the hole.

When the paste has been forced through the holes, like wire through a wire-drawer's plate, a workman takes up the macaroni or vermicelli and hangs it across a line to dry. From the long kneading it has received, the substance is very consistent, and dries in unbroken strings that are two or three yards in length.

In respectable Neapolitan houses, macaroni is on the dinner-table at least twice or thrice a week—in many, every day. It is served up first; and on macaroni days, generally speaking, no soup appears. The writer would rack his memory and ingenuity in vain in attempting to describe the numerous ways in which it is cooked. But these are two of the most common preparations. The macaroni is thrown into a caldron containing boiling water, care being taken to bend and not to break the strings more than necessary (for half the beauty of this paste consists in the length of its fibre), and it is there left to boil until from white it assumes a greenish tinge, which, if properly managed, it does in about a quarter of an hour.

Verdi-verdi! (Green! green!) is the expression of the Neapolitan's delight when his macaroni has been properly boiled to the very second. It is then taken out of the caldron, drained of all the water, then saturated with some concentrated meat-gravy or tomatoes, sprinkled throughout with finely-grated cheese, and served up in a large tureen, in firm, unbroken strings, which are easily detached from each other.

This paste forms the principal food of the poorer classes of Neapolitans. They would be too happy, however, if they could get it every day! In the course of the week they are often obliged to satisfy themselves with bread, generally made of Indian corn, with a few onions or heads of garlic, and a little *minestra verde* (or greens) boiled in plain water, with a lump of lardo or hog's fat thrown in to give a flavor. Many thousands of them do not get meat for weeks, nay, months, together; but they care not for this if they can have their macaroni, which is a substitute for every eatable.

Venders of this national commodity are established in every corner of the city of Naples. Some have shops or cellars where they prepare and retail it, but a much greater number cook it on the movable furnaces in the open air, and sell it to their hungry customers in the streets.

In former times these macaroni stalls dared to stand under palaces, and lined even the Strada Toledo and other of the principal streets, mixed up, in grotesque confusion, with the stalls of other retailers and of artizans.

BEAUX OF FORMER TIMES.

We much question whether the celebrated Beau Brummel and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coates were not absolutely mere Quakers in their dress compared with some of the distinguished dressers of former days. Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely powdered, and embroidered with pearl; in the feather of his hat a large ruby, and a pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig in the place of a button; his trunk-hose or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes with white ribbon. On great Court days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6,000, and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with a sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies and pearls.

King James's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked on so loosely, that when he chose to shake off a few on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and he wore diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearl. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made—the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and precious gems could contribute, one of which was an uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, worth £80,000, besides a feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat and spurs.

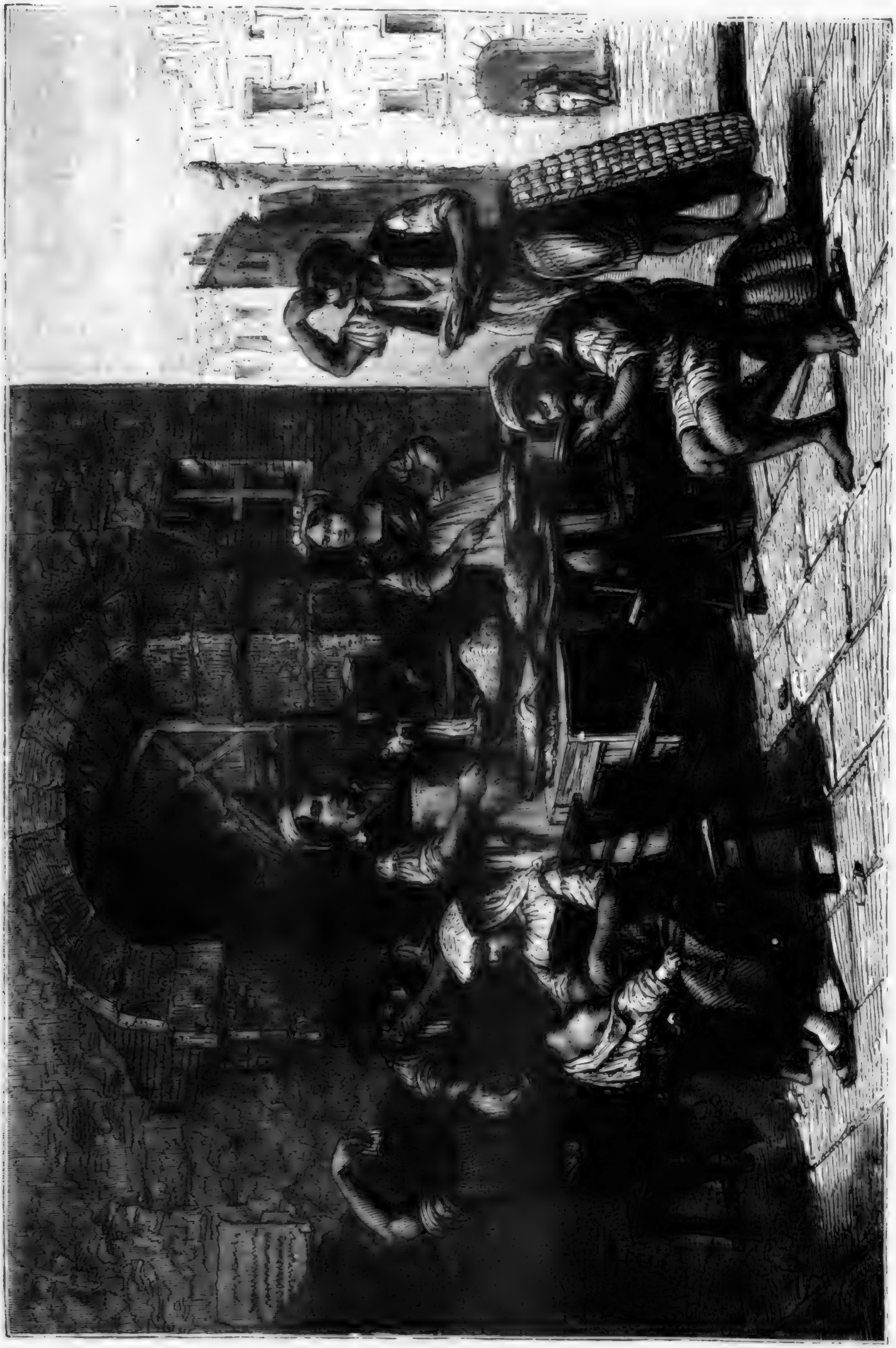
When the difference in the value of money is considered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

A LONE WIDOW'S DEVICE.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse and a dog. A few moments before his death he called his wife to him, and bade her sell the horse and give the proceeds of the sale to his relatives, and to sell the dog and keep the money thus gained for herself.

Soon after his death the wife went to the market with the horse and dog, and exhibited them, with the announcement that the price of the dog was 500 francs and that of the horse 5 francs. The passers-by stopped and stared, and judged the woman mad, more especially as she informed all would-be purchasers that to buy the horse it was necessary to buy the dog first. At last a curious passer-by concluded the bargain; after which the skillful woman handed over five francs to the family of her deceased husband, and retained 500 francs for herself; thus contriving at the same time to carry out the letter, if not the spirit, of the wishes of her husband and to secure the larger sum of money for herself.

The story is good, but we are not sure that we have not heard the tale told before, with the scene laid in Ireland.



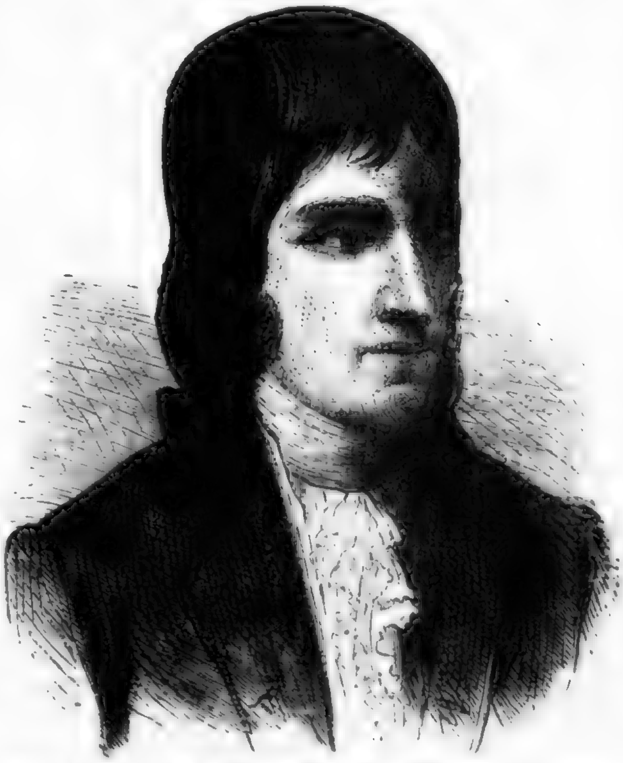
MACARONI-SELLERS.—SEE PAGE 759.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF LIGHT.

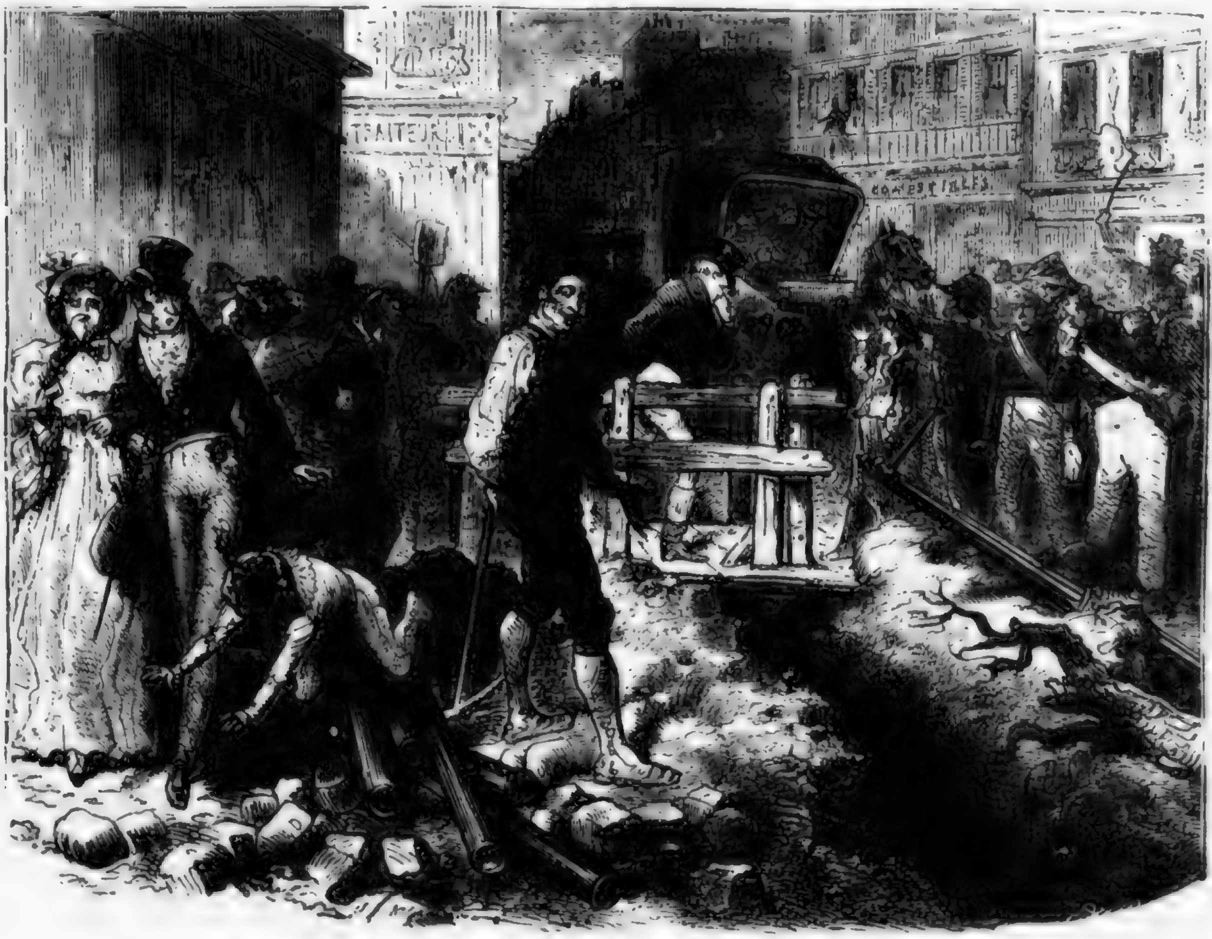
By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

It had been for a long time known that the combustion of certain liquids converted into gases was accompanied by the disengagement of heat and light, and toward the close of the seventeenth century it was found that oil submitted to distillation in closed vessels at a high temperature formed a gas which burned with a brilliant flame, but no practical use was made of this knowledge, and it was well-nigh forgotten. The history of the discovery of the processes employed in the manufacture of illuminating gas has been written many times, and however often we recur to the subject we shall find something attractive in the narrative. There was something in the character of the pioneers of this great industry that gives a charm to the recital quite independent of the intrinsic value of the discoveries they made. One of the first persons to take up the manufacture of gas for illuminating purposes was Philip Lebon, in France.

It was in 1791 that this celebrated engineer directed his attention to the production of gas by the dry distillation of wood. He was engaged in studying the properties of smoke at his father's house, and while there built a furnace in the court and distilled a quantity of wood, passing the products through water in order to purify the gas and save empyreumatic products; he found that the gas burned with a hot and illuminating flame, and at once was seized with the idea of using this method for lighting our streets and houses. He fitted up a suitable laboratory for the exhibition of his process in Paris, and, although he charged a good price for admission, there was always a large attendance of people curious to see the new wonder. The odor of the gas was looked upon as an invincible objection, and no doubt raised a prejudice against the new process that required many years to allay. Lebon was too much occupied in professional pursuits to be able to devote all of his time to the development of his important invention, and this occasioned another delay. He was obliged to be frequently absent from Paris, much to his own distress, and greatly to the detriment of his countrymen, to whom his services in the capital could have been made of much greater value than they were as an engineer of roads and bridges.



PHILIP LEBON, WHO FIRST INTRODUCED STREET GAS LIGHTING.



EFFECT ON PARISIANS OF THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF GAS INTO THE CITY.

XUM

In December, 1804, Philip Lebon was invited to Paris to witness the ceremonies attending the crowning of the Emperor Napoleon. Returning from these festivities late at night, Lebon had occasion to cross the Champs Elysées, and while in the shadow of the trees was assassinated by some unknown person. His body was found the next morning pierced with thirteen dagger-wounds, and no clew could ever be obtained to the authors of the foul murder. This melancholy event greatly retarded further progress in gas illumination in Paris, and it was not until success had been attained in England that the French were ready to adopt the process which had been so ably advocated by their own unfortunate countryman.

While Lebon was prosecuting his researches in France, William Murdock, of Redruth, in Cornwall, conceived the idea of applying coal gas to economical purposes. His apparatus consisted of an iron retort, with tinned copper and iron tubes, through which the gas was conducted to a considerable distance; and there, as well as at intermediate points, was burned through apertures of varied forms and dimensions; he also washed the gas with water and used other means for its purification. In 1798 Mr. Murdock constructed a large and improved apparatus for the purpose of lighting Boulton & Watt's celebrated manufactory at Soho, near Birmingham, which, on the occasion of the peace in 1802, was publicly illuminated by the same means.

But the attention of the public in London was first called to this important subject by the experiments of Mr. Winsor, who, in 1803 and 1804, lighted the Lyceum Theatre, and shortly afterward one side of Pall Mall, with gas from coal. From that period the manufacture of gas suggested itself as a lucrative speculation; several private gas works were erected, and companies were formed for the purpose of carrying it on upon an extended scale. Oil lamps were soon after abolished from all the great thoroughfares of large cities, and in the course of from ten to fifteen years not only was every street and alley illuminated from the same source, but it was generally introduced into shops, dwellings and public buildings.

It is related of the celebrated Scottish divine, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, that, happening to be in London at the time when Mr. Winsor was trying to persuade the people of the feasibility of introducing gas into private houses for the purpose of illumination, he heard a lecture on the subject, and was so convinced of the practicability of the scheme, that on his return home he had the requisite pipes introduced into a parsonage which was then building for his occupancy, so that they should be ready when the discovery was accepted and gas works were established.

The introduction of gas into the streets of Paris met with much opposition. The people objected to the bad odor, and they were afraid of explosions and suffocation. All kinds of mishaps were predicted, and it required a good deal of courage on the part of the city authorities to carry through their scheme. A full description of the processes employed in the manufacture of coal gas, and of the important incidental products now obtained, would carry us much beyond the limits of our present article, and, in fact, be irrelevant to the object we have in view.

A condensed statement copied from some of our technical dictionaries, together with excellent illustrations, will suffice to afford the reader a clear idea of the subject. When coal is subjected to what chemists term destructive distillation—that is, when it is heated red hot in close vessels, it yields a great variety of complicated products, which may be classed under three heads—namely, permanent gases, condensible vapors and solid residue. The object of gas manufacture is to separate these from each other, and so to purify the gaseous products as to render them fit for combustion. The apparatus employed for this purpose consists, first of retorts, as they are called, in which the coal is subjected to heat; secondly, the apparatus for condensing the solid and liquid products; thirdly, the purifiers, by which the gas is cleansed from various matters which would be prejudicial if retained; and, fourthly, the gasometers, in which the purified gas is ultimately received, and which are connected with the service-pipes for its distribution. The retorts, usually about 7 feet 6 inches long by 1 foot in diameter, are now made of fire-clay, and built into benches of five or eight, so as to be heated by one fire. Each retort has what is called a mouthpiece, which projects from the front of the brickwork, and from which there rises an upright pipe about 12 feet high and 3 or 4 inches in diameter, and which carries the products of distillation into the hydraulic main. Each retort has a cover which is kept in its place by holdfast screws, and rendered air-tight by clay luting. The hydraulic main is a long, horizontal pipe, 12 or 14 inches in diameter, and into which the dip pipe of each retort empties, so as to be sealed by the fluid which fills the lower half of the main, and which is allowed to run off at that level.

This fluid is of a very complicated nature. In the early history of gas manufacture it was allowed to go to waste; later on, persons were hired to carry it away; it then became valuable for a few purposes, and was paid for at a low price. At the present time this identical tarry fluid is so valuable that it would nearly pay the manufacturer to make it as a direct product, and allow the gas to go to waste.

Those products of the distillation of coal which are not in the first instance condensed, are conveyed by a pipe continued from the hydraulic main, through a series of tubes or other contrivances, so as to expose as much surface to the cold as possible. This part of the apparatus is called the condenser, also the washer and scrubber; and here the more volatile vapors are condensed and caught in suitable receptacles. The uncondensed gases thus pass on to the purifiers, which are vessels so constructed as to expose the gas to the action of a very large surface of lime and water or of slaked lime, or of Lamming's mixture of oxide of iron and sawdust, by which carbonic acid and sulphureted hydrogen are abstracted; and thence the gas, now purified, passes into the gasometers where it is stored up ready for use.

Notwithstanding all of the washing and purifying to which the gas is subjected, it still retains a disagreeable smell. This property, which was regarded as so objectionable in the early stages of gas illumination, is now pronounced the saving clause in the safety it imparts to the subtle gas. Were it not for the fetid odor, it would be perilous in the extreme to introduce the gas into dwelling-houses, as a leak would not be betrayed, and the inmates would be suffocated before rescue, and there would be great danger of fire and explosion. The bad smell is the best possible defense against leakage, as repairs are demanded at once, and the danger avoided.

At the gas-house is a large station-meter, through which the whole of the gas passes in its way to the gasometers, and by which its volume is registered, so that the quantity made in any given time can be accurately measured.

The gas meter was invented by Mr. Clegg, formerly engineer to the Chartered Gas Company of London. It consists of a hollow cylinder, which is made to revolve upon its axis by the ingress and egress of gas into and from the three compartments into which it is divided, the cylinder being partly immersed in water; and by a train of wheelwork connected with it, the number of its revolutions in a given time is registered, and the number of cubic feet of gas which traverses it in a minute, hour, day or year, shown upon separate dials. This is known as the wet metre. It has inconveniences in cold weather, as the water is liable to freeze; but this difficulty is overcome by adding a small proportion of glycerine to the water. A dry metre, dispensing altogether with water, and using movable diaphragms as measures of volume, has been very generally substituted, in recent times, for the original invention of Clegg. If the metre becomes clogged, it does not accurately register the volume of gas transmitted through it, but the error is more apt to be against the company than against the consumer. To avoid an excess of pressure on the gas, a pressure-gauge is adjusted at the works, and careful watch is kept of it, as much depends upon a uniform delivery to the city.

The operations of the various gas companies of the world are now on a scale of great magnitude. Millions of tons of coal are distilled, and millions of cubic feet of gas are manufactured. There is scarcely a city in Europe or America which is not lighted with gas, and a great progeny of industries has sprung out of the incidental products arising from its manufacture.

How few there are who, beholding the beautiful light which sheds its lustre from many a gas jet, remember that to the labors of men of science we owe this great social blessing. "When the earth brought forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the tree yielding fruit, and God had said, 'Let there be light' and there was light," each ray of sunshine, as it impinged upon tree or flower, was caught up and held in close embrace, and, with the decay of the plant, was carried down into the earth, changed by slow degrees in form, and there kept a close prisoner, until the genius of man could deliver it from its bondage. These imprisoned sunbeams, after the lapse of ages, are set at liberty by the genius of man, and our night is converted into glorious day. If chemistry had contributed no other blessing to the world, this alone would entitle it to the everlasting gratitude of mankind.

We come now to speak of another source of illumination, which is also found stored in the rocks, but in a liquid rather than in a solid form. We refer to petroleum, which has become one of the most important illuminants now employed by man. The history of this substance has been written many times, but the true explanation of its origin has not been found, although diligently sought for by geologists and naturalists for a long time. Some would refer it to animal deposits, others to vegetable remains, and a small class pronounce it to be the tar from volcanic distillation. It is difficult to attain the truth in the midst of so much conflicting testimony, and we must leave the learned pundits to fight it out, while we proceed to an account of the early discovery and subsequent employment of this important substance.

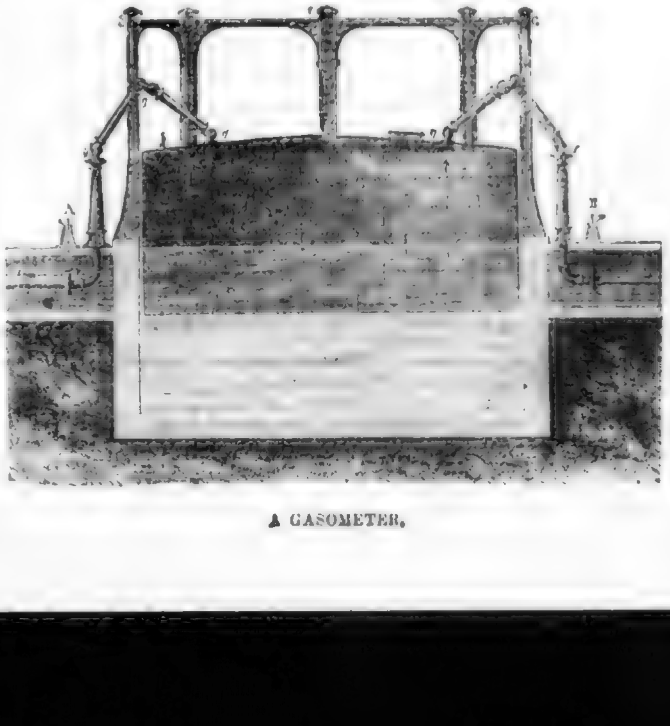
According to the late Mr. Hodge, the occurrence of an oily liquid oozing from the surface of the earth has long been known. Bakoo, a city on the west side of the Caspian Sea, has long been celebrated for its springs of a very pure variety of petroleum; and here the temples of fire have been kept burning day and night for ages. Over a tract about 25 miles long and half a mile wide, the strata are saturated with the oil, and hold it like a sponge. To collect it, large open wells are sunk to the depth of 16 to 20 feet, and in these the oil gathers and is occasionally taken out. In the environs of Bakoo are hills of volcanic rocks through which bituminous springs flow out. Jets of carbureted hydrogen are common in the district, and salt, which is almost always found with petroleum springs, abounds in the neighborhood.

Another famous locality of natural oil is in Burmah, on the banks of the Irrawaddy, near Prome. Fifty years ago it was reported there were about 520 wells in this region, and the oil from them was used for the supply of the whole empire and many parts of India. The town of Rainanghong is the centre of the oil district, and its inhabitants are chiefly employed in manufacturing earthen jars for the oil, immense numbers of which are stacked in pyramids outside the town, like bombs near an arsenal. The Burmese petroleum is extensively employed at the candle manufactory of Price & Co., in London. It is remarkable for the large quantity of paraffine contained in it.

Many other localities might be named which furnish the natural oils upon a less extensive scale, as in Italy, France and Switzerland. In the United States the existence of petroleum has long been known, and the article has been collected and sold for medicinal purposes, chiefly for an external application, though sometimes cautiously administered internally, as it is a virulent poison. It was formerly procured by the Seneca Indians in Western New York and Pennsylvania, and was hence called Seneca oil. In the State of Ohio it was obtained at some salt wells, in 1819, in such quantity that it is remarkable that its value was not more fully appreciated.

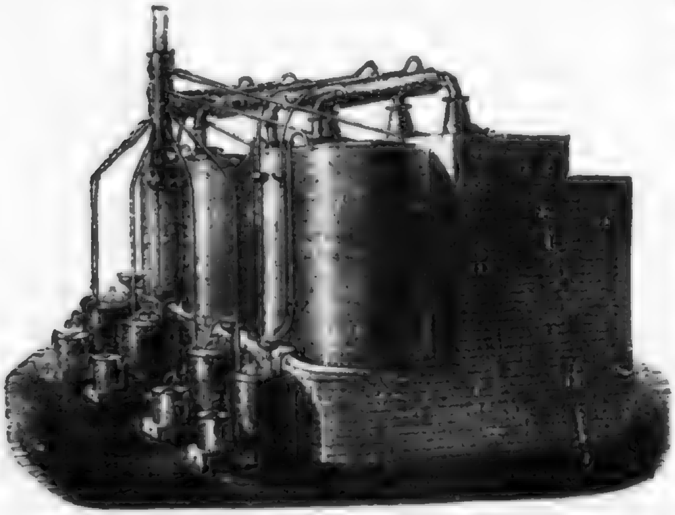
The following description of salt-boring at Little Muskingum, in the southwestern part of Ohio, written in 1819, was first published in the *American Journal of Science* in 1826: "They have sunk two wells which are now more than 400 feet in depth: one of them affords a very strong and pure water, but not in great quantity; the other discharges such vast quantities of petroleum, or, as it is vulgarly called, 'Seneca oil,' and besides is subject to such tremendous explosions of gas, as to force out all water and afford nothing but gas for several days, that they make but little or no salt. Nevertheless, the petroleum affords considerable profit, and is beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. It affords a clear, bright light when burnt in this way, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street lamps in the future cities of Ohio."

In Northwestern Pennsylvania the existence of oil in the soil along the valleys of some of the streams was known to the early settlers. One stream, in consequence of its appearance in the banks, was called Oil Creek. In 1857 Messrs. Bowditch and Drake, of New Haven, undertook, on a contract with the "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company," to search for oil. To the enterprise of Colonel E. L. Drake the country is indebted for prosecuting the business in the face of serious obstacles to a successful termination. His first success in striking oil, and the great excitement growing out of it, are now matters of history. It was not long before the country was overrun with speculators, and out of the small beginnings has grown a business of vast importance to the country, and affording an article of

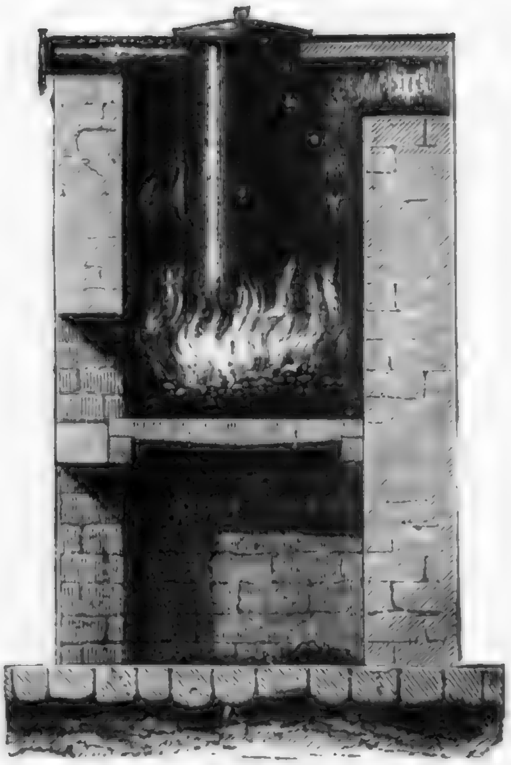


A GASOMETER.

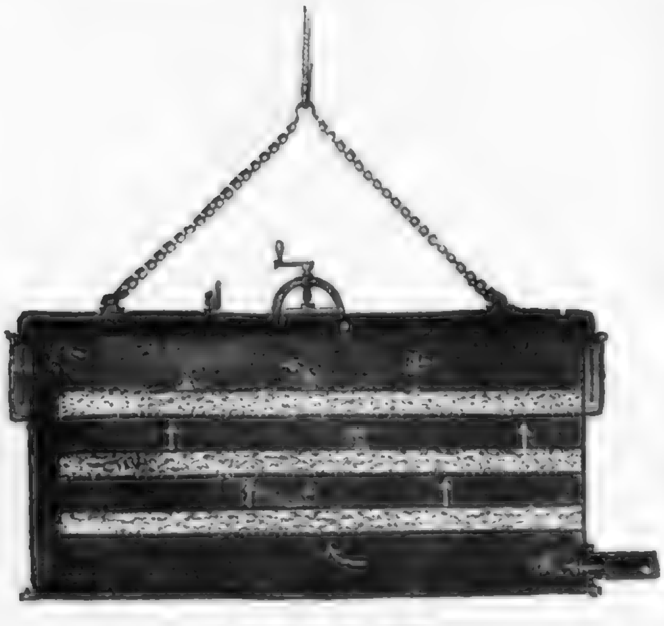
XUM



GAS RETORTS.



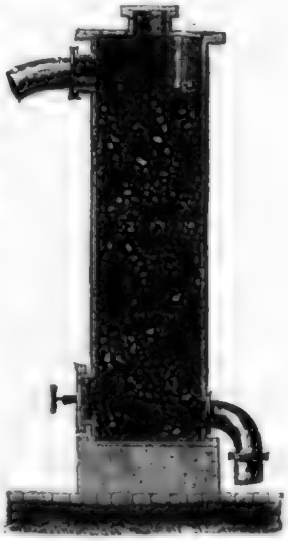
MURDOCH'S APPARATUS FOR DISTILLATION OF COAL.



SECTION OF PURIFIER.

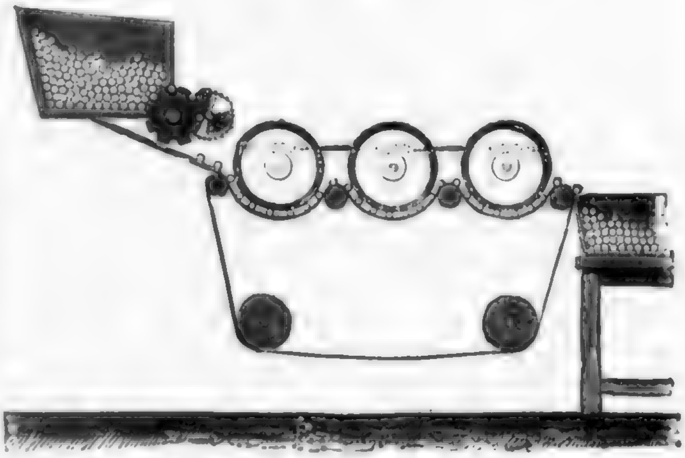
export only second to such staples as cotton and breadstuffs. The discovery of oil has made the fortunes of many individuals, and greatly increased the prosperity of the nation.

Everybody knows that when the petroleum first issues from the earth it possesses a very disagreeable odor, and is unsuited for consumption in lamps. It must first be subjected to distillation and be refined before it can be used in lamps. The distillation is conducted fractionally, as the native oil is a mixture of several different bodies, each one of which is capable of distinct and separate use. In the celebrated establishment of Mr. Pratt nine distinct commercial products are obtained, namely :

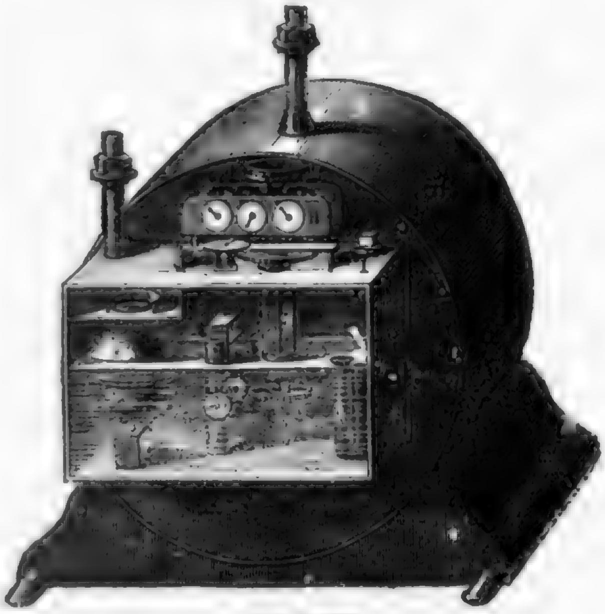


SECTION OF SCRUBBER.

Name.	Specific gravity.	Boiling point.
Rhigolene	625	65 deg. Fah.
Gasolene	665	120 "
C. Naphtha	706	180 "
B. Naphtha	724	220 "
A. Naphtha	742	300 "
Kerosene oil	804	350 "
Mineral sperm oil	847	425 "
Lubricating oil	883	575 "
Paraffine	848	



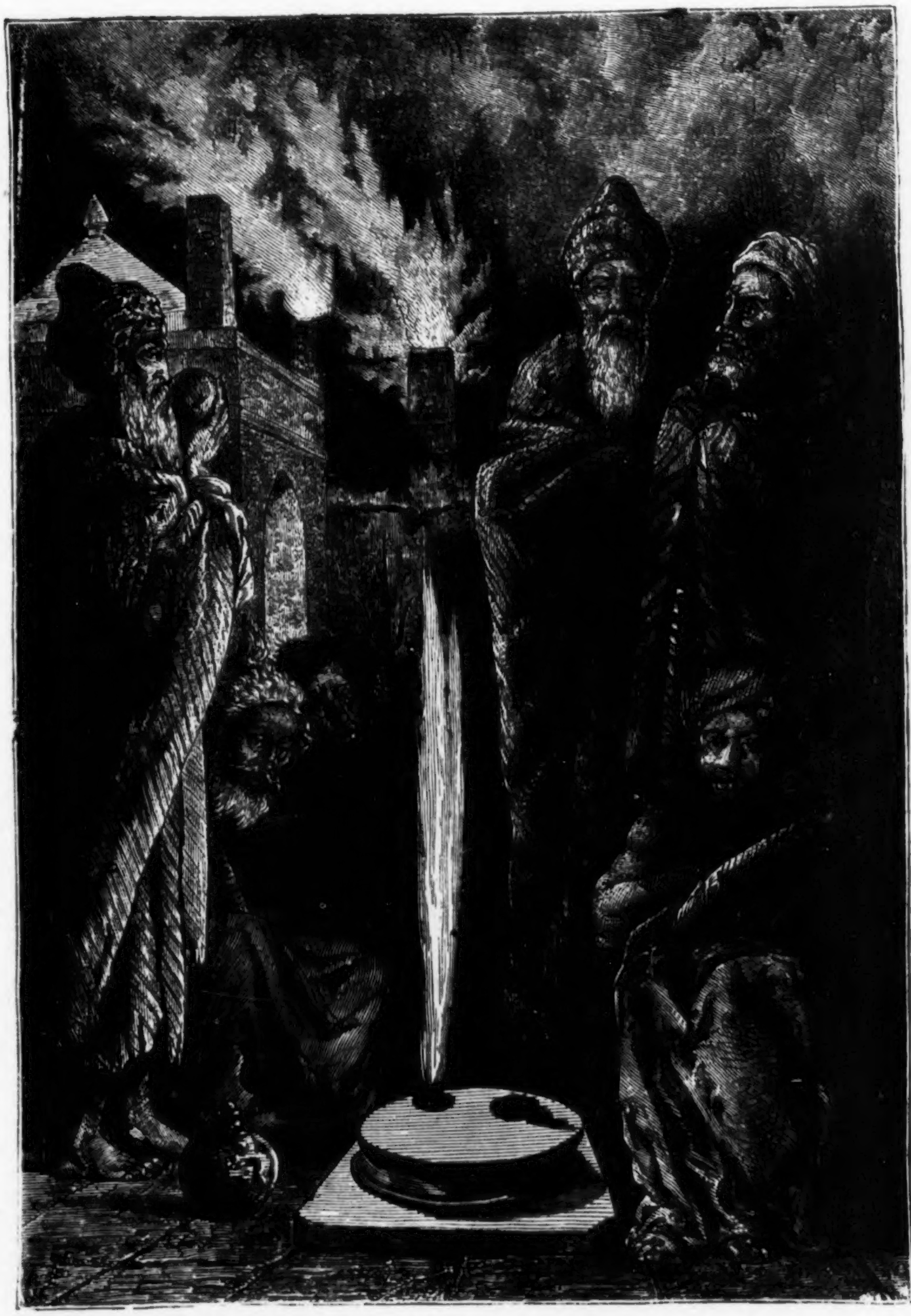
MACHINE FOR POLISHING CANDLES



GAS METER.

Of these products, rhigolene is employed as an artificial freezing agent; gasolene as a carbonating substance in the Springfield gas-machine; naphtha has extensive application as a substitute for turpentine in the manufacture of varnish, and as it is very cheap it is unfortunately sometimes used to extend and adulterate the illuminating oil; it is now also extensively used in the manufacture of illuminating gas. Kerosene is a trade name originally applied by one firm to the product of the distillation of bituminous shale. After the occurrence of native oil drove the artificial product from the market, the term kerosene was retained for refined petroleum. Mineral sperm oil requires lamps of peculiar construction to prevent smoking. It is absolutely safe, and is preferred by timid people on that account. After petroleum comes from the wells it is digested in strong sulphuric acid to free it from its bad odor. The oil is put into a large tank, carboys of sulphuric acid are poured in it, the whole is kept in constant agitation by a dasher, and a black, dirty liquid collects at the bottom and is drawn off. This liquid was at one time thrown away, but it is now partially economized in the manufacture of superphosphate from refuse bones. It is the fetid odor of this residue that has given Hunter's Point, near New York, such a bad reputation.

The excess of acid is removed from the petroleum by carbonate of soda, and it is then ready for distillation. Kerosene oil is now sent to all parts of the world. In every city of Europe there are signs of "American petroleum for sale" in the shops, and long trains of cars loaded with barrels bearing the Pennsylvania mark are encountered on the railroads far in the interior. We have acquired such skill in the manufacture of this substance in America, that European refiners have not been able to compete with us, and our oil finds a market even in Russia, where there is an abundance of raw material, and where they ought to refine it for themselves.



FIRE-WORSHIPERS AT BAKOO, NEAR THE CASPIAN SEA.

The light afforded by petroleum is steady and very agreeable to the eyes, and on many accounts it is preferable to gas. The only danger from it arises from leaving too large a proportion of naphtha, or from adding that explosive liquid before it is put on sale. When properly refined, no better source of light could be desired. It may be proper for us to terminate this long notice by a reference to the brilliant light afforded by electricity, by the oxy-hydrogen flame, and by magnesium. Any one of these three can be employed for photographic purposes, and one of them, electricity, is practically used in copying pictures and for signal lanterns on our lighthouses. The cost of running a battery has been the chief impediment in the way of the general introduction of the electric light, but since the improvement in the construction of the magneto-electric machines this obstacle appears likely to be overcome.

A great step in favor of the electric light has recently been made by a Russian, Jablochykoff, who has devised an electric candle, which is self-regulating, and which can be sustained in any number by one current. Formerly it was necessary to have a battery for each electric light. Under the new system numerous candles can be kept up by one battery power. According to experiments recently tried in London and Paris, the Jablochykoff system appears likely to prove entirely successful. The oxy-hydrogen lamp is extensively used in the United States for lighting the streets on festive occasions, also for the taking of photographs at night, and for illuminating the magic lantern.

The attempt to enrich the city gas by an admixture of oxygen has not proved a success. The attempt, however, was valuable, as it made known to us an economical method for the manufacture of oxygen on a large scale. The magnesium lamp is now little more than a toy. The cost of the metal and the disagreeable smoke arising from its combustion are serious obstacles in the way of its general introduction. It has been employed for obtaining pictures of caves, interiors of churches, and other localities where the light of day cannot penetrate. Fine views of the mammoth cave have been taken in this way.

We have thus passed hastily in review the principal agents employed in furnishing artificial light for the use of man. They are all of them the result of careful scientific research, and clustering around them have grown up great congeries of industries scarcely less important than life itself.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BELL'S NEW TELEPHONE.—The new telephone of Mr. Graham Bell is much less complicated than the original invention. It entirely dispenses with the use of a battery, as all of the electricity required is generated by the voice. The whole apparatus now consists of three metal portions contained in a casing of wood or hard rubber, closely resembling a butter stamp. In the centre is a permanent magnet, around one end of which is wound a coil of fine, insulated copper wire, the ends of which are attached to the longer wires of the circuit. In front of the pole of the magnet is a soft iron disk, about the size of a quarter-dollar. This iron disk or diaphragm is attracted toward the pole, and any alteration in it produces a change in the magnetic field by strengthening or weakening it and this in turn causes the induction of a current of electricity in the insulated coil. The strength of the induced current depends upon the amplitude and rate of vibration of the disk caused by the human voice. If the first instrument is connected with a second of similar construction, by a closed circuit of wire, the induced current will pass through the second telephone and back to the initial point. But in passing through the coil in the distant telephone, it modifies the magnetization of the magnet, and increases or diminishes its attraction for the diaphragm, and thus gives a *fac simile* of the sound waves that produced the original perturbation. Whatever sounds are spoken into the mouth-piece at one end will be repeated at the other, and thus persons are able to carry on a conversation from widely distant stations. The principal cost is the construction of wires to connect the different stations. The instrument itself can now be made for a trifling sum.

ELECTRICITY IN WAR.—In scarcely any department of knowledge has the recent progress of science been more conspicuous than in the application of electricity to military affairs. It would scarcely be possible, at the present time, to get on without the telegraph. Assisted by the telegraph, the general is able to communicate with his subordinates over great distances. Even a brigade of horse artillery, or a cavalry division advancing at a gallop, can carry its telegraph equipment with it. The wire-drums are started off at a gallop, the cable being unwound as the carts proceed, and a sergeant on horseback, with a "sounder" to his ear, in connection with one end of the wire, receives the general's commands as soon as they are spoken. The explosion of charges by means of the electric spark is another use of electricity which was suggested as long ago as a hundred years by Franklin, but was first tried about fifty years ago in removing the wreck of the *Royal George*. The process is now a common one for the explosion of mines and the firing of torpedoes. Electricity is also now turned to account in the construction of self-steering launches. Finally, we have the use of the electric light in warfare. During the Franco-German war, from the forts around Paris the electric rays were made to sweep in all directions, to watch for hostile troops engaged in the operation of mining. Bodies of soldiers upward of a mile distant could be plainly seen by the vivid light of the electric lamp, and working parties were frequently compelled to abandon their object in the presence of this powerful detector.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—The construction of the tunnel, if prosecuted at the same rate as at present, ought to progress at the rate of 20 to 30 feet per diem; but, unfortunately, unforeseen obstacles frequently present themselves. Great volumes of water rush out of the fissures in streams as large as a man's arm, overturning the machines, scattering and nearly drowning the workmen, and entirely inundating the track. Blocks of compact crystalline granite occur ten feet in surface, which resist and break the drills, and only yield to dynamite. On the other hand, layers of slate are encountered, very soft, of no consistence, which offer no resistance to the perforator, and have to be supported by timbers to prevent the roof falling on the workmen. Thus the hardness of the rock, or its excessive softness, and irruptions of water successively threaten to arrest the continuation of the work; but all these obstacles will be overcome, and the completion of the work is only a question of time. There remain four miles to be pierced.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR EXPLORERS.—One of the difficulties in the way of taking photographs by travelers, is the weight of plates, apparatus and material. Mr. Deyrolle has devised a new process, in virtue of which the baggage of an explorer who might wish to carry 200 negative plates would only be increased by a weight of twelve pounds, all included, instruments, plates, developers and accessories. Glass plates are dispensed with, being replaced by paper coated with a layer of prepared wax, capable of bearing 75 deg. Fah. without fusion. The paper is covered with sensitive collodion, prepared so as to retain its properties for two years or more. The development after exposure is very simple: into a litre of water is put 20 grammes of citric acid, as much acetic acid, and 3 grammes of pyro-gallic acid; an atom of nitrate of silver is added. The negative is placed in this developer, and left in it till the coloration of the image becomes sufficiently intense; then it is passed into a bath of hyposulphite of soda, then washed and dried between leaves of blotting-paper. It is then proof against heat and moisture, and may be kept indefinitely in an album. The apparatus itself is so constructed as to be capable of remaining two days in water, even in sea-water, without deterioration.

THE SHEPARD SCIENTIFIC COLLECTIONS.—These collections, the private property of Prof. C. U. Shepard, were removed from New Haven to Amherst in 1847, through the influence of Prof. Hitchcock, and have remained there ever since, receiving constant personal attention from the professor. The purchase has been made for $40,000, or less than half the appraised value of the minerals, the college thereby securing for itself not only all the material necessary for study in this department, but also, to use the professor's own words, a collection "which, besides being the largest ever formed by one individual, is actually the best now possessed by any college or university in this country or in Europe." The collections are three in number—viz., a mineralogical, a geological and a meteoric. Of these, the first is the most important and perfect, containing specimens illustrative of almost all the species of the twenty-two orders, selected with the utmost skill and appreciation of scientific beauty. The meteoric collection is the fourth for size and value in the world, the three others which outrank it being those of the National Museums at London, Vienna and Paris.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON'S BATHOMETER.—The success of Sir William Thomson's pianoforte wire apparatus for deep sea soundings was demonstrated by the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, Commander Belknap, on a cruise to the Pacific Ocean. There is occasion to regret that it was not used by the *Challenger* expedition, as a large number of soundings could have been made. Latterly several experiments have been made with this apparatus on the White Star line of steamers, between New York and Liverpool. The wire was found capable of bearing a strain of 18 miles of its own length. In these experiments a glass tube was attached at a known distance above the sinker. The interior of the tube was coated with a mixture of starch and red prussiate of potash. Outside the tube was a metallic cylinder containing a solution of sulphate of iron. When the pressure of the water at a given depth drove in the sides of the cylinder, it forced the iron solution to a proportionate height in the glass tube, leaving its record in a blue tint. The height of the record indicated the pressure, and consequently the depth reached in sounding.

AN INSECT DESTRUCTIVE TO PINES.—At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Grote, of Buffalo, described a new enemy of the pine tree which he had observed. During June and July the red and white pine trees show by their pitch exuding that they are attacked by an insect. The wounds usually appear on the main stem below the point where a branch starts. On cutting into the bark, the larva will be found which has caused the injury. The length of the larva, when full-grown, is three-quarters of an inch. It makes furrows by eating on the inner side of the bark, producing bleeding which sometimes kills the tree, and is always injurious. In July the worm spins a whitish-gray cocoon within the exuding pitch, and the moth comes forth in ten to fourteen days. It has been found on the Scotch, Austrian and Russian pine, as well as our native varieties, and seems likely to prove a formidable enemy to the cultivated pine in general. The only remedy yet devised is to apply the knife and cut out the larva.

A NEW TIME GLOBE.—This instrument is, in outward appearance, very much like an ordinary clock, upon the top of which is mounted a terrestrial globe, with a meridian and hour circle, and held by its supporting standard at an inclination of 23½ degrees. The clock-like support may be furnished with an aneroid barometer, or this feature may be omitted. Within the globe is situated the clockwork, which causes it to revolve once every twenty four hours, thus imitating exactly the motion of the earth. As the globe revolves, a pointer indicates upon the hour circle at the top the time of the day, while the time at any locality upon the earth is shown by the meridian lines in their relations to the large dial encircling the equator.

ASCENT OF MT. ILLIMANI, SOUTH AMERICA.—At a recent meeting of the Paris Geographical Society, a letter from M. C. Wiener, who is traveling in South America at the expense of the French Government, was read, describing his ascent, on May 19th, 1877, of Mount Illimani, whose height he makes out to be 20,112 feet. M. Wiener reached the summit, which he named Pic de Paris. Mr. Minchin, however, a railway engineer, who has been taking careful measurements of some of the South American peaks, gives the height of Illimani as 21,224 feet, Wiener's figures being obtained by aneroid and boiling water. Either of these measurements would make Mt. Illimani one of the highest of the Andes.

Nothing New Under the Sun.—Even the telephone was predicted, and almost invented, twenty years ago. Du Moncel, in his work on the "Applications of Electricity," edition of 1857, says: "Imagine that one speaks near a mobile plate, flexible enough not to lose any of the vibrations produced by the voice, that this plate establishes and interrupts successively the communication with a battery. You would be able to have at a distance another plate which would execute at the same time the same vibrations. It is true that the intensity of the sounds produced would be variable at the point of departure where the plate is vibrated by the voice, and constant at the arrival, where it is vibrated by electricity. But it is demonstrable that this would not alter the sounds. It is certain that, at a time more or less distant, speech will be transmitted to a distance by electricity. I have commenced some experiments to that effect; they are delicate, and require time and patience. But the approximations obtained point toward a favorable result."

A New Process of Electro-Metallurgy.—Professor Wright, of Yale College, announces a new discovery in electro-metallurgy, which promises to become of practical value. It is the dry deposition of metals in the state of vapor. In a vessel from which the air has been partially removed, he arranges opposite to each other the two poles of an induction coil, suspends the object to be plated between them, and attaches to the negative pole the metal to be deposited. A two or three-inch spark from the battery causes the metal to be volatilized, and it is condensed on the cool surface of the article to be plated in a uniform and solid manner. The oftener the spark is produced the heavier will be the deposit of metal. How far this process can be worked out practically, remains to be seen. The system of plating by means of a battery has been reduced to a fine art within the last few years, and is under such perfect control that electro-platers will not be in haste to adopt anything new.

A Laboratory for Practical Instruction in Physics—Prof. E. C. Pickering, of Cambridge, Mass., comes out strongly in favor of the endowment of scientific research. He proposes a suitable building and arrangements for a physical laboratory, where experiments might be made with reference to research. The plan includes the appointment of a presiding officer and a staff of assistants. The building he proposes is large but low, and resembles one or more blocks of two-story houses. He thinks no more common mistake is made than in wasting the money which should be used for equipment on architectural effect.

Exploration of Sumatra.—The Dutch Geographical Society has received a report from the expedition recently sent out to explore Sumatra. One division left Padary in the middle of May for the mountainous centre of the island. They have successfully penetrated into these hitherto unknown regions, and describe them as of surpassing grandeur. The mountain sides are clothed to the very top with a most luxuriant forest growth, almost impenetrable to the sun's rays. The inhabitants consist of a few utterly degraded Malays, gathered together in wretched villages. The health of the expedition is excellent.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A **Shakespearian** critic, worn out by the fretting of his first-born, named him Macbeth, muttering as he did so, "Macbeth hath murdered sleep."

A **poor** but well-known journalist recently had but one suit of clothes, and now he boasts that he has eight suits, the seven new ones being libel suits.

In a cemetery near Cincinnati is a gravestone with the following inscription: "Here lies —— ——, who came to this city and died for the benefit of his health."

It is reported that an absconding bookkeeper was frightened away by the fall of several columns (of figures) which he had put up on an insecure foundation.

"**Keep** your temper, my dear sir," said an old judge to an irritable young lawyer; "keep your temper, it is worth a great deal more to you than it is to anybody else."

"**Papa,**" said a little Western boy, "why don't women have whiskers?" "Because, my boy," was the reply, "their jaws are never still long enough for them to grow."

"**My** son," said a father, "your character ought to shine brighter than your boots." "I suppose it will," answered the son, "by the time it has been as thoroughly blackened."

An officer in the regular army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterward he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

A **showman** traveling with a panorama of scenes from the Bible, met a Yankee, and, on learning that he could play a piano, engaged him to play appropriate selections after each picture at his show that night. The curtain rose, revealing "The return of the Prodigal Son," upon which the player struck up, "When Johnny comes marching home!" The effect produced was wonderful. "Consider yourself engaged to travel with me," said the showman; "you draw better than the pictures."

"**Did** he love the major's daughter?" said old Mr. Botsker to his wife, at the tea-table, in answer to an interrogation concerning their mutual nephew. "Why, of course not—he married her.

An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, that's a good idea. Shure a stone coffin 'ud last a man a lifetime."

"**Why,**" asked Pat one day—"why was Baalam a first-class astronomer?" The other man gave it up, of course. "Shure," said Pat, "'twas because he had no trouble in findin' an ass to roid."

A **drunken** fellow who was reproved for lying in bed every Sunday by a clergyman, said "he was sorry that a gentleman of his profession had forgotten that the Sabbath was appointed as a day of rest."

"**Landlord,** you have done me too much honor—you let me sleep among the 'big bugs' last night" "Oh, don't be too modest, my dear lodger, I doubt not they have some of your blood in their veins."

"**Did** you or did you not acknowledge to the plaintiff that you owed him the amount claimed?" sternly asked a lawyer of a defendant in the witness-box. "Yes, I did or didn't," was the calm reply.

A **servant** who prided herself on living in a genteel family, being asked to define the term, said, "Where they keep a carriage, have three or four kinds of wine, and never pay a bill the first time it's called for."

A Cure for an Imprudent Attachment.—The young man's mother to his father: "What is to be done, my dear? He positively *dotes* on her." The father—"Well, my love, we must try to find him an antidote."

Woman's Refuge.—The other day a little girl of three and a half, while playing with her aunt Alice's ring, lost it Both looked for it some time without finding it, when, in despair, the little one said: "Come, aunt Li, let's cry."

Antediluvian Pun.—"Let me have your walking-stick," asked a little child of his father—an inveterate punster—who carried a very heavy-loaded staff. "No, no, child," was the reply, "you are not Able to carry my Cane."

Scene, yard in rear of house: Maternal voice from third story to Young America playing below—"Thomas, come in this minute" Momentary pause. "Thomas, come in; I shan't speak again." Y. A—"Well, I wish you wouldn't."

A **party** of gentlemen were talking about courting, and one of them sadly said he should never risk that kind of thing again. "Why so?" was the general exclamation. "Because," he said, "I once courted investigation, and it ruined me."

A **would-be** modest lady pulled the sleeve of her under garment over her wrist, when a physician was about feeling her pulse. The doctor took the corner of his coat and laid it upon his patient's arm, saying, "A linen pulse should have a woolen physician."

An old sea captain took his son to task for hanging a cat, when the youngster asserted that he hung her for the same offense that his father had had several of his men executed. "What's that, you young dog?" cried his father. "For *mew*-tiny, sir," was the reply.

"**Come,** pa," said a youngster just home from school, "how many peas are there in a pint?" "How can anybody tell that, you foolish boy?" "I can, every time. If you don't believe it, try me." "Well, how many are there, then?" "Just one 'p' in every pint, pa."

An Irishman went to the theatre for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses he asked, "And what piece do yez play nixt?"

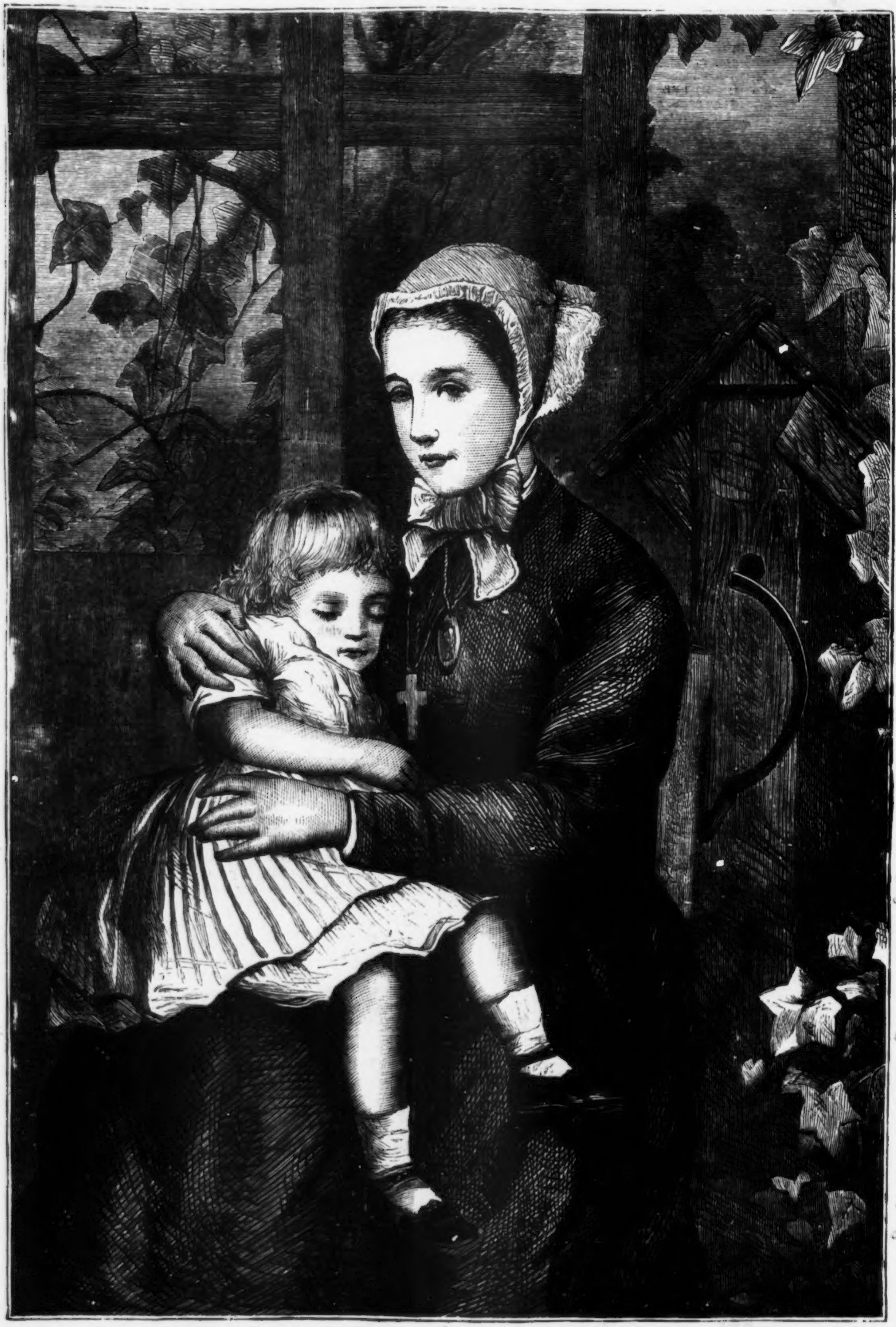
"**Did** you take the letter? And did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?' "Yes, sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! What do you mean?" "Why, when I was in the room he asked me where my hat was, and all the while it was on my head!'

The other day while the rain was pouring in torrents, a countryman was going up-street, vainly trying to protect his umbrella under his coat. "Why don't you open your umbrella, man?" asked the passer-by. "A new umbrella in such a rain as this? Why, you must be mad!" replied the man, as he got the contents of a water-spout down his neck.

"**Smoking** in Holland," said a traveler, "is so common that it is impossible to tell one person from another in a room full of smokers.' "How is any one who happens to be wanted picked out, then?" asked a listener. "Oh, in that case a waiter goes round with a pair of bellows and blows the smoke from before each face till he recognizes the person called for."

During the long French war, two old ladies in Stranraer, Scotland, were going to the kirk. The one said to the other, "Is it no a wonderful thing that the Breetish are aye victorious in battles?' "Na," said the other; "for ye ken they aye say their prayers afore the fechtin' begins." The other replied, "But the French can say their prayers as weel's the Breetish." "Hoot!" said the other; "jabberin' bodies—wha could understand them?"

XUM



BROUGHT HOME,

Sup. lib. ✓